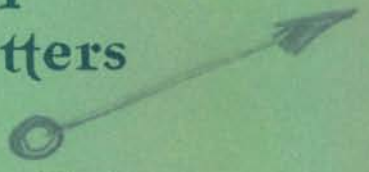
April
1928

The BOOKMAN

A Revue of Life and Letters



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In the BOOKMAN OFFICE

Contributors to this Issue

Charles W. Ferguson, graduate of a southern Methodist University, and at one time minister of a little church in Texas, found that there were several ideas which wouldn't sound well from the pulpit. But he liked the ideas so much that he sent them to Mencken who printed them as a series of anonymous articles in the *American Mercury*. Not long after that a quiet southerner appeared at the Doran doorstep and expressed his willingness to become a Bookman contributer, but not, looking apprehensively at the array of desks, the owner of any sort of job at all.

"He was an unusual young man," said John Farrar, "and although he didn't come for a job, he left with one. He is now Religious Editor of Doubleday, Doran."

Another collection is soon to be published of the poems of W. H. Davies, the English "super-tramp" and poet, whose work has frequently appeared in The Bookman before.

Floyd McKnight first became interested in the "New English Dictionary" while working on the editorial staff of the Encyclopedia Britannica. Before that, he did special writing for the American Historical Society, and served an apprenticeship on various trade journals. His first book, which is to be published next fall, will be a collection of biographies.

Few authors are safe from William H. Cotton. Sooner or later he gets them—and not in the polite portraits with which he first attracted attention and which were exhibited two years ago at the Ehrlich galleries. Mr. Cotton's hobby has been the caricaturing of outstanding figures of the literary world. In a few months a volume of his humorous and incisive portraits will be published in full color—Mr. Cotton's use of color, unfortunately lost in black-and-white reproduction, being as rich and delicate as his use of line. His book will include a number of caricatures which have appeared recently in The Bookman.

When "An Author and His Town" was submitted to us by Jerome G. Gray, we wrote asking him if Joseph Hergesheimer had seen the article. Before Mr. Gray could reply a letter came from Mr. Hergesheimer calling attention to the article he knew had been sent to us and heartily indorsing it. Then we heard from Mr. Gray that Mr. Hergesheimer is his friend and has frequently read his manuscripts, offering suggestions and criticism. Mr. Gray is an advertising writer by profession, with offices in Philadelphia.

Ernest Boyd's many imaginary portraits, or rather synthetic portraits, have shown him to be erudite and perspicacious in even more types of humanity than branches of literature. Mr. Boyd, you will recall, is a practicing critic of the literature of eighty-seven—or is it eighty-eight?—languages. His latest book is "Literary Blasphemies", unorthodox studies of the most revered figures in literature.

THE BOOKMAN

Burton Rascoe, *Editor*

Seward Collins, *Publisher and Associate Editor*

Dorothea Brande, Managing Editor; George G. Livermore, Circulation Manager; Ethel Kelley, Advertising Manager.

The Bookman welcomes unsolicited manuscripts, but cannot be responsible for them. Manuscripts not purchased will be returned if accompanied by stamps and envelopes.

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What's the "book-of-the-month" this month ~ and why?

IT is a very remarkable new book, not yet published, chosen by the distinguished group of five critics who compose our Selecting Committee, as the outstanding work among the many books that were submitted last month, *in advance of publication*, by the publishers of this country.

If you were a subscriber to the Book-of-the-Month Club service, you would not only receive a full report about this book, but you would make sure of getting it, if you decided after reading our Committee's report, that it was a book you would not care to miss reading.

Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman

You would not be *obliged* to take it, however, unless it appealed to you. That's why you are given a full report about it, a month before it is published. You are thus given the opportunity of choosing some other important forthcoming book. For instance, last month there were fourteen new books about which our Committee reported [to members. You might have preferred one of these, in place of the "book-of-the-month;" and if none of them appealed to you—you would not have had to take any!

Heywood Broun

Dorothy Canfield

Moreover, if you take any one of the books recommended by our Committee, and find you have been misled by the report, you may exchange it for another at the same price. This "guarantee of satisfaction" completely protects you in your book purchases.

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William Allen White

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ISAAC GOLDBERG's book on Gilbert and Sullivan has just been published, adding still another to his varied biographical studies which include volumes on Havelock Ellis, H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, and literary figures of South America.

LIAM O'FLAHERTY has recently completed another novel, "The Assassin", which will be published here late this summer. It is a romance built against a background of revolutionary politics and will be the fifth novel written by the young Irishman who isn't much past thirty. Three of his other novels won the approval of the Soviet Government and were translated into Russian. France is particularly enthusiastic about "The Informer".

In the absence of Robert Benchley in Europe, New York theaters and amusements are reported for THE BOOKMAN this month by ROBERT LITTELL, who recently became the dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Post*. Mr. Littell was for some years on the editorial staff of the *New Republic*, and has also acted as an editorial advisor to the publishing house of Macmillan.

DANIEL MARKEL, winner of our news-story award this month, is a reporter on the staff of the *Portland Oregonian*. Of his career as a newspaper man he writes:

"While attending the University of Southern California, Los Angeles, in 1920, and working in a mortuary, two tragedies told on the front pages of the newspapers turned my interest to reporting. I did not have the courage then to apply for reportorial work but did obtain a clerkship on the Los Angeles *Times*.

"In the fall of that year I arrived in Minneapolis with a bride of three days and $40. This bolstered my courage and I was employed on the *Minneapolis Star*. I was with the *Star* twenty months, covering police in St. Paul six months and federal in Minneapolis fourteen.

"From the *Star* I went to the *Sioux City* (Ia.) *Journal* and was successively re-write man, state editor and night city editor. I resigned to go to the *Daily Oklahoman*, Oklahoma City, where I had general assignments during the Klan difficulty and later was state capitol reporter for four months.

"Not being satisfied with the quality of my work, I resigned to take a place on the Muskogee (Okla.) *Phoenix*, where the personal attention of Edison Bixby, part owner and editor, taught me to observe more closely and improved my craftmanship.

"Since September, 1924, I have been with the *Oregonian*, covering the federal run and general assignments. Lately, at my request, I have been assigned to the police beat. My covering the Mt. Scott holdup was in the course of routine reporting."

* * *

Summary of the previous instalments of UPTON SINCLAIR'S "Boston":

Cornelia Thornwell, wife of a former governor of Massachusetts, finds herself a widow at the age of sixty, after forty years of sheltered ease. While her three daughters are wrangling over the family heirlooms, she decides to go away, never having enjoyed the tradition-bound life of her circles and feeling now that she is free to do what she wants.

Cornelia begins life anew in Plymouth as a working woman, taking a job in the cordage plant at six dollars a week. She boards with an Italian family, the Brinis. A fellow-boarder, a studious laborer named Bartolomeo Vanzetti, talks to her much of his ideas. He has a taste for poetry and is idealistic and revolutionary in social questions. When the workers at the cordage plant go on strike for higher wages, Vanzetti is one of the agitators. Cornelia accompanies him to anarchist meetings, hears his idol Galleani make a speech, and meets his friend Nicola Sacco.

When Cornelia has been in Plymouth a year she is recognized by her grand-daughter Betty Alvin, visiting friends in the town. Betty absorbs some of Vanzetti's ideas and on returning to her home shocks her parents. By intercepting Betty's mail they learn of Cornelia's whereabouts. Cornelia decides to return to Boston.

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R. B. SHERIDAN

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LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE PUBLISHERS

BOOKS by eminent foreigners who have recently been her guests and lecturers are perhaps of special interest to America. The April lists contain *Europe,* by Count Hermann Keyserling (Harcourt, Brace), in which he gives a more concrete analysis of European culture than he did in "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher".

The culture of America, as it is reflected in politics, is treated in Walter Lippmann's *American Inquisitors: A Commentary on Dayton and Chicago* (Macmillan). In *The Wars of the Godly* (McBride) Reuben Maury surveys the conflicts between Catholics and Protestants in North America, the real significance of which were political. Although most of these religious dissensions are unfamiliar, the final one centers around Alfred E. Smith, whose character is analyzed in *The Portrait of a Man as Governor,* by Thomas H. Dickinson (Macmillan). Still another discussion of this pre-convention problem is presented by Charles Clinton Marshall, the author of the widely discussed open letter to Governor Alfred Smith which was printed in *The Atlantic Monthly.* Mr. Marshall's book is titled *The Roman Catholic Church in the Modern State* (Dodd, Mead).

As a kind of prefatory supplement to the war-letters of Walter H. Page, Houghton Mifflin are issuing *The Training of an American,* edited by Burton J. Hendrick. Composed for the most part of letters, the book deals with the life of Ambassador Page while he was still an editor and publisher. An editor of an earlier day is portrayed by Robert Lynd in *Dr. Johnson and Company* (Doubleday, Doran). The same firm is issuing what it calls a modern estimate and dramatic biography of *Ralph Waldo Emerson,* by Robert M. Gay.

Some leading figures in American finance and industry are receiving attention this April. Robert Irving Warshow has written *Jay Gould, The Story of a Fortune* (Greenberg); Archibald Douglas Turnbull deals with an early American engineer in *John Stevens: An American Record* (Century); the same firm offers the life of James J. Hill, in *The Empire-Builder,* by Oscar M. Sullivan; and *W. R. Hearst: An American Phenomenon,* by John K. Winkler, announced for March, appears from Simon & Schuster. Although coming at a time when it might be considered a campaign feature, *Herbert Hoover: A Reminiscent Biography,* by Will Irwin, deals largely with his unfamiliar career between Stanford University days and the war work for which he became famous.

In 1926, Joseph Delteil gave an unorthodox biography of Joan of Arc, which he now follows by *Lafayette* (Minton, Balch), drawn from hitherto unused French sources. Another French figure is dealt with in *Fouché: The Man Napoleon Feared,* by Nils Forsell (Stokes), while C. S. Forester, the author of "Napoleon and His Court", now writes of *Louis XIV, King of France and Navarre* (Dodd, Mead). Translated from the Italian, *The Borgia Family,* by G. Portigliotti (Knopf), re-creates the period in all its color and corruption. The psychological method has been used in *The True Adventure of Christopher Columbus,* by Marius André (Knopf), the facts for which were obtained from contemporary documents in *The 'Also Rans'* (Crowell) Don C. Seitz has written sketches of "Men Who Missed the Presidency."

Books dealing with the World War range from *Locarno: A Dispassionate View,* by Alfred Fabre-Luce and Hermann Lutz's *Lord Grey and the World War*—both published by Knopf—to *Letters from a Flying Officer,* by R. S. Wortley (Oxford). Dale Van Every, a newspaper man who was one of the authors of "Charles Lindbergh: His Life", has written *The A. E. F. in Battle* (Appleton). In *Embattled Borders* (Century), E. Alexander Powell discusses the complicated political issues of eastern Europe. Perhaps the most significant offering, however, is the two-volume work on *The Origins of the World War,* by Sidney B. Fay (Macmillan), in which the first volume "Before Sarajevo" deals with the underlying causes, the second "After Sarajevo" with the immediate causes.

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In *A History of the Far East in Modern Times* (Knopf), Harold M. Vinacke traces the political, social, economic and cultural changes which have taken place in the countries under discussion. *Present Day Russia* is depicted by Ivy Lee (Macmillan), after an observant visit to that country. Léon Daudet has written of France in *The Stupid XIXth Century* (Payson & Clarke), while Charles Guignebert interprets and explains France in *A Short History of the French People* (Macmillan), dedicated to the soldiers of America who were his audience at the Sorbonne in 1919.

A novel of American Babbitts in Paris is *France is Full of Frenchmen,* by Lewis Galantière (Payson & Clarke). *Thérèse,* by François Mauriac (Boni & Liveright), has been likened by the publishers to "Madame Bovary"; and Judith Gautier, the daughter of Théophile Gautier, has written a novel of ancient China, *The Imperial Dragon* (Brentano). Two other books from the French, which would seem to be noteworthy, are *The Last Bohemia,* by Francis Carco (Holt); and *Vasco,* by Marc Chadourne (Harcourt, Brace), a disciple of André Gide. Other novels from the continent include *The Sea King,* by the Danish writer Harry Soiberg (Morrow); *Children and Fools,* by Thomas Mann (Knopf); *Arnold Levenberg,* by the Yiddish dramatist David Pinski (Simon & Schuster); and Jacob Wassermann's *The Unheeding World* (Boni & Liveright), published in Germany under the title of "Caspar Hauser".

Two novels dealing with life in Paris are listed by Payson & Clarke: *En Garde!* by Samuel Morse depicting it in the swashbuckling period; *The Coward,* by Neal Wainwright, in modern days. America in the past is portrayed in *Quiet Cities,* by Joseph Hergesheimer (Knopf); as well as in Owen Wister's *When West was West* (Macmillan). Both are collections of short stories. *Up Eel River,* by Margaret Prescott Montague (Macmillan), recites the exploits of Tony Beaver, the mythical miracle-man of the West Virginia mountains.

One of the most interesting of April novels from women writers is likely to be *A Mirror for Witches,* by Esther Forbes (Houghton Mifflin), whose "O Genteel Lady!" published in 1926, will be remembered as an interesting piece of fiction. April also sees the publication of a new novel by Margaret Wilson, *Kinswomen* (Harper). Marjorie Barkley McClure has written a sequel to "The Price of Wisdom" in *Many Waters* (Minton, Balch); while Marie Conway Oemler, the author of the best seller "Slipper McGee", now satirizes modern society in *Sheaves* (Century). A new Kathleen Norris novel is announced under the title of *Beauty and the Beast* (Doubleday, Doran). The same firm presents the *Collected Stories of Edna Ferber.*

From England come the first novel of Margot Asquith, *Octavia* (Stokes); *In the Wood* (Harper), being the first of a series of novels which Naomi Royde-Smith plans to write about Devonshire; Elizabeth Bowen's *The Hotel* (Dial Press); and *The Burying Road,* by Mary Wiltshire (Dodd, Mead). To England we are also indebted for a collection of short stories, *The Eternal Moment,* by E. M. Forster (Harcourt, Brace).

A new sea novel by William McFee is promised in *Pilgrims of Adversity* (Doubleday, Doran). In *The Man Who Knew Coolidge* (Harcourt, Brace), Sinclair Lewis makes what is called his farewell gesture to Babbitt. Turning from the World War to the Indians of the American Revolution, Thomas Boyd has written *Son of the Long Knives* (Scribner); while the hero of Manfred Gottfried's *Prelude to Battle* (John Day), is the Mongolian prototype of Genghis Khan.

Two books from the pen of Octavus Roy Cohen are on the April lists—*Florian Slappey Goes Abroad* (Little, Brown) and *Spring Tide* (Appleton). Appleton also announces Brand Whitlock's novel of American political life, *Big Matt;* and a new historical story by Robert W. Chambers, *The Sun Hawk,* set in the period of Louis XIV in Quebec. Fulton Oursler, whose "Behold, This Dreamer" is known to both a reading and a play-going public, deals with an ultra-modern young woman in *The Poor Little Fool* (Harper). Industry is represented in fiction by Louis Forgione's *The River Between* (Dutton); and *Cotton: A Novel,* by Jack Bethea

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(Houghton Mifflin). Samuel Scoville, Jr., gives more of his popular stories about animal life in *Lords of the Wild* (Morrow).

Midway between fiction and verse comes Christopher Ward's rhymed *Saga of Cap'n John Smith* (Harper), a historic character who also appears in *Love Sonnets of a Cave Man, and Other Verses,* by Don Marquis (Doubleday, Doran). Although not cast in verse form, another burlesque of history comes from the same publishing house in *Famous Fimmales from Heestory witt Odders,* by Milt Gross.

John Livingston Lowes has edited *The Selected Poems of Amy Lowell* (Houghton Mifflin), while Rudyard Kipling has edited a new edition of his *Inclusive Verse, 1885-1926,* which adds thirty-seven poems to the original edition. First volumes of verses are *Spring Plowing,* by Charles Malam (Doubleday, Doran); and *Heavenly Bodies,* by Oliver Jenkins (Covici).

An interesting item of Americana is contained in *"Gentlemen, be Seated": A Parade of the Old-Time Minstrels,* by Sigmund Spaeth and Dailey Paskman (Doubleday, Doran). Some of the customs of the earliest Americans are told in *My People the Sioux* (Houghton Mifflin), by Chief Standing Bear, the first Indian to enter the Carlisle School; as well as in *Memoirs of a White Crow Indian,* set down by Thomas B. Marquis (Century).

A new series—"The Library of Living Classics", edited by Manuel Komroff—is announced by the Dial Press as starting in April, the first volume of which is *The History of Herodotus.* Facsimile reproductions of the most famous printed volumes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are collected in *The Book in Italy* (Harper). A hitherto unpublished *Diary of Thomas De Quincy* was discovered and edited by Horace A. Eaton (Payson & Clarke); while John M. Manly has edited *The Best of the Canterbury Tales* (Holt). Professor Manly has also joined with Edith Rickert in an important revision of their *Contemporary British Literature* (Harcourt, Brace).

What promises to be interesting criticism of life will appear in Clarence Day's *Thoughts Without Words* (Knopf); and in *The Other Side,* by Struthers Burt (Scribner). Philip Gibbs turns to the role of prophet and interpreter of life in *The Day After Tomorrow* (Doubleday, Doran). From the French critic Emile Faguet comes *Politicians and Moralists of the Nineteenth Century* (Little, Brown). American critical studies include *Spokesmen: Modern Writers and American Life,* by T. K. Whipple (Appleton); *Essays of Today: 1926-1927,* edited by Odell Shepard and Robert Hillyer (Century); *Essays,* by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Doran); and *Going to Pieces,* by Alexander Woollcott (Putnam).

A collection of opinions on music will be found in *Monsieur Croche, The Dilettante Hater,* by Claude Debussy (Viking). O. P. Fairfield discusses *The Italian Renaissance in Art* (Macmillan); and Art Young combines observation with reminiscences in *On My Way* (Boni & Liveright). Pascal Covici offers a book on *Advertising Layout,* by Frank H. Young. A new volume in Dodd, Mead's Masters of Modern Art series is *Meryon,* by Loys Delteil. The same firm promises *The Mind of Leonardo Da Vinci,* by Edward McCurdy.

In *Why Man Worships* (Viking), Alexander A. Goldenweiser presents a study of religious origins. This year's Lewis Browne volume is *The Graphic Bible* (Macmillan), "a series of animated maps and charts accompanied by explanatory text".

Dr. Wolfgang Kohler gives the first comprehensive study of *Gestalt Psychology* (Boni & Liveright); and John B. Watson explains *The Ways of Behaviorism* (Harper). *The Soul of the Primitive* is analyzed by Lucien Lévy-Bruhl (Macmillan). From the Norton press comes *Living with our Children,* by Lillian M. Gilbreth. *The New Leaven of Education* (John Day), by Stanwood Cobb, Headmaster of the Chevy Chase Day School, considers the principles and aims of progressive education.

A new book by Edmund Pearson, the author of "Murder at Smutty Nose", deals with *Five Murders* (Doubleday, Doran). Charles Francis Coe turns from "Me, Gangster" to *The River Pirate* (Putnam). *The English Rogue, Described in the Life of Meriton*

(Continued on page XVIII)

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(Continued from page XIV)

Latroon, by Richard Head and Francis Kirkman, for a time a forbidden book, is now announced by Dodd, Mead.

The *Memoirs of Mrs. Pilkington* appear from the same publishers. G. R. Stirling gives a historical biography of *Cromwell* (Little, Brown); and the third volume of Hilaire Belloc's *A History of England* (Putnam) covers the years 1348-1525. The second volume of *Survey of International Affairs,* dealing with 1925, is issued by Oxford. Oxford Press also presents a study of *Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards,* by S. de Madariaga. Volume II of *The Fascist Dictatorship in Italy,* by Gaetano Salvemini, is promised by Holt.

Edwin E. Slosson, whose "Creative Chemistry" will be remembered, is represented on the April lists by *Snapshots of Science* (Century). *Creation by Evolution* (Macmillan) is a collection of papers by eminent scientists of Great Britain and America, edited by Frances Mason. The results of scientific research in animal psychology are presented by Georgina Stickland Gates in *The Modern Cat: Her Mind and Manners* (Macmillan). *Foibles of Insects and Men,* by William Morton Wheeler (Knopf) should be an interesting book for the lay reader.

Helena Rubinstein discusses *Feminine Beauty* (Boni & Liveright); and Ethel Peyser has written *The Book of Culture* (Macy-Masius).

In *Mid-Pacific* (Houghton Mifflin), James Norman Hall writes of Tahiti. *Italian Travel Sketches,* by Heinrich Heine (Brentano), carries an introductory study of Heine by Theophile Gautier; and a new addition to "An American Bookshelf" is *A Journey to the Land of Eden and Other Papers,* by William Byrd (Macy-Masius). Other travel books which promise well are *The Splendid Californians,* by Sidney Herschel Small (Bobbs-Merrill); *Versailles on the Potomac,* by H. G. Dwight (Harper); *Fair Winds in the Far Baltic,* by Alfred F. Loomis (Washburn); and Will H. Robinson's book of Arizona, *Under Turquoise Skies* (Macmillan).

A book which is appropriately announced by Payson & Clarke to appear on St. George's Day is *Dragons and Dragon Lore,* by Ernest Ingersoll.

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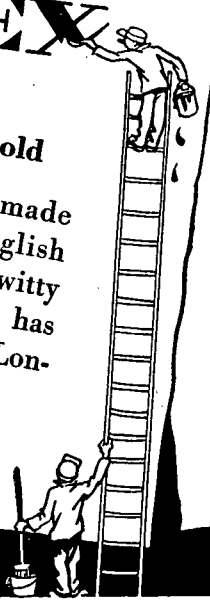

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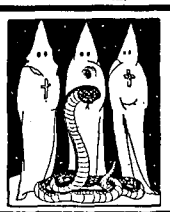

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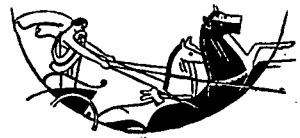

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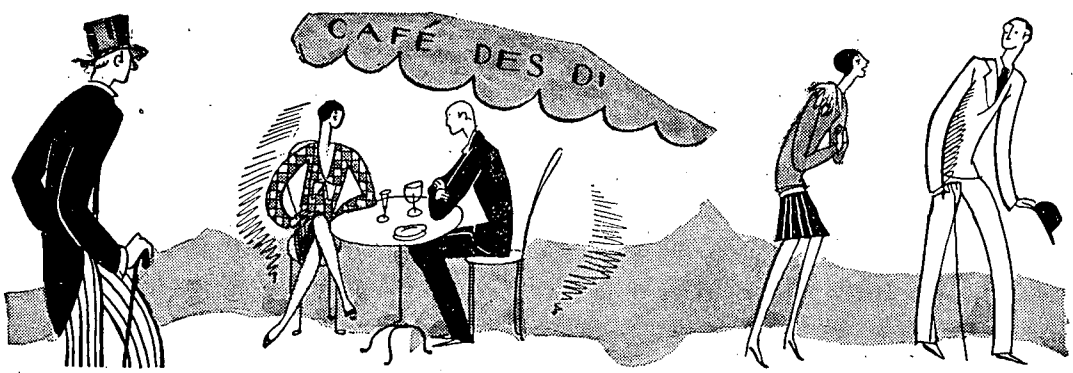

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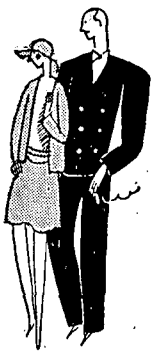

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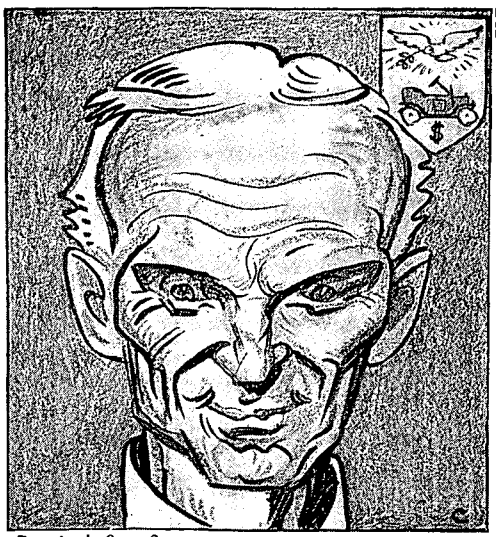

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APRIL, 1928 VOLUME LXVII, NO. 2

The BOOKMAN

THE CLERICS LEARN TO WRITE

The New Religion Gives a New Meaning to the Term "Religious Literature"

By Charles W. Ferguson

I SUPPOSE the term religious literature is at best a euphemism. What with the annual plague of sermons which are not only preached but somehow manage to get published, the watery and tepid rhetoric which is issued in the form of books for inspiration, and the resonant blah which theologians have come to regard as apologetics, it is easy to see why anyone who dabbles in the classics will shy at the thought of religion having a body of material worth being referred to as literature.

Certainly the majority of religious books are as yet of no interest whatever to those who read for pleasure. They are written for the edification of saints and the salvation of sinners—and neither saints nor convertible sinners are much concerned with the punctilios of English usage. Characters in the religious novel generally reveal some moral protuberance which, like the nose of Cyrano, is simply not to be spoken of in polite literary circles. Take the works of Ralph Connor. He stands in the front rank of Christian novelists; his books have sold by the hundreds of thousands; he writes ably enough, and he spins a yarn as creditably as, say, E. Phillips Oppenheim. Yet his art, like Oppenheim's, is always subordinated to purpose. The result is a collection of novels altogether salable, but held in disesteem, and rightly so, by those who dictate the taste of independent readers.

As for the common run of theological works, the less said the better. Half of them are pish and the other half posh. To any reader who doubts this, I offer the opening sentence of Baron Friedrich von Hügel's "Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion":

> The practically perennial mental and moral warfare which man wages for or against or around religion is quite evidently concentrated, for the present, and for us Western Europeans and North Americans, neither upon Theism (witness the deadness of Huxley and of Spencer), nor upon Catholicism (witness the intellectual emptiness of pure, militant Protestantism); but upon that very middle ground or level, hitherto common to all historical Christians, from which they argued back to God and on to the Church —upon what we may shortly term Christianity.

Perhaps it is just as unfair to make von Hügel the spokesman of theology as it would

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be to make Veblen the spokesman of economics, but von Hügel is woefully typical. Books on theology are, of course, technical, and there is no more reason why they should appeal to the general reader than why "Travels With a Donkey" should appeal to Lindbergh. But since I am speaking of religious books from the standpoint of the general reader, I must confess that theological works are, with rare and heretical exceptions, uniquely tedious. I should rather cantillate the lines of Miss Nathalia Crane for a livelihood than to read Bledsoe's "Theodicy" again or follow once more the implications of J. Agar Beat's " New Life In Christ".

And now having made the foregoing assertion, let me follow the method of the day and begin at once to qualify it. I am really inclined to think that those who discuss literature and life over cigarettes and tea are more contemptuous of orthodox religious writers than the facts warrant. Even among the extant theologians of the orthodox school, there are a few lonely fellows who write superbly. Adolph Deissmann is a thoroughgoing religionist, sound and acceptable to the watch-dogs of orthodoxy. Though he writes on religious subjects and is handicapped by dreadful mannerisms of a Teutonic style, he has written books which any emancipated soul would enjoy to the uttermost. Over dry bones he breathes the breath of life as only an artist is able to do. What in less dexterous hands would be an unwieldy cargo of footnotes becomes in his books a romantic story of old civilizations. His study of Paul, for example, makes Donn Byrne's "Brother Saul" read like a commentary on the International Sunday School Lesson. Strachey never did more for Dr. Arnold than Deissmann has done for the zealous *entrepreneur* of Christianity. Yet Deissmann, it must be remembered, writes definitely for the religious group. The foremost theologian of Europe, he is withal a man of talent, and his works, even in translation, deserve the attention of literary-minded people.

Then, too, there is Charles E. Jefferson, pastor of Broadway Tabernacle—a shrewd and earnest minister who has never blown up the storm that Fosdick has, but who, nevertheless, has wrought magnificently with his pen. Some of the passages in his book, "The Character of Jesus", might well be used for style in Freshman English. With all his evangelical fervor, Jefferson is at heart a writer.

It is not, however, the older clerics and professors of whom I really wish to speak. I want rather to point to certain dimensional changes which have come to pass in the field of that literature, bringing with them new and distinct types of readers. The religious book has undergone surprising changes within this vermilion decade, not so much in content and purpose as in style and point of view; it is becoming, as a matter of fact, just the least bit worldly. There is more concern with syntax, less attention devoted to moral effect, and on the whole a certain obvious attempt to catch the eye of exacting critics. Those who write the outstanding religious books of the hour are bent on a pleasing and honorable literary performance. They may conceivably be animated by a spirit of service but they seem to me to be moved by an impulse quite as literary as it is altruistic. In view of the increasing presence of the literary element in religious writing, I believe it can be safely said that there is emerging in America today a body of books which may seriously be called literature—if by literature we mean an articulate record of ideas set down with an eye to cogency and form. And this literature will attract the attention of an ever-widening group of general readers.

I have long been convinced that it was not the modernism of Harry Emerson Fosdick that made him a celebrity. It is rather his rare ability to write attractively on religious subjects. His books are not heretical enough to outrage anyone's sense of theological propriety—certainly not heretical enough to start an ecumenical rumpus. Indeed, Fosdick's greatest heresy lies in the excellence of his prose. He has caught the eye of American readers because he has a way of making religious ideas sparkle. His phrasing is a modish and well designed garment to cover somewhat skinny thought. I do not believe he has written anything—save of late and under pressure of parish

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duties—that did not contain some evidence of an almost finical devotion to phrase and form. He shapes and moulds and fidgets with his sentences, searching, I imagine, with Flaubertian diligence for a word which says what he means to say. He gets over big, not because he is a modernist, but because few living Americans write more gifted prose.

It would be difficult to find an unbeliever who wrote in a more pleasing style than Dean Charles Reynolds Brown of the Yale Divinity School. He is a forthright preacher, a staunch devotee of evangelical Christianity, and he believes in Calvin Coolidge as much as he believes in any one of the twelve apostles. But he also writes. His style is lively and piquant, packed with surprises and marked by nuances and shadings of brilliant hue. His books on "The Art of Preaching" and "The Making of a Minister" have, I suspect, done more to prevent apostasy and desertion among the young men of the ministry than all the godly mothers in the country. To him preaching is an art, and he writes upon it so engagingly that the reader is tempted to forsake all else and hasten to Orders. No man writes more seductively on religious subjects than Dean Brown. He is keen in his understanding of human motive and invariably clear and attractive in his manner of expression.

To pass to younger men, I cite the name of George Stewart, who finished Yale in 1921 and has published five books since the day he bearded the board of professors examining him for his doctorate. Obviously, he has too many books to his credit and is in grave danger of writing himself out. But there is poetry in the man. He happens to be a minister, yet the minister has not smothered the poet. Rather the poet has, I think, unhorsed the ecclesiastic. As I read Stewart I get the impression that he draws his material almost cold-heartedly from Biblical sources, just as a secular poet would draw his substance from human suffering. I mean by this no scoffing reference to his sincerity; I mean simply that he is at heart essentially and foremost an artist of words, a man who must, because of some resistless urge, dress his ideas in flowing robes. He loves the pageantry of eloquent prose. He seems to me the best expression of the purposes and mannerisms of the young religious writers.

Another case in point is Robert Norwood, rector of St. Bartholomew's Church on Park Avenue. Norwood has written respectable poetry—not poetry as prose, but poetry in verse form. What is more, he has successfully bucked a speculative and competitive market with his poems, and has drawn the serious approval of literary critics. What is most admirable about the fellow is that he has never used his poetic medium for the accomplishment of reform purposes. He has stood solidly upon the merits of his verse, demonstrating, it seems to me, that his interests are literary and classical as much as they are spiritual and ethical.

If any more convincing evidence were needed to show the alarming increase of literary consciousness among religionists, I think it would surely be found in the way they are tampering with the words of Holy Writ. I am aware that the stunt of putting the Bible into the vernacular of various periods is at least five hundred years old, but never has it been done with such creative freedom and interest in literary style as today. I cite as testimony a few verses of Moffatt's version of the Song of Songs:

The song of all songs, which is Solomon's,
Oh for a kiss from your lips!
  your caresses are dearer than wine,
rare is the fragrance of your perfumes,
  the sound of your name is wafted like
    scent.
The girls are all in love with you;
  But draw me to you—let us haste.

This translation is sheer poetry—so sheer that the orthodox members of the religious community are in grave doubt as to whether such translations should be allowed to go on. Yet they do go on. Most recently three distinguished professors at the University of Chicago—can it be possible that it was at the instigation of Mayor Thompson?—have done an American translation of the Holy Bible, taking certain liberties with the King James version, if not with the original text, and offering a version of the Scriptures based on the terminology familiar to our own day. Moreover, Weymouth's translations

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must not be overlooked; they are in some particulars even clearer and simpler renderings of the old text than those of Moffatt and the Chicagoans.

The point of it all is obvious: the whole school of religious writers has been stung by "the gad-fly of self-expression". Not even the Scripture is left untouched. These writers will stop short of nothing until the Bible itself has been fashioned according to their liking. Whether they have actually improved the quaint and stately flow of the old text is, of course, a matter entirely beside the point. They tamper and tinker and fiddle with their materials—and thereby hangs a movement.

Heretofore I have been speaking chiefly of books written by religionists for consecrated readers. I have said that these books are undergoing a patent transformation in the direction of articulateness; that religious writings once esoteric and forbidding have at last become lay and even legible. This seems to me best demonstrated, however, by yet another group of writers. The efforts of these all hinge upon the fact that the professional scribe has discovered religion. He has suddenly found in the religious ideas and behavior a treasure of material which he can use to good advantage in his business. Such a writer is Bruce Barton, who has probably made as much money from religion as Sinclair made from Teapot Dome. Mr. Barton knows that theology has long been in need of humanizing, that the average fatted American cared nothing about the doctrinal tenets of religion, but was intimately concerned with the romantic elements and business principles of the stories which formed the background of Christianity. Accordingly, he took his cue from H. G. Wells and the James Harvey Robinson crowd and set out to simplify and color material which had hitherto reposed in abstruse tomes on seminary shelves. The result, in my judgment, is altogether admirable. His book, "The Man Nobody Knows", is far and away the most pictorial and verisimilar life of Jesus I have read.

I realize that I get into dangerous company when I say this. But honesty impels it, just as honesty impelled Heywood Broun, who had derided Mr. Barton's story for three years in his column in *The World,* to come out with an apology one morning, saying that meanwhile he had read the book. Mr. Barton has done a thing all too rare in the field of books that deal with religious subject-matter. He has set the pace and blazed the trail for other books, the authors of which will, of course, never admit any indebtedness to him.

Then there is Lewis Browne. "This Believing World" adds nothing to the store of human knowledge. It simply disseminates what has been pretty generally known for years among those who acquaint themselves with the anthropological background of religion. Nothing but the simplicity and cogency of the book's style gained for it the wide and gurgling attention that it got. Browne put old wine into new bottles—and people liked it immensely. Who could blame them for liking it after the years of catechism literature to which we have been treated in the religious field? The function of preparing has been left almost entirely in the hands of grandiloquent clergymen and sanctified professors; from this latter class we have suffered particularly, for when one feels under compulsion to be both spiritual and recondite, the result is disastrous.

I have no quarrel with professors who write learned books, but I do lament that the lore of religion has been so grossly monopolized by unimaginative men with ulterior purposes. So it is that when a book which makes fairly clear some of the simpler moods and origins of religion comes along, it is met with proper acclaim from religious and secular press. The paucity of books like Browne's, together with the astonishing reception it got, indicates more clearly than any other event the queer status of religious literature in the past and the multitude of possibilities it has in the future.

As its initial selection, the recently organized Religious Book-of-the-Month Club chose a general book—and that a book by Gamaliel Bradford! Obviously the sharp line of demarcation between religious and general books is fading away. The new religious literature will be a hodge-podge of

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manuals on the salvation of souls and books describing the primitive traits of Bantu worship. It will comprise both the books which seek to advance the Christian cause and those which chronicle more or less objectively the phenomena of religious behavior. These diverse books will be united by a bond which makes them brothers under the skin—and that is the bond of alert human interest in religion, and devotion to the importance of attractive presentation.

Whether this claim is actually correct or not, at least I am positive that religious books are slated for great changes as the march toward eligibility proceeds apace. The preoccupation with literary method and style is far too manifest today not to produce emphatic results. The new form derives in part, of course, from the whole popularizing movement—a movement which has got well under way in the field of the physical and social sciences. Ideas which once lurked in test-tubes have now become a part of the very water we drink. And despite the fact that everything under the sun has already been outlined, the program of making knowledge digestible will go on for years to come.

Another factor which accounts for the alarming spread of literary interest among writers and readers of religious books is the growth of criticism. Periodicals which a few years ago would have no more thought of carrying book reviews than they would of carrying stock reports now count reviewing a star feature of every issue. The comments of *The Christian Century, The Methodist Quarterly Review, Zion's Herald,* and other journals are almost invariably intelligent and provocative. Beyond doubt a school of literary criticism is rapidly taking form, with the result that the style as well as the orthodoxy of religious authors is now open to inspection. Once a religious writer reads a review of his book in, say, *The Anglican Theological Review,* he may well look to his syntax.

Nor must we overlook the fact that publishers of religious books will adopt more and more of the methods of general publishing. Already we have the Religious Book Club, Inc., for whose sizable constituency Fosdick, Brent, Woolley, McConnell, and Cadman select a book each month. In the South a selective book service has been in operation for over a year. Still more recently a religious imitation of the Literary Guild has come into being. Where it all will end, I cannot say. I know only this: that increased facilities will have a decided effect upon the character, style, and point of view of religious books.

I think it must be recognized, too, that the new religious literature is an expression of the new religion. Religion has been delivered of its pompous formulæ; it has come to deal practically—and in some instances winsomely—with what is commonly called life. Organized Christianity has lost its frightful theology, its power to terrify. It stands now in need of other virtues. In brief, religion is in a fair way to become civilized. Whatever this may mean as far as the salvation of the world is concerned, it means, as far as religious literature is concerned, a more urbane and sophisticated method of approach and treatment.

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THE TWO-FOLD GENIUS OF HARDY

By John Macy

DURING the thirty years since Hardy ceased to write novels critics have asked whether the poet might not finally be considered greater than the master of fiction. That the question is asked at all is answer enough. Stevenson says that Victor Hugo's romances are but one façade of the monument that he has erected to his genius. How many writers in any language does that architectural metaphor suggest? Goethe of course. In English, Meredith without doubt. Perhaps Goldsmith in his solitary if not towering eminence as the creator of enduring perfections in fiction, drama, verse, essay. It would be difficult to choose, if one had to make the choice, between Dryden's prose and his poetry. The history of literature includes many men of letters who have tried their hands at several forms of expression and have variously succeeded, but usually the many-talented experimenter will find one form in which he is at his best. Poets as a rule write good prose; Francis Thompson thought that to be almost axiomatic, and his own prose may be cited in support of his belief. The poet will not lose command of language when he tries the "other harmony" of prose, descending from the heights to the lower levels of speech. On the other hand there are many masters of prose who have never realized the ambition, which every writer must cherish in his secret heart, to climb Parnassus. The duality of Hardy's genius is rare in any literature.

He said many years ago that the shortest way to good prose is by the route of good verse, and that the best poetry is the best prose. So far as we can judge from his few reserved notes about his work he valued his poetry more highly than his fiction, and it may well be that he regarded "The Dynasts" as the crown of his career, his artistic last will and testament, not dreaming perhaps that he should live another twenty years. Poetry was his first and last love. It is not credible, even on the evidence of a stronger declaration than he ever seems to have made, that the unfavorable reception accorded "Jude the Obscure" determined him to abandon fiction. For in the first place that masterpiece was recognized by many readers; and moreover Hardy was too independent by nature, too securely established in his professional life, to be deflected, as a younger man might be, by any winds of opinion. He wrote what he wanted to write, and circumstances and the vigor of his talent enabled him to pursue his own course and let the people talk. In spite of his two-fold manner of saying what he had to say his work for fifty years is singularly unified. It was in every sense the same man who wrote "The Return of the Native" and "The Dynasts", and the lyrics and ballads. And many of the finest passages in the novels are nature poetry as authentic as anything in Wordsworth. Not that the external natures of the two poets were much alike, for their internal natures were utterly different. But they do resemble each other in objectification, in the fidelity of their observation. To say as Chesterton does, that Hardy took nature "unnaturally" means nothing except that Hardy, being an original genius, took nature and life in his own way. And his vision in verse or prose is almost always that of a poet, though his expression is not always poetic, not always successful in rendering his images in final beautiful phrases. The poet, however, is seldom absent, whether the scene be lovely or ugly. The last fiction, "The Well-Beloved", is the embodiment of a Platonic idea, a philosophic abstraction dramatized and made flesh.

To find too much method in Hardy's philosophy, to systematize his ideas into a thesis is to run the risk of dehumanizing the poet and rationalizing the romancer. But like all men of intellect who meditate upon life Hardy had a philosophy which is con-

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scious, deliberate and consistent. It is suggested in the "Crass Casualty" of a poem called "Hap," dated 1866, and is expressed in many ways, but without self-contradiction or essential change of faith, throughout his work to the end of "Tess", to the end of "The Dynasts". Because he was a poet and not a man of science or a technical philosopher, he has an imaginative theology, a mythology in which to frame the universe as he sees it. It was he and not his critics who first announced his philosophic intention. In the preface to the volume of miscellaneous verse, "Poems of the Past and the Present", dated 1901, he says: "That portion which may be regarded as individual comprises a series of feelings and fancies written down in widely differing moods and circumstances and at various dates. It will probably be found, therefore, to possess little cohesion of thought or harmony of coloring. I do not greatly regret this. Unadjusted impressions have their value, and the road to a true philosophy of life seems to lie in humbly recording diverse readings of its phenomena as they are forced upon us by chance and change".

Hardy was all his life on the road to a true philosophy, some solution to the riddle of the universe. Moreover, in spite of his modest dubiety with reference to his detached pieces of verse, they have homogeneity, coherence one with another and with his prose and with his more ambitious long dramatic poem. He was inescapably confined to his own character, to the powers and limitations of his intellect, as every man must be. He never reached the end of the road, as no man ever does. The things observed varied, his experience grew richer, his knowledge of the facts of life and his reflections on the forces behind life accumulated. But he underwent no revoltion of thought, passed through no crisis of conviction such as seems to remake some men and divide their work into periods. He kept on the same road and he arrived at no conclusion. To the last he was an inquiring sceptic and recorder. Whenever he imposes on a story a catastrophic termination, the answer serves only for a particular set of characters and events and has no other finality. Indeed when he seems to be most nearly final, to close a story of disaster with the inexorable logic of death, even then the great questions are unanswered, the problems of existence continue beyond the last page for the living if not for the dead. The tighter and sharper his plot, the more is his magnitude narrowed, specialized, even denied; his most closely particularized affirmations and explanations are his only inconsistencies, for they are precisely negations of his vast inclusive negation which is his real positive magnitude.

But let us avoid the temptation to use too many of the long words of metaphysics and logic. We are dealing with an artist, not a maker of a system. Consider the plot of "Tess", his most appealing and best known story. Hardy did not call Tess a "pure woman" in order, as has been stupidly suggested, to placate nice readers of nice novels. He meant the sub-title as the key to the whole story. He set out to make her an innocent victim of all the powers that be in man and outside him. The only Will plainly operative is that of the author, who rigs earth and skies against the girl as ruthlessly as in any old tale of villain and heroine, as calculatingly as Richardson persecutes Clarissa. Richardson is courageous enough to bring Clarissa—who is quite blameless except for imprudence—to a pathetic death, and he makes you forget to ask whether a slightly better turn of luck or even an appeal to the nearest magistrate would not have got her out of her troubles. Weaker or more generous romancers usually contrive to let virginity escape or die inviolate. Their distribution of reward and punishments is artificially just. But Hardy is artificial too, artificially unjust. His arrangement of events and motives, for all his marvellous power to convince, does not always make it seem that thus and no otherwise the thing must have happened. It is only when you escape from his spell and begin to question that you begin to see how pitilessly this master of pity has driven his quarry to destruction, how he has made all occasions inform against Tess and defeat her.

He begins by endowing her with the great calamity of beauty and puts her in a community where she is not moderately well

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protected by a competent father, brothers, friends, the usual defensive surroundings against the crudest kind of assault. He provides a villain who is vicious and strong enough to commit rape. This is a well recognized crime, but it is not common, and in many cases the injured woman is not wholly blameless. The result of the violation is a baby. This is biologically possible, but it is unlikely almost to the point of impossibility. (Those who are in doubt on this matter may consult Havelock Ellis: "Studies in the Psychology of Sex", vol. iv., pp. 577-8.) So far Tess has been hurt by a human force embodied in an evil man. Next she is the plaything of a weak and ignorant youth, conventionally good. His motives are carefully prepared. Angel Clare is brought up in a moral atmosphere where it is assumed that no woman is good who is not maid, wife, or widow. Tess writes Angel a letter explaining her past.

Then enters another power against her, Accident. Angel does not receive the letter because when she puts it under his door it slips beneath the carpet which has been slightly raised at the threshold. That carpet might have been tacked down securely. But such accidents can happen. There is a famous undelivered letter with fatal results in "Romeo and Juliet". In Langdon Mitchell's dramatic version of "Tess", as Mrs. Fiske played it, the letter is intentionally removed by Tess's mother, who knows about it and does not wish the match to be broken off. This substitution of human motive for accident is perhaps a slight improvement on the original. The letter might have made things clear to Angel, but perhaps it might not. On their bridal night, after he had confessed an indiscretion and asked forgiveness, she tells him of her mischance expecting equal forgiveness. He is horrified, regards her as guilty, soiled, and leaves her.

This is intelligible. Some men with a morbid ethical sensitiveness would so wreck their own happiness and that of the woman. But there are other kinds of men, one of whom might have been Tess's lover, a man who, though retaining strongly some of the superstitious reverence for virginity and having the male egotist's desire to possess a woman wholly and have first knowledge of her, would not give up such a beautiful creature as Tess. Angel Clare is not that kind of man. His motives and emotions are developed with subtle clarity, and you do not for an instant doubt your author in that heart-breaking scene, in which with almost diabolical power he makes Tess more alluring, innocent, honest than ever. You are not even allowed to protest that any live man would have smothered that woman with passion and never let her go. The only desperate question is why exactly that wrong kind of lover must be inflicted on Tess. Why must everything be adverse to her with such inevitable precision?

Angel repents too late. This is the next move on the chess-board where all the pieces seem to be pushed one way. Tess is driven into the arms of her ravisher by the poverty of her family, for her father must die at this particular moment so that they lose title to the house. Then Angel turns up at the thirteenth hour. The clocks of Hardy's Time Spirit strike wrong with relentless accuracy. Tess kills the man who has wrecked her life. She and Angel try to escape and, of course, are caught by the officers among the picturesque Druidical monuments of Stonehenge. (Hardy can always be trusted for a fine spectacular setting.) The black flag that signifies the hanging of Tess is intolerably waved before us. "The President of the Immortals (in Aeschylean phrase) had ended his sport with Tess."

This hard summary does not do justice to the great beauty and pervading intelligence of the book. But it does suggest that Hardy has here, as in almost all his other work, a design, a scheme of life, to which his plots in some way conform. And that design, though cosmically endless and not closed in, is orderly, subject to rule, almost dogmatic. It is true, as I have said, that he did not erect a philosophic system—that was not his business as novelist and poet. But he did have a view of life as a whole, a mythological universe of great forces, shadowy, vague but real, extending infinitely into time and space behind the little place and hour in which human existences play themselves out. If the poet cannot have a God he must have an

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It. And the change artistically is not much more revolutionary than changing Dorchester to Casterbridge.

Much fine literature can ignore the gods. Thousands of novels of excellent quality can dispense with them so completely that the reader would not be aware what the author believed. But novels like Hardy's, which are a fundamental interpretation of man and nature, all epic and all tragic drama, must have a fundamental religion, mythology, philosophy, a supernatural or supermundane Power controlling human destinies. For Hardy and for many of us the old gods are dead, the Greek and Roman gods, the Hebrew gods, and those that Wagner put to sleep in the twilight. Many no longer believe that St. Nicholas protects virgins or that there is One in Heaven with kindly eye who watches especially over little children—not when scores of them are horribly maimed and burned in an orphanage fire. At the moment when Alec D'Urberville has his way, Hardy asks: "But where was Tess's guardian angel? where was the Providence of her simple faith? Perhaps, like that other god of whom the ironical Tishbite spoke, he was talking or he was pursuing, or he was on a journey, or peradventure he was sleeping and was not to be awaked".

But the question will not do. A poet needs something more positive as an indispensable actor in his creations. Wherefore Hardy, borrowing something but not all from the Greeks, makes a new order of cosmocrats to take the place of the Christian God. The all-seeing Providence becomes a blind force, an Inadvertent Mind. And as an older poet has said:

"Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for It
As impotently rolls as you or I."

Since there are no new words, the old words reappear; first and ultimate, Fate, the familiar celestial scapegoat who carries the responsibility for mismanaging tellurian affairs. In "The Dynasts" the Phanton Intelligences of the Overworld are elaborated in a quasi-Greek manner. But before "The Dynasts" Hardy has set his heavenly machinery in motion. The novel that precedes "Tess" is "The Woodlanders" (1887), that lovely pathetic idyl in which the very blood of the people is the sap of the trees, so close do the children of the earth live to their mother. I know of no other work, prose or poetry, in which vegetation is so vitalized, and I could find enough phrases in it to make a minor poet rich. The story is gentler, less terrible if not less touching, than the ruthless tragedy of "Tess". But here are the Hardyan cross-purposes, the wrong persons getting married with sinister perversity and an honest simple man and a devoted girl both missing happiness. To other characters the accidents of life are kinder, and there is an almost conventionally happy reconciliation of husband and wife—though it is brought about by quite unconventional means. In this book, which comes so close in point of time to "Tess" and "Jude", it is noteworthy that Chance is not always against the innocent or even the pardonably guilty, and the reason, I suspect, is that Hardy is so tenderly, passionately in love with those woodlands. But even here Fate and the Time Spirit operate from the start. Marty's hair, which she cuts and sells and which in the end strangely turns the plot, is the "one bright gift of Time to the particular victim of his now before us". A quite human disagreement between father and daughter is referred to "that intangible causality which has shaped the situation no less for the offenders than for the offended". In another place "Fate, it seemed, would have it this way and there was nothing to do but acquiesce".

There are two Fates in Hardy. One is the Fate of Character, a Greek idea. The other is the Fate of Circumstance. These two Fates often act in cruel concert, as though a man were choked by inner anguish at the very moment when an external enemy set strangling fingers to his throat. In Hardy the coincidence of the two hostile forces sometimes seems malignly adjusted. But not always. For his imagination is free and far-sweeping, and his philosophy is open and inquisitive. The Fate which is the outer dark Potency is the poet's myth which we may believe or question or deny. The inward Fate of Character is the truth of human nature, which no writer, not one of the greatest

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since his beloved Greek tragic poets, has more closely observed or more profoundly understood than Hardy. You may quarrel with any of his plays upon circumstance, his management of events, but you will not in all his work find an unintelligible human motive and you will not find one speech put into the mouth of a character which does not sound as if a person had uttered it.

A poet may shape the world to his heart's desire, subject to no restriction but the laws of song, whatever they may be. A novelist may make his persons act, meet, miss, marry, die, to suit his purposes, bound only by the more or less well-known ways in which people behave; he may even contrive his own kind of plausibility and persuade his readers to accept it. But how if poet and novelist apply his genius to an historic theme, not the loose stuff of so-called historical novels which may juggle with history at pleasure, but a strict historical sequence of events? You cannot make Napoleon lose a battle that he did not lose, marry a woman he did not marry, fight a sword duel with the Duke of Wellington and die by jumping into the crater of Etna. The main facts must be followed. With the widest possible latitude of interpretation and fanciful dramatic phrasing, the poet must handle material the general shape of which is fixed like a hill of granite before he touches it. To take that solidified material and somehow reshape it, give it new form and color without falsifying its old form and color requires the greatest poetic power. It is the task which Hardy set himself when he conceived "The Dynasts". And he succeeded magnificently. There is nothing comparable to it in English, or, so far as I know, in any other language. It belongs among the great epics, in the widest sense of the word epic, the sense that includes another Napoleonic drama, Tolstoy's "War and Peace". Hardy calls it a Drama and dismisses at once the question of stage presentation, though he lived to see two performances, the first in London during the early months of a greater war than the Napoleonic, the second at Oxford, in 1920.

That first performance must have struck to the depths of Hardy's ironic sense, for the opening paragraph of the Preface of "The Dynasts", 1904, says that it is "concerned with the Great Historical Calamity, or Clash of Peoples, artifically brought about some hundred years ago". He might have written new verses to suit the occasion for the Spirits of Irony, Pity and the Years. Yet there was no need for new ones. The old verses still stand and will stand for any war to come. For they are universal poetry. If they prove not to be permanently memorable in the noble treasury of English poetry (where much that is less good abides), the reason perhaps will be that they have not the inexplicable magic and melody of phrase which simply *is* poetry, and there is no use trying to say why.

What cannot be defined may be illustrated. This is a Voice of an Unseen Spirit in Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound":

> The pale stars are gone!
> For the sun, their swift shepherd,
> To the folds them compelling,
> In the depths of the dawn,
> Hastes in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee
> Beyond his blue dwelling,
> As fawns flee the leopard.
> But where are ye?

This is a Chorus from Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon":

> Before the beginning of years,
> There came to the making of man
> Time, with a gift of tears;
> Grief, with a glass that ran;
> Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
> Summer, with flowers that fell;
> Remembrance fallen from heaven,
> And madness risen from hell;
> Strength without hands to smite;
> Love that endures for a breath;
> Night, the shadow of light,
> And life, the shadow of death.

The following are as good lines as there are in the phantom choruses of "The Dynasts":

> Last as first the question rings
> Of the Will's long travailings;
> Why the All-mover,
> Why the All-prover
> Ever urges on and measures out the droning tune of Things.
> Heaving dumbly
> As we deem,

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Moulding numbly
As in dream,
Apprehending not how fare the sentient
subjects of Its scheme.

In Swinburne and Shelley a miracle has happened to words. In Hardy the miracle has not happened; the verse is fine and thoughtful, rich when read in the context, but even there cold.

The human scenes in the drama, demanding no lyric ecstasy, are strong and effective in phrasing, lack nothing to their dramatic purpose. They have the accent of living speech, already noted as an unfailing characteristic of Hardy's prose, and scene after scene the story goes forward under the hand of an experienced master of narrative.

To show Hardy's play of English humor, the hearty soldier and sailor stuff which is still with us in Masefield and Kipling, I quote, if only for the one swelling-bosomed line, a bit from the scene at Trafalgar. Nelson is dying. Burke, the Purser, is explaining to the admiral how the battle goes on.

MIDSHIPMAN (*in the background*)
It is the enemy's first-rate, the 'Achille',
Blown to a thousand atoms!—While on fire,
Before she burst, one of the women there,
Desperate for life, climbed from the gunroom
port
Upon the rudder-chains; pulled off her
clothes,
And swam for the 'Pickle's' boat. Our men
in charge,
Seeing her great breasts bulging on the brine,
Sang out, 'A mermaid 'tis, by God!'—then
rowed
And hauled her in.—
BURKE:
Such oddities intrude
On death's grim hours!

The Englishman Hardy, who belonged to the same family as Hardy the flag-captain in whose arms Nelson died, regards the contest from his shore and says in his preface that "provokingly slight regard has been paid to English influence and action throughout the struggle by those Continental writers who had dealt imaginatively with Napoleon's career". This patriotic Englishman is the romancer of "The Trumpet-Major", who enjoys dragoons and pretty girls. But how different the color of his romance from that of the cloak-and-sword tribe! And how far above England and his beloved part of it is the altitude from which he views this struggle of the nations and the contests of people whose battles are not military but in places of seeming peace. I do not know whether he so intended it, but it seems to me his most ironic stroke is the title, "Far from the Madding Crowd", under which he proceeds to give you as much madness, murder and excitement as you could find in the heart of London. The human midgets everywhere are subject to the same "unweeting" Will which hurts and hinders us, caught in the "web Enorme".

Hardy has been called by the weary word "pessimist", which is too little to fit him, even to indicate him. It almost denies his enthusiasm for human goodness and beauty wherever he finds it. His sadness is pervasive, but often it is not more than an intensification of the sadness which runs deeply through much tragic and lyric poetry of all times. He is certainly free from the tiresome Pippa-Passes optimism of Browning, because he sees deeper and knows vastly more. A note of hope in his sadness is once beautifully and wistfully expressed in "The Darkling Thrush". He hears the bird sing of "joy illimited" and ends his own song:

So little cause for carollings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessèd Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

On a still greater note of hope ends "The Dynasts", as a consolation for all that useless carnage, and perhaps as the final word of Hardy's philosophy:

But—a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there
That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered
from the darts that were,
Consciousness the Will informing, till It
fashions all things fair.

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Contented Hearts

By W. H. Davies

If our contented hearts are blind
  To what the world calls great,
How can that world, whose pride is wealth,
  Look down on our low state?

The thing we call a truth to-day
  Is but to-morrow's lie;
We change our minds, our bodies change,
  Until we come to die.

To-day I swear that music's best,
  To-morrow swear by books:
If there's one truth that stays unchanged,
  It's Love, and how she looks.

The story of my love shall be,
  When I am one with Her,
Far richer than the Blackbird's yarn
  In merry April's ear.

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THE GREATEST OF DICTIONARIES

The Oxford Scholars Bring the "New English Dictionary" to Completion

By Floyd McKnight

ENGLISH-SPEAKING peoples have for the first time a history of their language, not a single essay or book, but a dictionary of more than 15,000 pages treating the development of nearly a half-million words through seven hundred and fifty years of their literature. Begun in 1857, Murray's "New English Dictionary" was, forty years later, far enough advanced to be dedicated to Queen Victoria of England. Its presentation to King George V on April 19, 1928, will mark the completion of what is probably the greatest lexicographical work ever attempted and finished in any language.

Over it editors have labored and died. Of the leaders among them—Herbert Coleridge, Dr. Frederick J. Furnivall, Sir James A. H. Murray, Dr. Henry Bradley, Dr. William A. Craigie and Charles T. Onions—only the last two survive. Sir James Murray, who did more of the work than any of the others, originally contracted for a dictionary of between 6,000 and 7,000 pages, but the total number in the completed dictionary exceeds 15,000. Sir James himself contributed 7,138 of these, approximately half the total, over a period of thirty-three years, producing in an average year written material about two hundred and sixty times the length of this article.

"The aim of this Dictionary," wrote Sir James, "is to furnish an adequate account of the meaning, origin, and history of English words now in general use, or known to have been in use at any time during the last seven hundred years. It endeavours (1) to show, with regard to each individual word, when, how, in what shape, and with what signification, it became English; what development of form and meaning it has since received; which of its uses have, in the course of time, become obsolete, and which still survive; what new uses have since arisen, by what processes, and when: (2) to illustrate these facts by a series of quotations ranging from the first known occurrence of the word to the latest, or down to the present day; the word being thus made to exhibit its own history and meaning: and (3) to treat the etymology of each word strictly on the basis of historical fact, and in accordance with the methods and results of modern philological science."

This great work had its inception in a resolution of the Philological Society of London, passed in 1857 at the suggestion of Archbishop Trench, then Dean of Westminster. The scheme called for "A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, Founded Mainly upon the Material Collected by the Philological Society", which was to contain "every word occurring in the literature of the language" and to "admit as authorities all English books".

The proposal had precedent; in Germany Grimm's *Deutsches Wörterbuch* had been under way for nineteen years, and an historical dictionary of Dutch words had been started about six years earlier. But the Dutch and German works even today are unfinished, and indications are that they will not approach Murray's in size or wealth of literary quotation. In England, Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose dictionary was published in 1755, had illustrated word-usages by examples from the best writers, although the number of passages quoted was not extensive enough to provide a history of changes in word-forms and meanings. So, in a more or less experimental way, the Philological Society ventured upon the task.

Herbert Coleridge, the first editor, began to amass quotations. Aware of the large number of words that either were obsolete

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or were fast becoming so, but which existed in the older literature, he and his co-workers devoted especial attention to recording these from the books of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. His studies resulted in the publication in 1859 of his "Glossarial Index to the Printed Literature of the Thirteenth Century"; but he did not long carry on the work of the new dictionary, for in 1861 he died of consumption.

Dr. F. J. Furnivall, who then was appointed editor, divided the letters of the alphabet among volunteer sub-editors, who were to arrange the quotations, classify the different meanings of each word and put the material into shape for final editing. He furthered the study of literary sources by founding in 1864 the Early English Text Society, which has preserved a long list of publications and has reproduced many early manuscripts and writings. But somehow there was no unifying scheme for continuance of the dictionary. The enthusiasm of the readers was waning. And, when no publisher could be found to undertake a task of such magnitude, the work practically ceased for a number of years.

In 1876 the American house of Harper Brothers conceived the idea of an "international dictionary" to compete with Webster's. The Macmillan Company, with whom they communicated, asked Richard Morris, the philologist, to give them the name of a competent editor. Professor James Murray, whom Mr. Morris recommended, told the Macmillans that he would be interested if the proposed work were to be conducted on a scale greater than that of Webster; and they proposed to Messrs. Harper a dictionary on historical principles such as Professor Murray had suggested. But Harper Brothers preferred a work smaller than Webster's, and the deal fell through.

Professor Murray, eager to go on with the plan, approached one publisher after another, but all were frightened away by its immensity. Then Professor Max Müller and Dean Liddell, of Christ Church, gave their recommendation to the scheme, and the Council of the Philological Society laid the matter before the Oxford University Press. At first the Delegates of the Press believed that an Oxford man should be chosen, but finally were convinced that Professor Murray, who was then president of the Philological Society, should do the work. Professor Price, secretary of the Delegates, said to him: "You had better consider the matter carefully; for if you do the editing, the work will be done; if not, it will not be done".

Murray, then a master at the Mill Hill School, went through a fortnight of uncertainty, fully aware that the job before him must be done well and completely if at all. The governors of the school offered to release him from a part of his work there; but he knew that the dictionary would need all his time, although when he contracted to finish it in about a decade he did not realize that it was to consume thirty-three years of his life and still remain incomplete.

On March 1, 1879, he began work. One of his first steps was to arrange in alphabetical sequence the quotations collected; then he prepared selected lists of works to be read. Eight hundred volunteers in all parts of the world responded to a call for readers. Within three years a million quotations were added to those already gathered, making a total of more than 3,500,000, taken by thirteen hundred readers from the writings of five thousand authors of all periods, and arranged by about thirty sub-editors who offered their services gratuitously.

As new material arrived daily—Dr. Furnivall had already sent in "some ton and three-quarters of materials which had accumulated under his roof"—the question of storage-room arose. Murray thought that he might convert his drawing-room into a warehouse, but Mrs. Murray quite reasonably objected. Thereupon, he built in his garden a house of iron, sometimes referred to by lexicographers as the "tin shed", in which the first parts of the dictionary were compiled. When this house, the famous Scriptorium, was transferred in 1885 from London to Oxford, it became one of the leading institutions of the university city. It served as the chief work-shop until, in recent years, quarters were taken in the old Ashmolean Museum Building, conveniently close to the Bodleian Library.

The Philological Society originally

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planned two dictionaries, one of educated speech and another of technical terms. But when it was discovered to be almost impossible to separate the technical meanings of some words from their ordinary meanings in English speech, the first scheme was dropped in favor of a single dictionary which would include both ordinary and technical words. Printing commenced in 1882; the first instalment, a part of "A", was published in January, 1884; and the first volume, "A" and "B", was completed in 1888.

As the work went along, younger men were engaged from time to time to assist in the editing. Henry Bradley, eight years Murray's junior, who had been working on the dictionary and who from 1891 to 1893 had been president of the Philological Society, was chosen in 1896 as a co-editor, and immediately removed to Oxford to begin the independent editing of the letter "E". Dr. William A. Craigie, among his other accomplishments a Scandinavian scholar, joined the staff in 1897, and in 1901 became a co-editor in the preparation of "Q". Charles T. Onions, who began work under Murray in 1895, was appointed in 1913 as an independent editor; he started with parts of "S".

After issuance of the first completed volume in 1888, separate parts—single sections of 64 and 128 pages, and full parts of five sections or 320 pages—were published when ready. The section comprising "Wise-Wy" completes the dictionary, the material from "V" to "Z" having been previously printed and bound.

The total cost of the dictionary was more than £300,000; the Oxford University Press itself does not know the exact figure. The Press bore the entire expense, with the single exception of £5,000, the amount of a gift from the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, to whom the sixth volume was dedicated.

Upon the publication of that volume, Murray was knighted in recognition of his labors and scholarly attainments. He continued with the editing until his death, which came after a week's illness on July 26, 1915, when less than one-tenth of the dictionary remained unfinished. Dr. Bradley continued until he died in 1923. Dr. Craigie, who still is one of the editors, remained active in the work until 1925, when he removed to the University of Chicago to become editor to the faculty there in preparation of an "Historical Dictionary of American English". Mr. Onions then was in charge of the "New English Dictionary" until its completion.

In the years from 1858 onward, the different editors collected from the literature of the language more than 5,000,000 quotations, of which about 2,000,000 were embodied in the dictionary in such a way as to let each word trace its own history through its various obsolete and current forms. Under some entries, this treatment required page after page of space. "Set", in its different senses, was given twenty-three pages, or sixty-nine columns, representing about twenty-seven times as much writing as this article; "see", sixteen and one-half columns; "make", thirty-five; and "lie", more than fifteen.

Often a special entry was given to an obsolete sense of a word, as to "buzz", the interjection "said in the Variorum Shakespere (1803) to have been a common exclamation (of impatience or contempt) when any one was telling a well-known story; Schmidt and others say 'a sound to command silence' ". There followed an example from *Hamlet:*

"*Pol.* The Actors are come hither my Lord.
Ham. Buzze, buzze."

Thus, Murray shows that this famous retort was not mere onomatopoeia.

The editors were unable to trace some words, mostly colloquialisms, to any ancient roots; nevertheless, they treated these historically, as "bamboozle", which they accompanied with the notation, "Appears about 1700; mentioned in the *Tatler*". They included many such words, which had passed through conversational, epistolary and journalistic to general literary usage. "The unwritten dialects, and, to some extent, even slang, and colloquial speech," Sir James wrote, "approach in character to language in its natural state, aiming only at being expressive, and treating memory and precedent as ministers, not as masters."

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Application of the historical method to lexicography not only provided a source-book of the language, but brought to light many curious facts: for instance, that "I guess" in the American sense of "I think" or "I feel pretty sure" is not far from the original meaning given to the word in Chaucer, although this meaning is now regarded in England as an Americanism; and that "small-clothes", in Aldous Huxley's "Antic Hay" a patented arrangement for increasing the comfort of a sitting person, means "breeches" and antedates 1800.

In making their choices of spellings, the editors of Murray's dictionary were forced to give preferences, since a word could, as a rule, be treated only in one place in the work. Whenever possible, they guided themselves according to the preponderance of modern usage; but when usage was equally divided between two spellings, they chose on the basis of etymology, phonetics, analogy with similar words or mere practical convenience.

Considerable doubt as to "grey" and "gray" led Sir James to make an investigation in 1893. "Grey" seemed commoner in Great Britain; but the London *Times*, as well as Dr. Johnson and many lexicographers, preferred "gray". Some of those approached during the investigation, for the most part artists, wrote such nonsense as that they used "grey" and "gray" to signify different colors; to some "grey" was "a more delicate or lighter tint than 'gray' ", or "gray" "a 'warmer' color" or one having "a mixture of red and brown". Sir James's decision favored "grey", with "gray" as an alternative.

It is barely possible that Murray's preferred spellings may, before many years, be accepted generally both in England and the United States; for, while there are often marked differences between American and English word-forms, the "New English Dictionary" sometimes gives preference to what are considered the common American spellings. To be sure, it prefers the English "-our" terminations in words like "labour" and "harbour"; the "-re" terminations in "theatre", "sceptre" and their like; and such English forms of "gasolene", "traveller" and "jewellery". On the other hand, it prefers the "-ize" terminations in words that are pronounced with a "z" rather than an "s" sound, such as "organize" and "scandalize", which are spelled universally with the "z" in the United States, but in England are frequently spelled with the "s".

One might look for flaws in the "New English Dictionary", or lament that it does not include proper names; but its scholarship is so monumental as to make fault-finding seem petty. The Oxford University Press has recently engaged Dr. Craigie to edit a supplement, the purpose of which will be to modernize in every detail the earlier parts, published more than forty years ago. Materials consisting of millions of quotations that have been coming in throughout the last several decades are on hand to make possible this work. Further supplements from time to time will be all that is necessary to keep the whole story of the language always up-to-date.

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THE LITTLE WHITE DOG

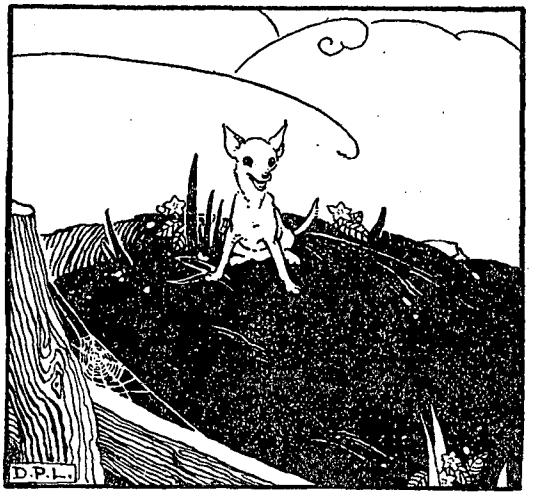
By Liam O'Flaherty

A YOUNG bull was grazing in a green field above the village. It was a beautiful summer morning. The grass was delicious, as the sun had scarcely dried the dew on it. The grass-blades gleamed and they were moist. A faint smoke arose from the earth and among the bushes of the fence there were filmy webs, like shining curtains of pale silk. Everywhere there were intoxicating sounds of life, the mumbling of insects, the whirring of bees, the warbling of birds. Little clouds of mist ascended into the sky and away up in the emptiness where the sun was shining, beyond the brown peaks of the far-off hills, there were dazzling golden and white clouds, in dizzy banks, like the gates of Paradise.

The young bull ate furiously of the luscious dewy grass until he was sated. Then he began to march around the field, swinging his short tail and butting the air with his young horns. He was only a year old and was still almost unconscious of his sex; but this morning, for the first time, he felt a strange intoxication, caused by the wild, sensuous smells of nature and by the rich food he had eaten. He felt a desire for company and for violent exertion. He felt a tingling sensation under his hide and his legs seemed to rise of their own accord and to strike the earth with unnecessary violence. His eyes grew moist. There was a rush of blood to his head and like a half-drunken man, he felt incapable of restraining a wild bellow. But as he did not yet know how to bellow properly, he merely made a faint mowing sound in his throat and his jaws slavered like a hungry calf.

Then he suddenly felt jolly and he began to trot around after his shadow, making rushes at it and butting the earth with his forehead.

There was a pump in the far corner of the field, about fifty yards from the fence. There was a path in the grass from the wooden gate in the fence to the pump. Beyond the gate, a little narrow road led down



"It was a tiny white dog."

the slope to the village. Village people came to the pump for water. The young bull was always interested and amused by the people who came to the pump for water. He used to stand at a distance from them and shoot out from his moist nostrils long columns of breath with a snuffling sound. It broke the monotony of the day, watching these people come and go and listening to the rasping sound they made with the pump handle. He strolled down towards the pump in the hope of seeing somebody.

Just then a little boy arrived at the wooden gate carrying a bucket and a tin dipper. The little boy was whistling. When the bull saw the little boy, he felt a curious sensation of melancholy and a desire to do something violent. So he bellowed and scraped the ground with his foot. The little boy closed the gate and then stood still, looking at the bull. The bull stood between him and the pump. The boy shouted.

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"He got his tail between his legs."

The bull tossed his head. The boy advanced a few paces, walking very erect. The bull began to tremble and made rumbling noises in his throat. His body became rigid and his head grew dizzy with tension. The boy shouted again and advanced another step. He began to rattle the dipper against the bucket to terrify the bull. The sound excited the bull and he dashed forward with lowered head. His short tail stood out, rippling, with its little fringe of long hairs dangling.

The boy uttered a cry of fright and fled from the field, banging the gate after him. The bull swerved at the gate and then cantered about, making figures of eight, leaping and tossing his head. He felt delighted with the terror he had inspired in the little boy. He no longer felt fierce, but he felt that this was a splendid new game and that he would henceforth chase everybody that came into the field. So in his joy he went up to the pump and began to hammer it with his forehead.

After a few minutes he heard voices approaching the gate. He looked up and saw two little boys approaching the gate along the narrow road. Their heads bobbed up and down between the gleaming wet tops of the bushes. The little boy who had fled was now returning accompanied by another boy, who was slightly bigger. The second boy was talking arrogantly and making gestures. He had something white under the jacket of his coat. As they entered the gate, the bull trotted towards them slowly, making a rumbling sound. Then he halted suddenly and snorted, as he caught sight of the white thing that was wriggling and whinging under the jacket of the taller boy.

The boy lowered the white thing to the ground and took it by the ears. It was a tiny white dog with black spots on its ears. It was so small that, when it stood on the ground, the grass reached to its chest. Its legs were like spindles and its tail was long and thin, like the tail of a rat. The bull smelt it even at that distance and it had a disgusting smell. The bull felt an extraordinary sensation of fear and repulsion.

Then the boy began to shake the little dog, holding him by the ears and shouting. The other little boy kept pointing at the bull and saying something in a loud shrill voice. The dog began to yelp on a high note. He bared his teeth and scraped the earth with his hind legs trying to break loose. Then the boy let him go and the little dog rushed forward.

He was so small and weak that he stumbled over the wet grass and fell head over heels with the first rush. Then he got up, barked shrilly and looked back at the boys, with his right forefoot raised. The boys threatened him with their raised fists and urged him on. He ran forward towards the bull, biting at blades of grass, stopping to lick his wet legs and looking back at the boys with suspicion in his eyes. When he got near the bull the hair stood up on his neck, he put his tail between his legs and he curved his back like a cat.

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The bull had watched him with amazement as he approached. He stood perfectly still, with his head lowered and his flanks quivering. The approaching dog, so small that he could hardly see him crawling through the grass, inspired him with extraordinary terror. He didn't know what to make of the curious little white thing with the queer smell. He felt a desire to take to flight. When the dog stood still however, with his tail between his legs, the bull could contain himself no longer and he rushed forward bellowing. The tiny dog jumped into the air and he began to yelp savagely. As the bull came up on him he turned and snapped his jaws, grazing the bull's snout.

Then indeed the bull succumbed to his terror. Throwing his head in the air, he bellowed loudly and took to flight. Snorting, with his tail in the air, he galloped away up the field, tearing up the grass with his flying hoofs. He disappeared over the brow of a mound into a hollow, with a drifting column of his breath pursuing him.

Then indeed the tiny dog became arrogant and fierce. He trotted after the fleeing bull slowly, barking and snapping at imaginary flies. Now and again he looked behind him at the cheering boys. Then again he would trot forward, with his foreleg bandied out and his tail raised aloft in a curl.

"He bellowed loudly and took to flight."

Illustrations by DOROTHY LATHROP

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W. S. GILBERT'S TOPSY-TURVYDOM

By Isaac Goldberg

ALMOST seventeen years have passed since Sir William S. Gilbert sank to his death in the private lake of his own designing, on his famous estate, Grim's Dyke. True to the pantomimic traditions of his beginnings, he died like a Harlequin in a gallant attempt to rescue Columbine from drowning. His young guest was saved; himself, already an aged man, who had been cautioned by his physician to avoid swimming in cold water, succumbed not to drowning but to syncope. As the inquest showed, no water was found in his lungs; he was strong for a man of seventy-four, but his heart was unequal to the sudden task imposed upon it. It was a romantic end for one of the most realistic, yet most fanciful, of the late Victorians. It crowned the paradox that was his life.

There is more than one reason why Gilbert, at this late date, should be of fresh interest to an age that has managed to invert the dictum of Peacock about his fellow Englishmen. They took their pleasures sadly; today, on the surface at any rate, we take even our sorrows with a certain not-too-innocent merriment. Gilbert, who may have been much of a puzzle to himself, was not easily classified. Most of what he wrote, and even more of what he thought, has disappeared forever into the limbo of outmoded things. Although he was occasionally sharper in self-criticism than was Sullivan, he could be notoriously wrong about his aims and his achievements to the point of stubborn humorlessness. There is something in Gilbert, in fact—and this holds true of him far more than it does of his gentle and charming collaborator—that carries him as a temperament, as a personality, straight into the complex life of our own twentieth century. On the one hand he looks back toward a simpler day,—toward the candles and gaslight and gigs and crinoline of the period in which he was born; on the other, there is a distinct, an unresolved conflict in his living that allies him to the hectic Freudianism and Watsonism of this tense, hypersophisticated era. It is an old question, recently revived, whether that entity which we know as Gilbert-and-Sullivan owes more to its first component or its second. It provides an excellent arena for academic discussion; on the whole, it is like debating the superiority of hydrogen to oxygen, when what one wants for one's thirst is—strangely—water.

Gilbert the Tory resented, surely, the double subserviency to which, as a British subject, he fell heir: the political ascendancy of the bourgeois, the fashionable rulership of womankind. Perhaps it would be too much to call him a rebel; he was an Englishman, after all. He attacked individual foibles rather than sociological error. This is so true, indeed, that even in his political burlesques and satires it is usually the person, not the institution, at which he aims. Had Gilbert and Sullivan centered their wit and humor upon social rather than personal targets, it is hardly probable that we should be listening to them today with an enthusiasm that recalls the frenzies of their first successes. The institution passes; the individual foible remains, making us the eternally fit laughter of the gods.

Homer had seven birthplaces; Gilbert was born in only two. Almost fifty years ago, the irrespressible Kate Field, hunter—and occasionally tamer—of literary lions, writing of Gilbert at the height of the craze for "Pinafore" in this country, spoke rather cryptically of his birth in Somersetshire. Thence, according to her account, he was "speedily brought to London, and then taken by his parents to Germany and Italy". According to his official biographers, however, Gilbert was born in the Strand, London, "in the house of his mother's doctor". Again a cryptic circumlocution. Why? The house

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of his mother's doctor was the house of his mother's father, who was a doctor. William Gilbert, father of the future librettist, had married Anne, second daughter of Dr. Thomas Morris, on February 14th of the same year—1836—in which their first and only son was born, on November 18th.

It is impossible to appreciate fully the son without at least a descriptive knowledge of the father. For the original map of Topsy-turvydom was outlined in the brain of the crotchety Gilbert père. Literary precursors are easy to discover; the Gilbertian librettos have more than one. There is, among the ancients, Aristophanes; fifteen years ago Mr. Sichel, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, drew upon himself rather too much ridicule for having ventured to institute a comparison between Sir William and the Greek. And only this October, Miss Hamilton, in the *Theatre Arts Monthly*, returns unabashed to the theme. Shakespeare's Gonzalo, in "The Tempest", has a speech that seems to have been the model of an oft-quoted song from "The Gondoliers". "I the commonwealth," promises Gonzalo, "I would by contraries execute all things." But Gilbert is full of Shakespearian suggestions, and I should not be surprised to learn that his theory of comic acting, so well interpolated into his parody of "Hamlet" ("Rosencrantz and Guildenstern") derived in appreciable measure from the example of "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Again, and less probably, there is the suggestion of the theatrical writings of Richard Brome; Brome, active in the first half of the seventeenth century, is not important enough to figure in all the histories of English letters, but he has his place in the history of the Ballad Opera, and the curious will examine his "Antipodes" and "Jovial Crew" with something more than pedantic interest. "The Beggar's Opera", of course, is an acknowledged ancestor, ragged, uncouth, vulgar, of The Savoy Theatre; a close examination of its text—which, after two hundred years, holds its own against Gilbert's excessive refinements—reveals more than one line, more than one situation, that the Victorian must have remembered.

It would be easy, then, to show that much of what has passed for pure Gilbertianism, whether in the theory of comic acting, the practise of production, or the creative attitude, has plentiful precedent in England and on the continent. Yet, just as the Gilbertian theory of comic acting, despite all the sources that may be adduced from without, was founded essentially upon analagous traits in his own nature, so his Topsy-turvydom derives chiefly from himself and that part of himself which he owed to his father.

The elder Gilbert was, in his own way, a polygraph. After having retired from service as a navy doctor to live, at an early age, in literary leisure, he wrote a steady succession of plays, translations, novels, essays in political administration and tracts upon religious activities. He had the patriarchal temper, a phenomenon that antedates by many centuries the Victorian choler of the dominant, yet dominated, male. He wrote, with suspiciously uncanny discernment, of those who wavered on the tenuous line between sanity and lunacy. The accepted notion, fostered by Gilbert junior and too readily accepted by his commentators, has been that the father was encouraged to write by the success of his son. Perhaps he may have been encouraged to continue at writing; certainly he had published a number of things before his son became the talk of London for his clever take-offs on current plays in the weekly, *Fun*, and for the imperishable nonsense of the ballads that were first to be published as a book in 1869.

"Bab" was the signature of young Gilbert's drawings long before it became identified with his metrical merriment. And "Bab", among his Pooh-Bah activities as contributor to *Fun*, purveyor of burlesque to the London theaters, and town wit, found time to illustrate some books that his father had written for children. Certainly when he came to write "Pinafore" he did not forget his father's nightmare of adventures, "The King's Middy". The influence is much greater, however. For the elder Gilbert went about with a head populated by fairies and elixirs of love, by necromancers, wicked barons, orphans and morals. His "Memoirs of a Cynic" in time finds translation, by his son,

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into a series of satiric comic operettas; the pious ladies of "Facta Non Verba", by a lawless law of Topsy-turvydom are with a wave of the wand converted into a fairy chorus; "Contrasts", a political tract, by a magnificent whimsey may spring to exotic life in "The Mikado". These are not set down as literary sources; they represent the tricksy variations of themes as filtered through temperaments at once so similar and so unlike. To read through the mastodonic, three-story novels of the elder Gilbert, with their magic and madness; to labor through his tracts and theses; to plow through the childish didacticism of "The Magic Mirror" (1866) and "The King's Middy" (1869), is to understand the influences in which Gilbert as a child was reared. His father was, on this plentiful evidence, an antinomian spirit, an irascible stepchild of the moon; and Gilbert was the son of his father.

There were four sisters; as the only son of a masculine ruler, as the masculine elder of four females of the species, young Gilbert may easily have grown into the domineering type that he soon became at school, and, later, in life. A year after his birth a woman was on the throne. To the rule of the bourgeois was added the rule of the petticoat. King George was dead, and with him the prerogatives of the male in society; long live Queen Victoria.

No doubt it is to feed fat an ancient grudge; in any case, often, as I have sat before one of the Savoy operettas, with their recurrent types of the all-too fleshy, all-too unmarried, predacious female, I have thought that I could see a malicious reference to the Queen. It is more certain that Gilbert everywhere populates his scene; not only as a Jack Point, in "The Yeomen of the Guard", with his autobiographical whimseys; or a King Gama, in "Princess Ida", with his eye-winking confession of surliness, but under the wig of a Lord Chancellor, behind the uniform of a Private, before the hump of a Dick Deadeye. Gilbert's works, indeed, are like a hall of mirrors—trick mirrors that work every distortion—along which he passes with an antic gait, delighted not least with the mirrors on the ceiling. Topsy-turvy? Yes and No. As when one inverts the figure eight; or turns upside down an hour-glass.

It is in his attitude toward the sweet young thing and her Gorgon elder sister that Gilbert is most self-revealingly interesting. He had a Yum-Yum complex and a Katisha-phobia. The man who hated Katisha bowed nevertheless to the rules that she, as chaperone, laid down for Yum-Yum. Not that he loved old age the less, but that he loved youth the more. At his own parties it was fairly an established convention that the men, after dinner, should withdraw and leave him the only Adam in a garden of Eves. His dancing fairies had living prototypes, as did his scowling dames. Gilbert's jibes at marriage, in his writings, do not go beyond the traditional wit of mankind against the custom.

> Bridegroom and bride!
> Knot that's insoluble,
> Voices all voluble
> Hail it with pride.
> Bridegroom and bride!
> Hail it with merriment;
> It's an experiment
> Frequently tried.

That, from "The Gondoliers", is a typically Gibertian wedding hymn, blown up by the breath of ecstasy and pricked, in the last two lines, by the needle of wit. In private, the librettist could not offer a young lady his congratulations upon her marriage without at the same time intimating that she was a fool. Marriage was an institution that might create beautiful young things, but they themselves—as long as they were not inmates of Princess Ida's Castle Adamant—should eschew it. Though he took a wife at thirty-one—Lady Gilbert is still happily alive and alert—there was no issue; as daughter he adopted Miss Nancy McIntosh, who, at his insistance, was allowed to create the chief feminine rôle (Princess Zara) in "Utopia, Limited". His plays in prose and verse are studded with sentimental speeches glorifying the power of woman's purity; as early as 1873, a year before Hardy's troubles with "Far From The Madding Crowd", and more than twenty before "Jude The Obscure", he is the victim of Mrs. Grundy because, in "Charity" he dared to defend the

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"fallen" woman. His devil, in "Gretchen", is wiser than the puritans:

Why, there's no harm in women.
I didn't make them! They're my deadliest foe!
Why, he who of his own unfettered will
Cuts himself off from pure communion
With blameless womanhood, withdraws himself
From a holier influence than he finds
Within these sad and silent solitudes.

And this is the selfsame Gilbert who, at other times, could envisage love itself with a realistic scrutiny that makes his operettas conspicuous for their lack of passion. His fondness for, his belief in, his defense of, the "young lady in the dress circle" (the Victorian symbol of a clean audience for clean plays), like all exaggerated purity, had an undoubted element of lust in it. What he did not express to his prunes-and-prism *puellae* he wreaked upon the heads of his over-ripe maidens. If convention or personality forbade him to make real love to—and for—his virgins, he could openly hate his viragos. Gilbert, who showed us what the Victorian darling looked like, told us also what she thought. And she did not think what she looked like. He threw his truths at the faces of his older women; he drew them from the lips of his lasses. So doing, in either case he achieved a genuine victory over Victorian reticence.

Early in his career, indeed, he is accused of vulgarity and blasphemy. An innocent little piece written for the German Reeds and their audience of church-goers who would have been scared away from the Gallery of Illustration had it been called a theater, worried some critics with its questionable decency. In this piece, by the way, entitled "The Sensation Novel", Gilbert more than fifty years ago toyed with a technique that we should now label Pirandellian. The characters of an unfinished novel come to life out of the manuscript and begin a discussion of their existences in the book as contrasted with their desires and aims outside of it. It is a typically Gilbertian motif; the man was fascinated by the problems of contending selves and was himself the prototype of the many that he placed upon his scene.

Most amusing of the contemporary accusations against a pair who came almost to boast of their purity as purveyors of pleasure to London is a little-known attack—it amounts to no less—by none other than Mr. Dodgson, who as Lewis Carroll had an especial affection for children. Dodgson, it should be recalled, had several times broached to Sullivan the musical setting of "Alice In Wonderland". This was when the triumvirate of D'Oyly Carte, Gilbert and Sullivan was just getting under way; shortly "The Sorcerer", first production of the newly formed Comedy Opera Company, was to make its historic debut at the Opera Comique. No sooner had the operetta of the love-elixir been given than Sullivan was chided by the critic of the *Musical Standard* for having put his talents to low uses and Gilbert condemned for having made "the earnest, hard-working and serious clergy" the subject of "sneering caricature". But the final stroke was left for Dodgson, who, eleven years later, revived the censure of "The Sorcerer" on the occasion of a children's performance of "Pinafore". "Mr. Gilbert," wrote Dodgson in *The Theatre*, under the title "The Stage and The Spirit of Reverence", "seems to have a craze for making bishops and clergymen contemptible." (The early aspirant to the ministry, who found in his tales for children a relief from the rigors of theology and mathematics alike, remained the churchman.) "Yet are they behind other professions in such things as earnestness, and hard work, and devotion of life to the call of duty? That clever song, 'The Pale Young Curate', with its charming music, is to me simply painful. I seem to see him as he goes home by night, pale and worn with the day's work, perhaps sick with the pestilent atmosphere of a noisome garret where, at the risk of his life, he has been comforting a dying man—and is your sense of humor, my reader, so keen that you can *laugh* at that man? Then at least be consistent! Laugh also at the pale young doctor, whom you have summoned in such hot haste to your own child; ay, and laugh also at that pale young soldier, as he sinks on

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the trampled battle-field, and reddens the dust with his life-blood for the honor of Old England!" Was the creator of the immortal Alice chiding Gilbert or trying to rival him?

Against the children's "Pinafore" he grew even more eloquent, and humorless. One passage "was to me sad beyond words. It occurs when the captain utters the oath 'Damn me' and forthwith a bevy of sweet innocent looking girls sing, with bright and happy looks, the chorus, 'He said Damn me! He said Damn me!' I cannot find words to convey to the reader the pain I felt in seeing those dear children taught to utter such words to amuse ears grown callous to their ghastly meaning. Put the two ideas side by side—Hell (no matter whether *you* believe it or not; millions do:) and those pure young lips thus sporting with its horrors—and then find what *fun* in it you can! How Mr. Gilbert could have stooped to write, or Sir Arthur Sullivan could have prostituted his noble art to set to music, such vile trash, it passes my skill to understand". Evidently, though "Bother it!" Mr. Dodgson might occasionally say, he never (No, never!) used a big, big D—.

A Victorian, then, Mr. Gilbert may have been; but not a good, certainly not a representative, one. There was not a virtue on which he prided himself that was not, in his own hey-day, contested. "New and original" was a favorite description of his for his own work, yet more than once he was accused of plagiarism. He was a litigious fellow and was often in court; nor was he always victorious. As he helped to make the career of more than one actress, so he was accused—and not entirely without justice—of arbitrarily obstructing the career of others, from purely personal motives. Old files of contemporary magazines reveal the story in full detail. Today, it is curious rather than anything else that he could have been accused of stealing the plot of "Engaged" (that most cynical of farces) from an unpublished manuscript by one William Muskerry; of purloining "The Gondoliers"; of lifting a goodly portion of "The Mikado" from Morton's "Our Wife, or The Rose of Amiens". His plots, his themes, after all, were in his own nature.

That nature—capable alike of old-fashioned, sentimental, still-born productions in prose and verse, and the vitality of the farces, the ballads, and the librettos—is peculiarly modern in its unrest, its sense of psychological plurality, its artistic unemotionalism. Beyond a doubt he was original in both the French sense and the English. As a stage manager he ruled with such an iron hand, he impressed the values of his text so deeply upon his actors, that to this day he dominates from the grave. His books of the opera have become, for the old guard, a sacred text that must not be tampered with even to the disturbance of a comma. Once upon a time, before the full story of the disagreement with Sullivan was known, he was considered as the sole culprit in a silly dispute over a carpet. Today it appears that he knew, better than Sullivan, his own limitations, and that, even as a commercial gentleman, he was wiser at times than D'Oyly Carte. In the matter of the Royal English Opera House and Sullivan's serious opera, "Ivanhoe", he was clearly more sure of sight than either of his partners.

He hated gush. He turned his sterner face toward the world. But when his Fairy Queen sang, she sang for him, too:

"Oh, amorous dove!
Type of Ovidius Naso!
This heart of mine
Is soft as thine,
Although I dare not say so!"

The italics are mine; I am sure that they were Gilbert's, as well.

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A GIRL ON HER OWN

By Ernest Boyd

ALTHOUGH she is one of the city's essential and most characteristic possessions, she is rarely a native New Yorker. That is, indeed, the main reason why she is on her own, for her family vaguely exists somewhere in the South or Middle West. At Christmas or Thanksgiving, or when Mother is ill, she may retrace the steps of her hegira. Generally speaking, however, she prefers to face the ills she knows rather than fly to those she knows even better—the boredom of the provincial security which might have been hers, had she stayed at home and married, as her sister inevitably has done. She feels she was destined for higher things.

If her mirror be a reliable counsellor, she is apparently entitled to that illusion, or hope. In her most perfect incarnation she is tall and slim and blonde, and to the masculine eye, at least, most *chic*. Her pumps are of serpent skin, with the highest of spike heels, and sheer chiffon stockings add luster to legs of which she is not unnaturally proud. Beneath the very latest *cloche* a neatly finger-waved curl at either side reveals that blonde, bobbed hair which is kept up to the mark, as the discreet phrase goes, by a weekly shampoo discreetly tinted, in one of those barber shops where women overhear so much of each other's private life. She wears a Dobbs sport suit of *bois rose* with angora top and a beautifully pleated *crêpe de chine* skirt, with coat to match. She is gradually losing the atavistic gesture of pulling down her skirt to cover knees which we have now learned to expect. Her bag matches her shoes, and contains a Dunhill lighter, a dilapidated package of Lucky Strikes, her mad money and a vanity case, whose powder puff is sadly in need of renovation.

There is nothing rustic about her clothes, or the way she wears them, and she views the male world—so very different from that "man-made world" of early feminism—with the friendly eye of one accustomed to find in the glances of men the reflection of her own conception of herself. If she arrives in New York, as she usually does, when on the point of emerging from the flapper stage, she may betray the rashness of youth by a deliberate display of bracelets and beads of an obvious and flashy spuriousness. But she no more intends these ornaments to be taken seriously than she expects her cocktails to be made of genuine gin. Now she wears a necklace which is a Chanel imitation of the gold chain her grandmother used to wear. Her perfume is *Nuit de Noël*, or Chanel Gardenia and her lipstick Louis Philippe *framboise*.

Even in her first chrysalis state she can be as attractive as many a more experienced woman. For her essential and primary purpose she has what she would undoubtedly call sophistication. The scantiness of her clothing, her shortness of skirt, the generosity of the *décolleté* which her best frock displays, are only partly to be explained by the traditional wiles of the female. They are also part of a frank acceptance of her physical self which tells her that her face and her bob are not the only legitimate objects of admiration. She can, therefore, invite a degree of scrutiny, which some think immodest, in the same candid spirit with which she accepts the compliments so frequently paid to her. She has been told she is a good looker and a good kid, and she doesn't care who knows it.

On her arrival in New York she stays a while with a friend, but soon she engages a modest room in some not too austere residential hotel within a reasonable distance of Broadway. If she makes the mistake of living in Brooklyn or the Bronx, she finds that what she saves in rent is more than balanced by her loss of popularity, with its attendant misery of unaccompanied journeys home from parties in the small hours of the morning. From time to time, through honest labor or otherwise, she can afford to rent a walk-up

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apartment, two rooms and a bath, in the millinery and speakeasy districts.

This choice of residence, although superficially dubious in its apparent intent, is not dictated by any deliberate velleity to sin. Essentially it is the logical consequence of her desire to be on her own, to be free of those questionings which, in a hotel proprietor or a landlady, are the abhorrent reminder of parental authority. The girl on her own has no intention of being alone more often than is strictly necessary to her happiness. If she did not know it beforehand, she soon discovers that all conventional rules as to the hours of paying and receiving visits are abrogated in her case, and that her existence will be easier in the degree to which she is removed from the constraints of old-fashioned decorum in this matter. She may thus expose herself to the cruel suspicions which are supposed to dog the actions of unprotected females. She is prepared for that; and she is fortunately the product of an age which, if it will have its little calumnies and pleasantries, is not too seriously perturbed by the things at which it hints.

As a housekeeper she is often, in her own parlance, "not so hot", but she can scramble eggs at the appropriate moment and make muffins, if her escort has not acquired the almost indispensable qualification for impromptu meals. If an apron looks becoming on her, she may even insist upon his assuming the traditional attitude of the male waiting to be fed, since the labors, under such conditions, are considerably lightened. Her marketing, however, does not frequently extend to anything more elaborate than the White Rock, ginger beer, and ice (from the delicatessen store) which, with a portable gramophone, satisfy, for the time being, her simple needs. Evidences of what may be interpreted as housewifely economy may be touchingly revealed in bathroom or kitchenette, as proof that her electric iron has done some honest Chinaman out of a job.

The girl herself generally accounts for her flight to the metropolis as the natural sequel to her discovery that none so fair as she should waste her sweetness on the small town air. She is going on the stage. In fact she may already have done so, to the extent of a week in stock somewhere, or a few nights in a show which languished at Long Branch or Asbury Park, and died rather than confront the harsh gaze of Broadway. In one production she had two lines, but these were cut during rehearsals because they interfered with the professional happiness of the star. Consequently, her serious purpose in life is manifested in her patient and ever optimistic round of the producers' offices. In the morning and early afternoon, if she has not been out too late the night before, she can be seen in the elevators and ante-chambers of the lords of Times Square.

With her rivals and friends she sits, to the innocent eyes of the layman, a pretty and almost irresistible picture of virtuous supplication, but she may never even penetrate to the sanctum. If she does, not all her tears nor wiles can shake the calm decision of the arbiter, who sits—again to the innocent eyes of the layman—incredibly immune from the weaknesses of his sex, despite all ghastly rumors to the contrary. Often her chagrin is increased by the fact that a message summoning her for an interview has made it necessary to cancel an agreeable invitation to lunch. That kind of an engagement would at least have compensated her precisely in those respects wherein the other was lacking. However, if her talents or her illusions are strong enough, she can always put business before pleasure.

By a merciful dispensation of the peculiar fates which govern her destiny, the girl on her own is free to accept the social solaces for her professional disappointments. After the weariest quest she can be home in time to have her bath, rest, and await those telephone calls which begin to come in after 5 P.M. and reach their maximum intensity between 6:30 and 7. Her host will never guess from her dazzling appearance what dusty answers she has received that day, unless perchance, in the confidences of the dinner table she feels she must tell someone how hard life is. Those who encounter her at a cocktail party would never suspect that hers was not a round of pleasure, save perhaps from a too eager desire for alcoholic relief or a too strident effort at gaiety. Even then, you never can tell . . . nowadays.

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She is fundamentally a lonely, but not a melancholy creature, and her hours of despondency are doubtless no more, and usually fewer, than those of mortal woman anywhere. She takes her rebuffs without malice or resentment, just as she can plunge into the good moments with a surprising spontaneity. At her age the span of years seems long before her, and if men are often brutes, they are still kind to her, and look upon her as God looked upon the world when He created it. Of the more amiable masculine weaknesses she is exceedingly tolerant, for they invariably redound to her advantage, even if they are of a nature to be resisted. The girl on her own shares those weaknesses to a large extent, for she knows the blessed relief of escape from daytime cares in congenial society. She does not look before and after, or pine for what is not, but takes, in the current phrase, what she can get, and likes it. That is why she will adapt herself better to her surroundings than her more orthodox sisters, provided those surroundings enhance what seems to be one's personality on festive occasions. Consequently, although her avowed ambition is to play in straight comedy, the late hours may witness her an astonishing mimic, or an adept of the more vigorous dance steps, as she sways to the incitement of the saxophone, evoking admiration even in the colored orchestra as she swirls a diminutive skirt and contorts her lithe body to the greater glory of her shapely, if unladylike, limbs.

At intervals, discouragement or laziness sends her East from Broadway to take a turn at modelling in those establishments where she hopes to order her clothes some day as a star. There she has an easier life, marred only by the necessity for early rising, and as compensation for the lack of public applause, she has the delight of activities centered solely upon feminine luxury and vanity, not to mention the insight acquired into the private affairs of unsuspected and unsuspecting clients. The confidences and escapades of her colleagues are a substitute for the gossip and shop-talk of the Algonquin or Sardi's.

Sometimes the girl on her own feels that she has a talent for writing, but she neither looks nor acts like a literary lady. For a time she may toy with the career of letters as seen from a secretary's desk in a not too strenuously intellectual magazine, but sooner or later she finds herself doing publicity. In that capacity her bonds with the theater are extended to the newspapers, and she practices upon the editors of theatrical pages and rotogravure sections the arts otherwise expended upon producers, in particular, and men in general. She presumably finds them easier to handle, since they are closer to the male in his natural state, and are by definition interested in the kind of charm with which she is endowed. It is an affecting spectacle to see the surrender of some shirt-sleeved scribe to a halo of blonde hair, a coaxing smile, and a deftly exposed knee. In the pursuit of this career the girl proceeds with that frank self-consciousness of her method which is her greatest asset.

When she actually falls in love, or as she would express it, becomes emotionally involved, this consciousness of herself does not save her from the tremors and agitations immemorially associated with that condition. It does, however, equip her with a sense of reality which would probably amaze the delighted but ingenuous cause of the disturbance. Without the assistance of Judge Lindsey she has arrived at very definite conclusions upon the subject of sex and marriage. She has saved men from themselves more often than they would give her credit for, and her realism is constantly misinterpreted. In the main she is chary of deep entanglements, and she evolved the practice of companionate marriage before the theory itself was formulated. In whimsical bewilderment she confesses that it is usually her fate to be interested in married men.

Yet a curious respect for old-fashioned marriage lies sentimentally at the bottom of an attitude frequently decried in the girl on her own. Let us say that this is an atavistic remnant of the far-off teaching from which she fled. Casual, irresponsible, and forward, she dreams, nevertheless, of blessed domesticity, and whenever she succumbs, she relapses into a condition so remote from previous experience that it seems a miracle. The only difficulty is to provide just those qualities which this inverted idealism de-

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mands. Here her romanticism expresses itself in terms of a worldly-wise impossibilism.

Not for her the dream of love in a cottage, or a Greenwich Village studio. Her husband must belong to the best clubs; he must be very wealthy; he must be as handsome as the late Valentino; he must be a good business man, but have something of the *cachet* of an artist or an intellectual. Above all, he must love her passionately, devotedly, exclusively, monogamously. No trifling on this score with her. She believes in sacred and indissoluble marriage . . . . while it lasts. She has seen too much. To anything short of this perfection, obviously the simplest solution to the marriage problem yet devised, she prefers the occasional loneliness of her present state. She will be neither sex-starved nor neglected while awaiting the advent of this Prince Charming: modern style.

That is not to say, by any means, that she must submit to the shame and ignominy once upon a time supposed to be an integral part of a young girl's fate when abandoned in a great city to the caprices and snares of wicked men. It is not necessary to dwell too indiscreetly upon a lady's private life in order to proclaim the interesting fact that the girl on her own is essentially an honest woman: honest with herself and with others. She must be sharply differentiated from the gold-digger, although she rarely refuses to accept a favor from a friend who is bent upon helping her. He equally rarely bestows a favor without knowing, as she would say, exactly where he gets off. Before she reaches the point where the finger of time points warningly at the necessity for a little calculation in such matters, she has either made a success, or—her supreme ambition—a good marriage.

Meanwhile she is all things to all men, and one thing to all women. On occasion, in her best frock and on her best behavior, she can give a dinner party an excellent impersonation of what the *jeune fille américaine* ought to be. On others, she can make a Harlem cabaret blush. It is not always in circumstances that one would have anticipated that she plays her protean rôle. Grave and eminent thinkers have been known to shun laborious admirers and to rejoice unfeignedly in the abandon of her friendliness, and in the even greater abandon of her renderings of the Charleston, Black Bottom, and Varsity Drag. Her imitations of Ethel Waters or Lee Morse, satisfy more than the uncritical sense of a cocktail party, and her talents as a serious drinker have withstood the test of time.

Did one not know that nature is always prodigal in her methods, one might wonder at the waste of good material which has gone into the creation of this type. On the whole, the girl on her own is a fatalist and does not complain of her lot. She accepts her life as it is, and prepares for the inevitable surrender, when the gods cease to be kind, and she must submit to the inexorable demands of normalcy. In her more thoughtful moods she sees her existence as filled with unhappy coincidences, of the wrong men in the right place. In a happier juxtaposition, she feels, her destiny might have been effectively fulfilled, for her experience of men has been wide and various, and some have known how to bring more out of her than others. When she is melancholy, the memory of these things that might have been prompts her to tears which are liable to be misinterpreted by her escort of the moment. If the only man she ever loved had not been married; if the only man who ever really understood her had not been poor; if the only man who can and wants to marry her were not stupid, how different life would be!

So she might as well have another Bacardi and another. She might as well keep the date she can, rather than sigh for the one that cannot be made. She might as well accept what tenderness, or its simulacrum, the moment offers. Yes. She will have another drink. She will go places and see things. She has the address of a new speakeasy. She knows a place where there is swell jazz. Don't mind her tears. She must have a crying jag. Perhaps a highball will fix her up. Now she is laughing and cavorting. The night begins anew for the girl on her own. In the morning she will soothe her nerves with a drink, while her phonograph plays "Dreaming of You" or "After My Laughter Came Tears".

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THALASSA

By Lewis Piaget Shanks

As a pale silken wanton lies, with luring scarves and glistening sash,
The sea lolls, and her jewels flash their opalescent fiery eyes,

The sea lies robed in green and pearl to lure the bathers from the dune,
All through the hot blue afternoon she murmurs like a grieving girl.

* * *

O wanton Sea, what ancient love has left your heart disquieted?
Lie still a moment in your bed and tell me all you're dreaming of.

Tell me of him who found in you the jailor of his prison isle,
Yet saw you storm and saw you smile—unbending as at Waterloo;

Speak of the king who sought to quell your fury, queen of winds and rains,
—Poor fool!—whose minions beat with chains your waters ineluctable;

Tell me what gray Elysium of swirling weeds and waves that hiss
Now holds the ships of Salamis, the tall triremes of Actium:—

What awful dungeons, cold and far, oppress and will not free again
The mighty galleons of Spain, the fleet that fought at Trafalgar?

* * *

And yet this wave, whose pulses beat upon the iridescent sands,
Perchance once touched with emerald hands the blue-veined Parian marble feet

Of her whose beauty struck men dumb and made the gazing elders turn—
The golden trull who caused to burn the towered walls of Ilium;

This billow may have kissed the side of Cleopatra and of him
Who doffed his Roman helm to swim beside her through your purple tide

Or seen that Trojan ship depart, while smoky pillars marked the pyre
Where Dido stilled the hotter fire she hid within her woman's heart.

Tears too are yours. —Who knows?—the wave now plashing on my finger-tips
Burned salt on Sappho's dying lips when in your breast she found a grave.

* * *

No, these were passing shades! No share is theirs in that eternal cry!
—Foam-flowers only born to die, they perished in your streaming hair.

No, weary Sea of pearl and jade, you sympathize, but you forget. . .
You mourn because you still regret that primal April, when, a maid

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Sprung from Earth's vapor, wan and cold,—a nun enwrapped in silver mist,
You hid your eyes of amethyst from each and all, till, mailed in gold,

The Sun-God pierced your pearly veil and took you to his arms to wed,
Enkindling all the lowly bed wherein you quivered virgin-pale,

And in your side immaculate infused undying seeds of life,
The cells that only grow in strife, to glut the Universal Hate:

The monstrous Will that made this hell of battling birds and beasts and men,
Where carrion Death turns flesh again through evil ways inscrutable!

* * *

Night falls—a night Arcadian. . . So fled the Sun when first he came
And left you filled with fear and shame to bear the shark and hawk and Man:

The horrid progeny of Mars—the nightmare hordes that murder sleep—
O Sea! you cannot choose but weep beneath the cold ironic stars.

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AN AUTHOR AND HIS TOWN

West Chester and Joseph Hergesheimer Get Used to Each Other

By Jerome B. Gray

WHILE his creation of a Linda Condon or a Savina Grove is bringing book-reviewers new difficulties in their Thesaurus pursuit of fresh synonyms, the natives of West Chester, Joseph Hergesheimer's home town, remain placid and undisturbed. Far more than the charm of Linda or the passion of Savina is required to excite them, for Hergesheimer himself has been so closely observed that his own personality is of more local significance than the personalities of the characters he invents.

Joseph Hergesheimer is the victim of proximity. West Chester is too close to his virtuosity to recognize it for its worth, and the announcement by Alfred Knopf of a new Hergesheimer novel finds the borough cold. Except among his closest friends and admirers—and many of these maintain a pseudo-aloofness to his work—his latest literary achievement will not raise so much gossip in the town as the latest contribution to civic pride by a bucolic Borough Council. Furthermore, if the village censors scowl upon one of his novels, as they actually scowled upon "Cytherea", that novel, Hergesheimer or no, is forbidden shelf-room in the Public Library!

West Chester reads with economy and its entire population of 12,000 will not contribute enough to Hergesheimer's royalties to provide him with Silver Kings for three rounds of golf. Even those who do follow him read his novels and stories with both eyes wide in search of recognition of themselves or others whom they know. Naturally, with virtually every type of character in the town, these readers invariably find the parallels they seek, and it is inconceivable to them that Hergesheimer, living in a borough so replete with the material that he needs, should go afield for people to portray.

"Cytherea" made a local bow to this illogical idea that every Hergesheimer character is, of necessity, local talent and Hergesheimer was accused of constructing the hypotenuse for several matrimonial triangles that brought peculiar biological problems to West Chester shortly after the novel's publication. How the townspeople accounted for similar triangles before Joseph Hergesheimer had sold his first manuscript is not even dimly recorded!

Then—before he had sold his first manuscript—Joseph Hergesheimer meant little to the town that housed him. Outside the circle of his intimate friends he was merely "one of those writin' fellows" who had appeared, as it seemed, from nowhere and had plucked one of the fairest flowers of native maidenhood to share his certain literary failure. Within the circle of his friends his development was observed with varying feelings of interest and pity, though, if the truth be welcome, scarce one sincerely thought him capable of success. He was an "ambitious young man headed for disillusion"; and when, on long winter evenings, he would read aloud his unsold, apparently unsalable, stories to a gathering of listeners whose tolerance was more for Dorothy, the encouragement he got was the encouragement dictated by etiquette not alone peculiar to West Chester. But when Hergesheimer, with the symphony of conventional flattery in his ears, had left to begin the manuscript that would be read aloud at the next gathering, there would be strange, private mutterings: "He can't do it" . . . . "And such a wretched reader!" . . . . "My dear, did you see his manuscript? Why, the man can't even spell!" . . . .

But each new reading of his work was bringing Hergesheimer closer to his goal—and finally he made a sale!

No bibliography of Joseph Hergesheimer

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has thus far recorded that acceptance and his biographers have naturally avoided it in lieu of his more dramatic and inspiring drudgery of eighteen years; but Hergesheimer owes much to "Cavolo Repeana", a stuffed cabbage whose recipe, published by *Good Housekeeping* above Dorothy's signature, was his first accepted manuscript.

With the pleasant discovery, after years of rejections, that the simple transformation of Joseph to Dorothy on one manuscript brought prompt acceptance, there must have come to Joseph Hergesheimer—as there certainly came to those doubtful observers in West Chester—the vague thought that perhaps the same transformation on other manuscripts would repeat the miracle. If that thought occurred, however, he rejected it with the firmness and the finality that countless editors had taught him. He realized that a charm of style would ultimately survive regardless of the name that backed it—and, with characteristic determination, he set about to prove it.

But "Cavolo Repeana" was an important dish for Hergesheimer's dinner. It filled him full. In rapid succession, in June, September and November of 1913, *The Forum* published three of his hard-worked papers, "The City of Pleasure: Five Impressions", "Five Profiles" and "In Strings and Cylinders: Five Imaginary Interludes". Why he became so peculiarly quincuncial in these early papers is difficult to say, though his friends will tell you that he was then deeply interested in dice!

"The Lay Anthony" came next—or, rather, it went next; for misgivings born of past experience assailed him as he watched his first thick manuscript begin, he thought, its unaccepted rounds. But Fate was kind, and when Mitchell Kennerley's chief reader reported in 1914 of Hergesheimer's first novel: "It has held my feebleness awake all night and left me tingling so I can scarce write steadily", Joseph Hergesheimer was on his gilded way.

But to West Chester, the signal had been flashed. The town heaved its belt into another notch and expanded its chest. The steward at the Golf and Country Club reported to the House Committee that more teacups were essential to care for "this here new tea-party rage for Joe Hergensteiner". Gift shops and jewelry stores were besieged for prizes for the bridge-parties given for Dorothy. Butchers and grocers inspected personally the orders that were to be delivered "without fail by ten o'clock" to Mr. Hergesheimer's. Everybody was boasting himself as the prophet of Hergesheimer's success. People were hovering about him as though he were some fragile plant that they had helped survive . . . . "Why, from the first day I saw him I knew he'd be a great writer. He has it in his eyes". . . . .

The social conflict grew with Hergesheimer. When, in 1915, George Horace Lorimer accepted "The Professional Game" and Hergesheimer made his debut in the weekly which, as many in West Chester say, has since paid him "not less than $500,000", that conflict burst into raging flame. The desire to know this young author personally seemed suddenly to possess the town; and when those who could arrange an introduction were finally able truthfully to say: "Why, yes, of course, I know Mr. Hergesheimer", a new campaign began.

Thereafter, so many claimed his friendship that to know "Mr. Hergesheimer" was not, by any means, enough. It did not carry the local distinction anticipated. Actually to be élite, one should be able to refer to him and to speak to him as "Joe". That was real achievement—but it was achievement of a peculiar sort because Mr. Hergesheimer forthwith became known to West Chester as "Joe". He still suffers the indignity of the name. While moving picture magnates, film stars, actresses, other famous authors and his host of friends from Cuba to Hollywood and from Maine to Florida are calling him "Mr. Hergesheimer", the newsboys, bootblacks, policemen and hoi polloi of West Chester have branded him with "Joe".

It was at the height of this social conflict that a visitor came to West Chester. "The Lay Anthony" had been published and had attracted the attention of several important critics. One of them, so impressed with this first novel that he had to meet its author,

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La Clavel in the bright shawl:
Dear Mr. Hergesheimer, please stop contemplating whatever you are going to buy with our royalties and please do let us get on. Here is Santacilla more and more restive every minute and Charlie Abbott growing even fainter and fainter.

Caricature and text by WILLIAM H. COTTON

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stepped off the local train from Philadelphia at the borough's dismal station. Instantly, a terrific uproar was upon him: "Hack! Hack! Hack! sir! Right away up!"

The distinguished visitor looked bewildered. Before him was a row of hacks. Beside each hack—now, with more dignity, taxicabs—stood a vociferous driver. The visitor walked straight ahead and climbed into the nearest cab. The driver was a woman.

"Take me, please," said the critic, "to Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer's."

The female hackman eyed him interestedly. "Oh!" said she. "You're goin' to Joe Hergesh-heimer's, are you? They tell me he's made a lot of money with a book."

On another occasion Hergesheimer had driven downtown on one of these Saturday nights when so many Chester County farmers visit the place that parking is almost impossible. The efficient and alert Masterson, Hergesheimer's chauffeur, had finally located a place that, with skillful manœuvering, would hold the Lincoln. As he was backing into his position, a local policeman stepped forward. Ignoring the careful efforts of Masterson, the policeman peered into the back seat. "You're all right, Joe," he announced casually. "You can make it easy with a little jockeyin'."

And again, on the golf course, when Hergesheimer had come to the eighteenth green with the match all square and had found that he had to sink a four-foot putt to win, his interested caddy stepped up to him and, in an excited whisper, said: "Sink 'er, Joe, sink 'er!"

So now he is "Joe" and the social conflict is at an end. He has shuffled the deck of would-be friends and drawn the face cards he desires. The rest mean nothing to him—nor he much more to them. They have forgotten, somehow, that he is an author. They have forgotten, too, or perhaps they have merely disregarded, his fame. He is once again the native—not the slaving, ambitious nonentity that slipped into town twenty-five years ago, but a rich "eccentric" who, as a town lawyer put it, "wants to do only what Joe Hergesheimer could do and get away with".

To some, those fragile-minded Puritans whose ancestors twiddled their thumbs in the town's meeting houses when West Chester was known more picturesquely as "Turk's Head", Joe is considered a bad influence on the young. If high-school girls are loved well, but none too wisely, in the quarry hole on the golf course, there is nothing to it but that they have had their eyes on Hergesheimer's novels or their ears on Hergesheimer's opinion about sex. Thus the Dower House, among a few, has been known by feeble punsters as the Dour House.

The extent to which Joe unconsciously bears blame for the borough's vices is usually amusing and always absurd. A literary club was founded by West Chester's younger set not long ago. The purpose of the club was to hold weekly discussions of novels old and new. Though Joe was at Useppa Island for tarpon at the time and though he knew nothing whatever about the club, the rumor was soon out that none other than he could be father of the idea. Of course, only in a community where an established author lives would there be the inspiration among the younger set for forming such a club. Besides, the members were Hergesheimer's friends. Joe, obviously, was the inspirer. It was irrefutable. But it was also commendable. Such a club was a splendid thing. At least for one night each week the younger set would be at something worthy and profound.

The literary club was quite successful until one night, when the subject of alcohol had arisen in one of the discussions, a member produced tangible material in the form of two gallons of synthetic applejack. There, promptly, ended both the club and the applejack—together with an antique wooden Indian, valued at $800, which two members of the club dragged unceremoniously and for no apparent reason through the alleys of the town.

Joe was still catching tarpon: but he was also catching gossip. If he had suggested the club, he was certainly responsible for its behavior.

Joe's "eccentricity", as the town imagines it, is nothing but the native unintelligensia's

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misinterpretation of the man himself. He wants and demands the best and he is able to afford it; and this, in a community hunchbacked by conventionality and steeped in thrift, can be nothing but peculiar.

Furthermore, one must realize that what Joe has obtained *is* the best. One must say so, too, for not to appreciate what he has is not to be appreciated. In the reconstruction of Dower House, the natives of West Chester were sure he had gone mad. They could not understand why it was not possible for him to duplicate old things without the Gargantuan expense of buying the actual old things themselves. Gossip was rampant on the day that he refused a shipment of machine-made screws and demanded their replacement by screws made by hand. And in the furnishing of his office in the town it was preposterous that he should spend every bit of $900 on "some damn fool wallpaper that had pictures on it of the Port of Baltimore". When the wallpaper was finally put on, it was discovered that one short strip was needed to cover a bare spot above the safe. Hergesheimer spared no effort in his search for this short strip and, when he finally obtained it, parted with $25. This was blasphemy. The town gasped. What vulgarity to waste such money on antiques!

Hob and Marlowe died recently. Thoroughbred airedales are as susceptible to old age as composite mongrels. But they had to be replaced. Hergesheimer searched. News came to him of a fancier who raised this breed of dogs. He investigated. The fancier had none at present save one little beauty that he wouldn't sell. That he wouldn't sell? What strange vernacular was this? Joe talked. Through all his S's went two perpendicular lines. The dog was his. Dorothy named him Julep—possibly because he's worth a mint! He was so expensive, Hergesheimer says, that every time he scratches he loses $6 worth of hair.

Joe is eccentric to West Chester because he is an immaculate dresser, feeling more pride in the color of his tie and the texture of his suit—and the cost of either—than in the actions and emotions of any of his creations. He is eccentric because his neckties are made to order from delicate or vivid silks that he himself selects. He orders them one hundred at a time, wears them until he tires of them—usually once or twice—and then discards them definitely for all time. He is eccentric because he has a small fortune wrapped up in silk handkerchiefs from every country in the world. He has dumped them unceremoniously into one drawer of an antique chest of drawers in Dorothy's bedroom. Occasionally he will steal into this room and run his fingers through these handkerchiefs as he would through his hair. Occasionally, too, others will steal in and open this drawer and steal out—and steal and steal and steal! His collection is never whole. He is eccentric because his shoes are made to order and he prefers black; and he likes to shine them himself. He would rather shine shoes in the privacy of his bathroom than he would read a book—or write one. His bathrobes, shirts, pajamas and suits are all made specially for him from materials he selects. He will pay as much for a pair of pajamas or a suit of underwear as the usual well-dressed man will pay for an overcoat or a tuxedo. He is eccentric because he carries a cane and prefers to walk the mile to his office instead of riding it with Masterson in the Lincoln or with Dorothy in the dark blue Chrysler. He is eccentric because he will sometimes get up in the middle of the night and, without previous plans, call Masterson to come at once to take him to Kentucky or Virginia Beach. He is eccentric because, when writing a novel, he will sometimes travel hundreds of miles to get accurate material for a single phrase.

Joe's popularity in West Chester—and he is popular despite the many critics that he has—is more because of his sociability than his ability. He is always amiable and friendly when he is with those he likes. With strangers, he can, and will if he is bored, be abrupt and astonishingly profane. During the publication of "From an Old House", strangers, utterly unknown, would come from miles away to walk around his terrace and peer into his windows. A few of them occasionally dropped the knocker on his door and asked to tour the house inside. Six of

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them actually burst in without a word to wander casually among his early treasures. Those who weren't ejected bodily were treated to billingsgate they never heard before and Hergesheimer proved personally his virtuosity with words.

He hates crowds and has been known to get up suddenly from a dinner where he is a guest and promptly disappear.

Once, at a particularly annoying dinner in a roadside inn,—his companion had told him that he had a self-made mind, that he "had acquired what the rest of us are born with"—he left in haste. But he returned as quickly as he had gone to announce that four Mexicans were robbing all the cars and that he had no desire to handle them alone. Re-enforcements assembled and advanced, but the robbers had disappeared into the dark—and Joe bore the annoyance of the final course in agitated silence.

This hatred for crowds keeps him from the theaters and was responsible for his refusal to accept a staggering commission from a newspaper syndicate to cover the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago—a refusal which nettled the sporting element of the town but which thoroughly pleased the Quakers. His pleasure is to be with friends in the quiet beauty of his home, and what he gets of outside crowds is through any one of his three radios. He is seldom alone except when he is writing. Someone is around. Perhaps it's Mencken, with his intellectual tonic which keeps Hergesheimer the listener for hours on end; perhaps it's Nathan; perhaps it's Alfred Knopf. Or he might be pursuing the discussion he is now having with James Branch Cabell about what makes people write.

At the actual business of writing, Hergesheimer is a prodigious laborer, working as the laborer works. Months are spent on the accumulation of the data he refers to in his writing. He has been known to spend three weeks in the investigation of a subject which, when finally used, he stated in a single phrase. Before he set pen to paper on "The Three Black Pennys" he worked as a common laborer for six weeks in the steel mills of Pennsylvania. Often the accumulation of data for a single paper for *The Saturday Evening Post* will be five times the length of the manuscript itself. He writes everything in longhand and in ink in the blue-ruled notebooks with which every student is familiar. His manuscripts are a model of calligraphy and he seldom changes what he has put down. He has no need to. His facts are too vivid in his mind before he writes. He never dictates because the sound of his own voice surprises and annoys him. He writes an allotted number of words a day and stops when he has finished them even though he be in the midst of the most important passage of his work. When he is writing he is often irritable, smoking many cigarettes, pacing many floors. He hates the actual labor of the work but loves the pleasant aftermath.

Joe follows his avocations with the same indefatigible thoroughness that he devotes to his vocation. He travels the country for antiques and buys, regardless of the price, those things he thinks he wants for Dower House. If, when he returns home with his new purchases, he finds that he actually prefers what he already has, he will dispose of his new finds. But if, on the other hand, he prefers his new discoveries, he will, without hesitation, discard the old. He is not a sentimentalist, clinging stubbornly to the old familiar things.

He is a sportman. He enjoys golf and plays a dangerous game. He is not the master with the irons that he is with lead, nor is he the stylist, but he repeatedly makes it most uncomfortable for par. He never plays during hot weather because prickly heat attacks him.

He is interested in horse-racing, fishing and sailing, plays poker well and, despite its loss of popularity, insists on an occasional game of Mah Jong, which he learned from Dr. Lee, a Chinese expert whom he imported from New York to teach Dorothy and himself the proper way to play.

He does not drive an automobile. He did drive once. He propelled his baby Fiat through the door of his garage. Unfortunately, the door was closed.

Physically, Joseph Hergesheimer is compact, powerful, massive. His shoulders are broad and his chest, so deep that it seems

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forever expanded, carries his body to a graceful taper in spite of a waistline that rich food and years have made incorrigible. His neck is so thick that one occasionally wonders, particularly when he disappears within the rich, warm comfort of his tailor-made fur coat, if nature neglected to provide it. His head is large, topped with wiry hair that is invariably unkempt. A broad, high forehead slopes gradually to deep-set, sparkling eyes. His lips are thick around a generous mouth and his chin, once boldly determined, now ripples in strange counterparts beyond the horizons of his varicolored collars.

Joseph Hergesheimer is good looking. He has the type of charm that the supposedly indisputable accuracy of photography can never capture. The flashes of humor that come from his twinkling eye, his lightning changes of expression, the perfect smoothness of his flesh—these never meet the camera's eye. Nor can the caricaturist capture them. They are lost to all save those who know him well or see and study him at close hand.

His cellar is comfortably replete, but Joseph Hergesheimer does not drink. He made a bet of $1,000 last New Year's Day that he'd go the year without a drink. He'll win; but the victory will be wholly moral, for his opponent bet the same.

But still, through all his likes and dislikes, his habits and his idiosyncrasies, Joe is, to West Chester, just a native citizen. If he seeks personal acclaim, he must look to other fields—and even the Dower House, which he immortalized in "From an Old House", now blinds none but the eyes of strangers.

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Sights and Sounds

SCARCELY A PLAY IS NOW ALIVE . . .

By Robert Littell

THAT brief period in theatrical history which began with Mr. Benchley's departure from these pages for Europe and ended shortly before the annual celebration of the Cherry Tree Incident was encouraging chiefly for the undertaker. Of the two-score or more bids for our favor very few survive even at this early writing.

A rapid visit to the costly cemetery and a hasty glance at the little tombstones would reveal hardly anything worth a tear. Over there in the corner lie two revivals of plays by early but still extant English masters, Galsworthy's "The Silver Box" and Sir Henry Arthur Jones's "Mrs. Dane's Defence". Good theater in spots, but creaky. On the top of the hill under a huge marble mausoleum reposes Mr. Gilbert Miller's military version of what might have been an interesting play, "The Patriot". Down in the hollow are the humbler crosses of "So Am I", a re-hash of Boccaccio, "A Distant Drum", with two rather neat acts of Mr. Vincent Lawrence's smooth dialogue, "La Gringa", the story of a Mexican girl transplanted into Puritan New Bedford, "57 Bowery", "These Modern Women", "Mirrors", "The Clutching Claw", and "Spring 3100"—about which there is nothing to say.

"Salvation" also has disappeared. Mr. Sidney Howard and Mr. Charles MacArthur started with the interesting idea that this female Evangelist business lies a lot deeper than Elmer Gantry, but they didn't build solidly enough and even the remarkable acting of Miss Pauline Lord failed to hold things together. And "The Merchant of Venice", Mr. Winthrop Ames's superficial pastel, with Mr. Arliss as a dried-up aristocratic Shylock, has gone forth to pluck the flowers that grow by the roadside. And then there was the regular monthly musical comedy, "Sunny Days"—No. 133 off the old Ford Conveyor, but in spite of its strict faithfulness to formula, already gasping for air.

Excepting Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude", that leaves only "The Silent House", a gorgeously absurd hodge-podge of every trick in the mystery locker, and "Rain or Shine". When I have said that "Rain or Shine" is an extremely cheerful and well-managed background for the sublime antics of Joe Cook, do I need to say more? Whether Joe Cook is shooting out candles from a tight-rope or telling one of his pointless long stories, he seems just about the best entertainment in existence. And that Goldberg contraption, that wonderfully complicated machine for smashing guitars, is, or should be, historic. Beside Mr. Cook, Mr. Howard and Mr. Chasen are themselves no mean comedians, and Mr. Chasen has enriched the world with a meaningless and benevolent gesture which I cannot get out of my system or keep from trying to imitate at odd hours and for no particular reason. But, like any other profoundly simple work of genius, it can't be imitated. Go and see it.

Beside the obvious pleasures of criticism, like sitting in the sixth row of "Rain or Shine", there are duties. Getting your stuff written, for one thing, or arriving on time, or staying till the end, or trying not to applaud when you are enjoying yourself (critics would as soon think of clapping their hands as you would of wearing a white tie with a dinner-jacket). Or the painfully geographic duty of going to see plays on the far-flung rim of Broadway.

A visit to the New Playwrights' Theatre should be just as much a part of your education as Chemistry A. Down there at 45 Commerce Street, barely six hours' ride from the rest of civilization, earnest young men

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are making all sorts of experiments with light green acids and dark brown colloids, and pale yellow gases. Go and see for yourself. It will make everything else seem tremendously worth while.

This Young Men's Playwrighting Association shook up two test-tube cocktails in midwinter. One of these was "The International", by John Howard Lawson, twenty-nine scenes of significant boredom enacted by sixty-three people on a stage the size of a pullman washroom. The other, "Hoboken Blues" by Mike Gold, was a dreary insult to the animal spirits and high humor of the Negro race. That's all I propose to say about them. You'll simply have to take my word for it that they were terrible. If you don't believe me, go shut yourself up in a small garage with your favorite automobile. And still they say that carbon monoxide has no odor.

In addition to a rear platform fenced off for a stage, the Y. M. P. A.'s theater consists of a longish aisle with about two seats on each side. If you look back from your seat in row C, the sight that meets your drooping eyelids is a good deal like the inside of a suburban trolley filled with members of the Critics' Benevolent and Protective Society returning from the annual clambake. To judge from the expression of aching misery on the drawn gray faces, there must have been something wrong with those clams. And many of the passengers have a strange mania for getting out before the end of the line.

Mr. Otto Kahn, so we hear, is the Maecenas who has made it possible for the Y. M. P. A. to keep their test-tubes filled and write long letters, after the miserable panning of each show has burst into print, asserting their right to live because they are doing things which the commercial Broadway managers wouldn't dare to do. Well, boys, that isn't enough. Got to be more constructive, more positive. Just because you know and we know and everybody knows that Broadway isn't going to dramatize ether cones is no reason why you should take a shot at it.

Personally and privately, if I were John J. Maecenas I would double Mr. Kahn's bad bet and pay these young men handsomely never to write or produce a play again as long as they live.

Which brings us out of a two-inch tunnel up into the fresh air and the excitement and the sharp bitter veracity of "Rope". Mr. T. S. Stribling wrote a novel called "Teeftallow", and he and Mr. David Wallace have made it into a play which we predict will turn out to be one of the finest of the year. Probably the Jules Verne sociologists of the New Playwrights' Theatre would brand it as melodramatic journalism.

"Rope" is a play about mob minds and mob murder. It is laid in a small town somewhere in Tennessee, a small town full of hill-billies, female bigots, mean pool-room loafers and all the other ingredients for a perfectly corking little local chapter of the Ku Klux Klan. The authors don't mention the Klan by name, but you know at once that you are assisting at the birth and inner workings of just such an informal, ruthless and cowardly organization as the Klan usually is in places of about six hundred inhabitants.

The plot is rather thickly peppered with stock meller props—the mortgage on the farm, the ruined gal turned out of the house, the shotgun wedding, and the holy hell-hollering she-Bible-swallower. But it doesn't matter. The tone and the ring of the play are true, and often tremendously exciting. There is a lynching scene in the second act in memory of which many of my hairs are still standing on end. The lynching is sketched, it begins, but doesn't actually take place until after the curtain, though you feel it a hundred times more vividly than if they actually strung the poor fellow up right before your eyes. Wonderful things are done in this scene with the shadow of a great wobbly noose thrown on a shabby wall.

There are some other fine bits of direction in it too, and some very remarkable acting, notably by Mr. Ben Smith as young Abner Teeftallow. The directors assembled a cast all of whom speak a natural Southern dialect much more impressive than the usual synthetic Broadway blackface drawl. And the faces collected for the mob were quite wonderful—haggard, weasel, wide-eyed, witless faces. Most stage mobs look like just

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what they are—a baker's unleavened dozen of thirty-dollar-a-week supers.

I'm afraid, according to recent reports from the front, that the Public isn't as fond of "Rope" as it ought to be. A terrible pity—"Rope" should be kept running somewhere in these states for the next ten years. It's exciting enough, and quite well enough done. But apparently it is a little too realistically near the heart-chilling truth for a "good time". Mystery shows, which make audiences yell and hang around each other's necks, don't offend, because there's nothing inside of them, and we all know it. But "Rope" is packed full of rasping, blood-curdling, sour and splendid truth. If Mr. Edgar B. Davis, the oil and oxygen king, had more than one track in his mind, he'd spend some money on "Rope" instead of making a million dollars climb up "The Ladder" and jump off into space.

Nobody else but Mr. Davis can hurl the millions except the movies. I am told that King Vidor spent nearly that much filming "The Crowd". Who is going to get that million back, if ever, I don't know and I don't care, but Vidor should at least be promoted to Emperor. "The Crowd" is quite a sock on the nose of the American public, or the American employee, or the American white-collar slave, or the American desk-worm, or whatever is the name of the poor underpaid little animal. I suspect that the little animal will parry the thrust by refusing to step up to the box-office and be disillusioned. A law should be passed forcing him to do so. For "The Crowd" is a bitter, gray, disintegrating and memorable film, and nobody should be allowed to escape a dose of its fine medicine.

The story of "The Crowd" was written by John V. A. Weaver, who ought to be well-known by now as the author of those highly original and native verses "In American". "The Crowd" is American stuff, rather than just movie stuff, nearly all the way through. Some of the direction is magnificent, some of it is terrible, and some of it simply doesn't come off. I don't believe in squashing little girls with Mack trucks on stage, screen, or street. They might have left that out. The women won't like it. It will help them dislike and avoid the rest of it, a lot of which is first rate and brand new . . . I know just how they are going to feel. Sitting behind me at the Astor Theater were a typical Mr. and Mrs. Shortly after the little girl had died, Mrs. muttered, "Cheerful film you've taken me to". Mr. grumbled in reply, somewhat belligerently, "It's good". But Mrs. came right back at him: "It's awful". I'm afraid the line-up is going to be like that all over the country. And men don't go much to the movies alone.

"The Crowd" is the story of almost any mediocre, self-kidding American office worker, ploughing his way along shoulder to shoulder with thousands of other mediocre office workers. Wherever he goes the crowd of his inferior equals follows him. In the office, he sits at one of two hundred duplicate desks. At Coney Island, at the beach, in the home, on the street, at work, in love, in play, they surround him and he can never get free of them. There are some melodramatic or unsuccessful turns in this particular story, some hokum and some trite expressionistic devices, but there are also bits of fine realistic comedy, mellow irony and hard sardonic despair. It's something quite different in films. And it introduces to us a very fine young actor named James Murray.

Some of the single shots of photography are marvellous. That beautiful parody of a honeymoon snapshot at Niagara Falls for instance—a girl sitting beside the Falls. Or the mad perspectives of menacing sky-scrapers. They remind you a little of "Metropolis", but I think they are more effective.

Speaking of sky-scrapers, I would rather look up at the silhouette, or off the top of the new Telephone Building, than go to almost any play or movie you could name. It's a more exciting piece of architecture than the Woolworth, and a much better view, because the Telephone Building stands right next the river and apart from the jagged mountain-range along Broadway which it commands. There is a fine flat roof at the top, and you can walk all the way around and figuratively, or actually if that's your style, spit upon Brooklyn, Westchester, Hoboken and

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the Berengaria coming up the Hudson like a tin toy in a bathtub.

You must go right up to the top and out of doors. The view from any and all of the building's windows has been spoiled by some fire ordinance or anti-wind-velocity insurance which dictates that the windows shall be reinforced with a sort of wide-webbed mosquito netting. Add this one to American Ironies: The Presidents and Vice-Presidents on the 31st floor are doomed forever to survey the Empire which lies at their feet through a lot of chicken wire. A constant daily reminder of Life's Imperfections or How Small We Are After All or The World is a Prison or *Memento Mori* or some other cold douche for the fiery imagination of Big Executives.

"BALLADS, SONGS AND SNATCHES"

By Abbe Niles

THERE comes to hand a two-volume biography of a great Californian adventurer ("Frémont", by Allan Nevins. Harper's; $10); a rich subject, treated by a notable historian, and one who knows the power of old prints, cartoons and songs to restore the colors to faded scenes. To celebrate such an event, this department does what it can by producing, from its own archives, portions of a song dating from Frémont's presidential campaign, seventy-two years ago:

THERE IS THE WHITE HOUSE YONDER*

Old ten-cent Jimmy is no go!
(Few days, few days)
And Breckenbridge is far too slow
(We're going home)
They both endorse weak Pearce's reign,
(Few days, etc.)
Which on our country leaves a stain
(We're, etc.)
(Chorus)
For there's the white house yonder
Fremont and Dayton's bound there
We can't be kept back longer
Every day we're growing stronger.

Old Bachelors are low in rate,
They'd never populate a state.
The white house party's must not drag
And what could BUCKS be but a STAG?

Old Benton says he's out for Buck,
But his finger on his nose is stuck:
Fremont's the man he surely knows,
Or if he don't, his daughter does.

Tho' Fremont, he was born down THAR,
He's strong as his Rocky M'. BAR (bear)
He made our California state,
It's made us rich—we'll make him great.

Here is something which may harmlessly, if not profitably, be compared with the first 1928 campaign song on sale, "Our Al", which runs in part:

A stands for America, MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE,
And L is meant for Liberty, COLUMBIA THE GEM OF THE OCEAN!

The Frémont song is quite anonymous, and I solicit information about its tune, which was certainly not original, and which, in an arrangement by John H. Hewitt dating from 1854, is alive and kicking today as the air of one of the best-known of Greek-letter fraternity songs—every collegian knows a series of such verses as

The bright-eyed maiden winked her eye:
(Psi U., Psi U.,)
"To hell with Alpha Delta Phi!"
(Psi Upsilon.)

Who composed this fine tune? "Carmina Collegensia" (ed. 1876) has a Dartmouth class of '58 song and an Amherst song by a member of the class of '61, each to the tune of

* Original spellings have not been meddled with. Frémont and Dayton (Republican) ran in 1856 against Ex-President Fillmore and Donelson (Whig) and the successful Buchanan ("Buck", "Ten-Cent Jimmy") and Breckenbridge (Democratic). Franklin Pierce was in office. Frémont, a native of Tennessee, had fifteen years before eloped with the daughter of the powerful Senator Benton of Missouri, and made the old man like it; Benton, however, opposed his son-in-law's candidacy. Frémont's emblem was the "b'ar", under which he had conducted his own little war in California.

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"Few Days"; and in the new collection "American Mountain Songs" (by Ethel Park Richardson; Greenberg, $3.50), I find that the hill-billies still sing

Was'n old fish an's name was whale
(A few days an' a few days)
Swallered Jonah head and tail
(An' I'm a-goin home).
(Chorus)
I've got a home up yonder
(A few days, an' a few days)
I've got a home up yonder
(An' I'm goin' home).

I suspect that Frémont's bards knew the words as well as the music of this chorus, and that as is so often discovered when one runs down a good American song-antique, there is a dark man at the bottom of the "Few Days" woodpile. Will anyone correct or corroborate my impression that this is an Aframerican folksong, which "passed" to the whites?

* * *

Returning to "American Mountain Songs": this consists of about sixty of the musical products of the isolated white Southern mountain communities, with an interesting introduction and notes, and containing such striking new material as a ballad of Sydna Allen, the feudist who shot up the Hillsville court-house—a ballad whose charitable and tolerant tone may be explained by the fact that Mr. Allen is still alive, at liberty again, and doubtless as good a shot as ever. The book is recommended to students rather than the general public. Sigmund Spaeth wrote the piano accompaniments, and it would have been a grand idea to have done the same for his own two recent compilations. . . . For fourteen songs of the same type with more elaborate settings—and still good ones—see "Mountain Songs of North Carolina" (by Wetmore and Bartholomew, Schirmer's $2.00).

* * *

Another book which I welcome is "The Songs of Paul Dresser" (Boni & Liveright, $3.50), a work remarkable for its total omission of ponderous editorial estimates—there is no comment save a brief preface by the composer's brother, Theodore Dreiser, who collaborated on his greatest hit, "On the Banks of the Wabash". Dresser's songs are the 'Nineties in a glass case. Here are sixty of them, words, music, accompaniment, and with the original magic-lantern-slides; from "The Letter that Never Came" to "My Gal Sal, or, They Called her Frivolous Sal", and not omitting "Take a Seat, Old Lady" and "The Blue and the Gray", which last was perhaps the earliest song to strike this department's ear—and stick.

* * *

The attention of recitalists in search of color is called to John Alden Carpenter's "Four Negro Songs" (Schirmer's, $1.25) as exceptional material for those competent to handle it. As usual, Mme. Eva Gauthier seems to have found them first. These are settings to verse by the colored poet Langston Hughes, and like them, are adroit blendings of the spirit of Negro folksong, of jazz and of modern sophistication; distinctive, difficult, and anything but superficial.

* * *

I cross over to Tin Pan Alley to deliver a cheer for Willard Robison on the occasion of his becoming associated with the Victor recording forces. Robison is a sort of natural phenomenon. He never took any kind of music lesson, he seems to be indifferent to any music save his own, that of his contemporaries in the song-mills, and Negro spirituals, worksongs, and blues, for which latter group he has an almost religious reverence; he never sang a note until he came to New York, about three years ago. On the other hand, ever since at the age of eleven he became movie-pianist in Selina, Kansas, music has been his profession and his enthusiasm; he is an expert leader of dance orchestras and arranger of their scores; he is likely to make a name for himself as a composer if he will resist the dilution and refinement apparently dictated, today, by the Whiteman uplift movement; he writes droll and pungent lyrics for his own tunes; and if you haven't heard him sing "Deep River Blues", "Muddy Water", "The Birth of the Blues", or "Truthful Parson Brown" on Perfect records, to his own piano accompaniments (and what accompaniments!), you don't know what good songs those are. Watch him!

* * *

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The department is still in arrears on the new songs, and once again the poor little things must be unmercifully crowded together. There is better popular music today than in the Golden 'Nineties, the Elegant 'Eighties, and so on down, but its quantity is embarrassing. However—*Début-dance fox-trots,* recalling the hush and the deep muffled throb of the full Whiteman band behind a forest of potted palms: "Sorry" and "I'm Satisfied", which call for a very big orchestra and the Kremlin bells; "Starlight and Tulips" and "There's Always a Way to Remember"; *Four blue-note confections,* "Who's Blue Now", "Smile", "Keep Sweeping the Cobwebs off the Moon", and "Blue Baby"; "Nina"; joyful "My Ohio Home" and chromatic "Changes"; a pretty tune sweetly named "You're Just a Little Flower the Bees Haven't Found"; and you doubtless know "Rain", and will know "Love is a Treasure" and "Sunrise". Oh, and "Sailin' On", by "Gus Kahn, Nathanson Boyd and Anton Dvorak". First cautiously admitting that Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is a musical conception superior to "Sailin' On", I add that the latter has something of the swing of the chorale in the former. This Dvorak has collaborated—as a ghost-writer—on other Broadway hits. He deserves the mention he gets in this instance, and with a good American name he might go far. . . . *High-brown fox-trots:* "There Ain't No Sweet Man Worth the Salt of my Tears"; "There Must Be Somebody Else"; the above-named Robison's " 'Tain't So, Honey, 'Tain't So", "The Devil is Afraid of Music", and "We'll Have a New Home", with the fine opening:

Oh, ye careless daughters!
Gather 'round, ye proud and boastful sons!
I've been preachin' in this schoolhouse,
Askin' you to raise some buildin' funds!

Also two "hot" pieces, "Sock It" and "Mississippi Mud", and the mournful minors of "Somebody's Been Lovin' My Baby". . . . *Pep fox-trots:* "I'm Feelin' Devilish" (played with crossed hands) and "You Gotta be Good" ("Let me introduce to you, Elmer Gantry number two"). . . . *Ballad fox-trot:* "If I Can't Have You". . . . *Fox-trots, too late (or hard) to classify:* "Maybe You'll Love Me" (by the genuine original Rosamund Johnson), "When You're with Somebody Else", and a nice dance tune, "There's Somebody New". . . . *Waltzes:* "That Melody of Love" (Donaldson-Hawaiian) and "Ramona" (cinemato-Iberian). . . . *Bathroom ballads:* "Sweet Elaine", by the writers of "Sweet Adeline" (indeed, it is the same song), and "In a Hundred Thousand Years", for the lavatory bass who punishes "The Bell in the Lighthouse". . . . *Americana:* "Lone Eagle" (Lindy to Mexico). . . . *Piano ragtime:* I recommend the same Robison's "A Letter from Dixie" and "Jubilee" despite a certain MacDowellian romanticism and refinement—I dislike such words as "Dixie" and "darkey", and for me "Uncle Remus" means a bootlegger. Also recommended: "Dolly Dimples", despite its title, and by all means Hugo Frey's "Six Modern American Dances", with re-arrangements of his splendid "Havanola", "Calicoco", etc.—but why not "Shakespearean Love"? . . . *Musical shows:* not much new as I write, but see the Cole Porter lyric to "Two Little Babes in the Wood" (from "Paris") and Lorenz Hart's to "When I Go on the Stage" (from "She's My Baby"), both with good tunes. . . . Sorry, no room left for song-revivals.

Best Sellers in Popular Music

Two leading dealers in the Wall Street district, Nassau Post Card Co. and Hitchcock's, kindly furnish lists as of March 15th. The following seven songs appear on both lists: Can't Help Lovin' That Man (Kern); Dream Kisses (Jerome); I Can't Do Without You (waltz, Berlin); Let a Smile be Your Umbrella (Fain); The Man I Love (Gershwin); Mary Ann (Silver); Sunshine (Berlin).

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Anonymously—John Farrar

O. O. McIntyre Day By Day

FOR a long time now I have been wanting to take O. O. McIntyre seriously. Yet, somehow, things have conspired against me, and not until this nice sunny morning have inspiration and the typewriter combined to give me the courage to discuss this extraordinary product of the American Home.

Perhaps it is only fair to go into the background a bit in order to show you how my appreciation of Mr. McIntyre was planted, nourished, watered, and burst into lovely and roseate bloom. Back in the old, old days when I was young and innocent, Mr. McIntyre (oh, by the way, in case you do not know, he is a columnist read by more people than any other columnist in America, I presume, and he is the man who recently wrote a fine tribute to Florenz Ziegfeld which that gentleman took the pains to publish on fine coated paper in the program *de luxe* for "Show Boat") was gracious to me. He wrote me, as I remember, a couple of letters about editorial matters. He published a story about me in his column, for which I was grateful, although the only word of truth in it was that I *had* been in Lancaster, Pa. To be sure, I afterward told the story on myself, it seemed such a pleasant fiction to me. Then Ray Long, who is a kind and good friend, and who appreciates the genius of Mr. McIntyre, introduced me to Mr. McIntyre. I cannot recall that I failed to show deference on that occasion. Later, Mr. Long said, "Why don't you run a piece on O. O. McIntyre in THE BOOKMAN?" I replied, "Why not?" and I think I asked Ray to write it, but he was too busy or something. I was going to find someone else to do it, but life was too short, until I have finally decided at this late date to do it myself.

Meanwhile, when it was announced that THE BOOKMAN had been sold and that your humble servant would no longer edit it, Mr. McIntyre sprang suddenly into life with a column as virulent as any epithet one small-town boy could possibly throw at another. I didn't so much mind his personal descriptions of me, because he hadn't seen me in a long time and I've put on a good deal of flesh since; but when he went out of his way to say of a younger man of his profession—a man, to be sure, who had just been offered a job by Mr. McIntyre's own boss—that his magazine could have been edited just as well by the veriest office boy, it struck me as an interesting psychological phenomenon. The literary and journalistic back-biting of this town interests me tremendously. If only I were a Dean Swift to tell you about it in worthy measures. What prompted Mr. McIntyre to go so far out of his way to kick a younger man, in a medium published the length and breadth of the country? Such a statement, if taken seriously, might have kept me from feeding the family and sent us starving to the poor-house. His friends immediately began assuring me that he didn't mean it, yet I have never received an apology from him, which is admirable. And his friends have never been able to give me a satisfactory explanation. They say, "He hates the 'Algonquin crowd' ". Well, he could never have read these pages if he associates me with that grand and glorious aggregation which I used to malign, and which, in these later days of folly and fury, I actually find myself wishing was back on the map. No, I must content myself with the belief that there was something about the cut of my jaw that O. O. didn't like, or, what is probably the truth, that he actually believed what he wrote.

Why is it that Mr. McIntyre is successful, to a point of unbelievable wealth, in reaching the people of America with his column? I have religiously read it every day for the past month as it stares at me from the back page of *The New York American*. It is couched in simple English, ornamented by slang phrases which have what might be called a tang of their own, and, one might add, a

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construction of their own. There are observations like the following:

"She comes often from the refined atmosphere of a select school to grace the job."

"You would never think so many men are not working during afternoons."

"He could walk down any main street without being sartorially distinguished."

It is impossible to give the radiant quality of his style from a few quotations. It is not his style that makes him a prophet to America at large. It is a thing far more subtle, and yet perfectly obvious. There once was a story written about a lady named "Cinderella". She was humble and hard working. She was shy and small. She was beaten about by snobs; yet she triumphed over them all, only to realize that her pots and pans were the things she really loved. Any novelist or playwright will tell you that the Cinderella motive is the one which appeals most directly to the hearts of the people. It is the basis of most musical comedies and of many a best-seller.

Mr. O. O. McIntyre is the little boy Cinderella who came out of Gallipolis, Ohio, lives at the Ritz, consorts with famous people, and realizes that, after all, the "Folks Back Home" are the best. He never lets you forget it. He tells you that the first time he saw an artichoke he didn't know what to do about it. Nevertheless, you know darned well that he can handle an artichoke now with the best of them. He rails at Gene Markey because he dresses so perfectly, and yet have you ever seen O. O. McIntyre attired for an evening walk? That is his whole charm and his entire genius. He recounts anecdote after anecdote of the great and the near-great and the pseudo-great, never forgetting all the while that he is the on-looker, that he is the representative of Main Street, that a snob is a snob and that he isn't a snob. He does not hesitate to extol the waitress, as long as she is just a simple waitress; but when she becomes a purse-proud waitress, he pricks her with his ready pin. Like the jolly old world at large, he enjoys giving people a helping hand on the upward path. He watches like a snake, until he sees them becoming aware of their station. Then he strikes with his fangs. All of O. O. McIntyre was revealed in the leading article in the February *Cosmopolitan*. It is an explanation to his great public of why the people of Gallipolis have placed a marker on the house where he, the great scribe, was born. I can give you no better description of this great journalist (and I use that term in all sincerity, for he is a great journalist) than two paragraphs from this article:

"It is only the small town that will show such pride in the trifling efforts of a native son. In New York such an incident as putting a tablet in front of the home of an unimportant scribbler would be considered a fitting paragraph for a prominent place in Mr. Mencken's 'Americana'.

"As we grow older those of us who came from the crossroads acquire a deeper appreciation of what the home town has meant to us through the stretch of the years."

In passing, one recalls that people are born now and then in New York City, and think of the row of bronze tablets that will one day be tacked up on Sloane, Miss Lippincott's and York House.

Two books cry out to be talked about this month, "The Gypsy", by W. B. Trites, and "These Men, Thy Friends", by Edward Thompson. "The Gypsy" has already been highly praised by the real critics; but I should like to say that it is written with beauty and power, that it is one of the few books picked up at the end of a day occupied in much reading and appraising that has taken me out of the consideration of a book as a book, and carried me into a scene and a group of characters which wholly and completely mastered the imagination. It should be read at once by all those who care for good writing, and by many of those who like a good story even if it happens to be tragic. "These Men, Thy Friends" belongs in the glorious company of the glorious war books and is one of the most shining of them. It is the story of a small group of men campaigning in Mesopotamia. It has the bitterness of "Three Soldiers", lightened by humor and by such stinging and beautiful phrases as only a poet and a student of human nature could conceive. If you have a shelf in your library for "Through the

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Wheat", "Gallipoli", "Toward the Flame", "Fix Bayonets", "What Price Glory", "Gunfodder", "The Spanish Farm", Ford Madox Ford, Leonard Nason, Lawrence Stallings, put "These Men, Thy Friends" with them at once; but only after you have read it, with its pages of irony and humanity, with its slow-moving, gracious prose, illumined by flashes of horror in incident and in accent.

Sidney Howard returned from England to see the opening of his play, "Salvation", written in collaboration with Charles MacArthur. A beautiful and wise and powerful play which the dramatic critics, with the exception of Alexander Woollcott, failed to understand. Everything that Mr. Howard writes has a combination of the hard-boiled and the mystic. Sometimes this combination is popular, sometimes it is almost too great for popularity. The contrast, magnificently brought out by Pauline Lord, of a faith-inspired girl exploited as an evangelist by harpies of little faith, was tremendously dramatic and compelling in "Salvation". To one following the London papers, it is amusing to find English critics proclaiming the one good English play of the year is "The Silver Cord", a drama written by an American. Its success has only one draw-back from our viewpoint; it keeps Claire Eames from our midst.

Mr. Howard brings back a Kipling anecdote that I like much, being, as O. O. McIntyre would say, a hill-town lad myself. Legend has it that Mr. Kipling did not like America, that he suffered among the valleys and mountain-tops of Vermont. Mr. Howard says that, dining with him one day at Lady Colefax's, he found Kipling in reminiscent mood, and most kindly in his stories of snowy winters in southern Vermont scenes. He told a story about stopping at a farm-house some miles away from his own. The lady, like all good Vermont ladies, was a bit skeptical about talking to a stranger. Mr. Kipling pointed out that he lived not so far away. She looked at him a moment, visioned her surroundings, brightened to him at once, and said, "Oh, you must be the new light t'other side the valley".

Discussions of Katherine Mayo's "Mother India" rage to and fro over the living corpse of that magnificent country. The most telling remark I have heard in many months came from a charming dinner-guest, Miss Katherine Moore, the other evening. It was redolent with meaning. We were discussing the pros and cons of the book. Were the facts accurate, we asked. "Why," said Miss Moore, "I was talking with some people last night, and they said that of course the facts were accurate. A publisher wouldn't dare publish a book without verifying all the facts!" And there, you see, you have it! Or us, as the case may be.

The month has been a crowded one. Du Bose Heyward came to town, bringing with him the manuscript of his new novel, "Mamba's Daughters" which starts being a serial in *The Woman's Home Companion* in June. He was on his way to Bermuda, to visit the Hervey Allens at "Felicity Hall", and to lecture to the Bermuda natives. Meanwhile, "Porgy" continues to delight audiences in the same auditorium that held millions spellbound while "Abie's Irish Rose" played its record number of performances. Lizette Woodworth Reese came on to New York City, and gave a tea-party, and was as gay and as sprightly as ever, and, from Baltimore also, Bill Footner, with the plans for a new novel in his capacious head. Æ arrived and was fêted, also Thornton Wilder, and I had the pleasure of meeting Lewis Baer's gorgeous parrot "Baba", who looked scornfully at the literary *mélange*. The Russell Doubledays took us to the skating carnival, where Mrs. Doubleday floated gracefully among the Russians, all attired in Russian blue. Alec Waugh arrived from London, on his way to visit Gouverneur Morris in California, and spoke pleasantly of meeting Rebecca West. The Larry Barrettos gave a farewell tea to the Louis Bromfields. Larry's new novel is to appear presently under the imprint of the John Day Company. At Joseph Brewer's yesterday a galaxy of stars glittered, especially a gentleman with a fine pink beard (not Ernest Boyd, although he was there also, which was a record—two beards in one day—one pink and one not

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quite). There also was Katherine Howe, one of the home-town girls as O. O. would have it, and not snobbish, either. There were three of the Biancos, Marjorie, Cecco, and Francisco. Also Donald Friede, who has resigned from Boni & Liveright, and by this time you will know what he is going to do, although he would not tell me, seeing as how publishers should not be told secrets by other publishers. There, too, was Dwight Taylor, who says that he has just sold a play to Brady and Wiman, although Bill Brady didn't know it. And Manuel Komroff. And Elliot Holt. And his charming wife. And Joseph Krutch, who is the white hope of American criticism and I mean it, along with Lewis Mumford, who wasn't there, but who is also a white hope of American criticism. It all happened in Turtle Bay, which is getting very artistic, what with the Bradys, and the Luces, and Lewis Galantiere, and Joseph Brewer, and, probably lots more.

Nalbro Bartley came to town with the manuscript of her new novel, and says that her son is interested in science and is writing a detective story. Bus Bronson and his wife came in briefly from the country to find that "The Old Nick" is merrily going on from edition to edition. At the O. Henry dinner I sat next Lee Hartman, who is my favorite editor, and then I saw him again at Mary Derieux's. I guess he's getting bored at always seeing me. Anyhow, he's a nice man. Konrad Bercovici was there, too, and his moustaches are just as impressive as they were in old *Sunday World* days. We discussed Ruth Suckow at great length, and neither made nor broke her reputation, but her stories make nice discussion material on a snowy afternoon.

Mr. Cookesly, home from the southlands, brought me a package of Havana cigarettes, and Nathan Haskell Dole, with a fund of anecdotes, liked the looks of them, so I gave them to him, all in the space of a few minutes. How authors and cigarettes do come and go. Life is like that, in the big, big city, where one may meet a kidnapper on one corner, and a perfect sartorial specimen on the next, and all, alas, superficial. I think back to the good old days, when I rode my little bicycle down Loomis Street, fell over the handlebars and broke a tooth, and wrote a poem for St. Nicholas about it. Now I have a new tooth in its place but it cost me four hundred dollars and the prize the St. Nicholas gave me was not that large. Oh, the good little home-town, and the barn where I made jigsaw puzzles, never realizing what puzzles would mean to me in later life, and isn't that romantic? But puzzles were important, because I was struggling in those days to earn money to buy the books that meant so much to me! Then there was Miss Lizzie Moore, who sent me some apples from her apple tree the other day. There are few grander women in the world than Miss Moore, and how she did scold me when she was a librarian and thought my taste for the novels of George Barr McCutcheon execrable; but I still like 'em, Miss Moore, even now that I can shake the hand of an Emil Ludwig, all the time thinking how much I know about his books, and how they can't be good because someone in the Hotel Algonquin has praised them. Then the good old Y. M. C. A. in Burlington burned up the other day. Memories of gymnasium days when Howard Buck tried to help me straighten my spine with exercises, and I played on the little old piano a little old hymn of a Sunday night for the little old boys. And I'm sorry for Byron Clark, because Byron Clark is one of the grandest men in the world, and I mean it. He has helped more young people than ever any New York Columnist did, and now his collection of pictures and paintings and Indian relics has been burned up, and it meant more to him than the most expensive Art collection. I have looked longingly at the little frame house on Green Street, and no bronze plaque grows there. Perhaps some day, shyly and unaware, I shall come upon it, and realize with modesty, that, after all, the folks back home are the folks back home, and they know that one of their number has gone out to the big city, and has talked with O. O. McIntyre at the Ritz. Oh Luddy, Luddy, page O. O., for I can't do it, and he can! He's a great man! Gallipolis is a great town! But then, by jingo, so is Burlington, Vt., if I do say it as never should!

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A Bookman's Notes

CONCERNING F. M. COLBY

JUST before he left for Europe in February, Philip Littell called at our office to explain why his novel, "This Way Out", had been withdrawn from publication by the Houghton Mifflin Company in Boston after it had already been set up in type. The novel is a satirical treatment of modern life in terms of Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden. The withdrawal of the novel from the Houghton Mifflin list reflects no discredit upon that fine old publishing house.

There are certain passages, it seems, which would come under the book ban in Boston and Mr. Littell was unwilling to alter them. In problems of this kind the Boston book-publishers operate under a handicap with which New York publishers do not have to contend. If a book published in New York is banned in Boston, that book profits by the free advertising accorded it and its sales, even in Boston, are accelerated; for, instead of seeking the book in the local Boston bookstores, Boston book-buyers order it by mail from New York. But if a book published in Boston comes under the ban, the entire stock is subject to seizure and it cannot be shipped to other towns where the censorship is not so strict.

In the circumstances the Houghton Mifflin Company is doing Mr. Littell a service as well as protecting itself from annoyance, litigation, expense and possible jail sentence. For if the novel should be published and subsequently banned it would have no distribution, because no distribution would be possible, and Mr. Littell would be deprived of whatever circulation and royalties it might receive if published elsewhere.

Mr. Littell, who is a sensible and charming man, was not peeved by the withdrawal of his novel; and this slight episode illustrating the difficulties of authorship and publishing is not really what we started out to talk about.

Mr. Littell worked with the late Frank Moore Colby on the editorial staff of the old New York *Globe* and he contributed a preface to the collection of papers gathered together by Clarence Day under the title "The Colby Essays". He was Colby's friend as well as Colby's associate; and we are insatiably curious about the mind and personality of that most brilliant and most gifted of THE BOOKMAN's editors. In the use of these superlatives we mean no invidious comparisons: THE BOOKMAN in the past has had many brilliant editors and collaborators, editors whose qualities make us deeply envious and slightly uncomfortable. And indeed, it is quite possible that Colby was never so very good as an editor and that Harry Thurston Peck and Arthur B. Maurice, to name but two, were much better at the job of *editing* than Colby ever was. But we stick to the statement that Frank Moore Colby was the most brilliant and most gifted man who ever bore the title of editor or associate editor or sub-editor on THE BOOKMAN.

Colby is to our mind one of the finest essayists this country has produced and one of the very wisest, most urbane, knowledgable and analytical writers of our time in any language. He had both feet firmly planted on the ground and his head grazed the stars. He is one of the very few writers we have had who possessed a sense of humor —a sense of humor as defined by Meredith in "The Comic Spirit". It was Colby himself who pointed out that American literature is rich in a sense of fun, but almost wholly lacking in examples of a sense of humor.

"With the aid of a competent bibliographer, for about five days," he wrote in an essay that perplexed and left woozy the editors of "Civilization in The United States" (all of them very highbrow and very serious), "I believe that I could supply the proof to any unreflecting person in need of it that there is no such thing as an American gift of humorous expression, that the sense of humor does not exist among our upper

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James Stephens, whose new book, "Etched in Moonlight," has just appeared

classes, especially our literary upper classes, that in many respects almost every other civilized country in the world has more of it, that quiet New England humor is exceedingly loud and does not belong to New England, that British incomprehension of our jokes is as a rule commendable, the sense of humor generally beginning where our jokes leave off. And while you can prove anything about a race or about all races with the aid of a bibliographer for five days, as contemporary sociologists are showing, I believe these things are true. Belief in American humor is a superstition that seldom outlasts youth in persons who have been exposed to American practice, and hardly ever if they know anything of practice elsewhere. Of course I am not speaking of the sad formalism of the usual thing as we see it in newspapers and on movie screens or of the ritual of magazines wholly or in part sanctified to our solemn god of fun. I mean the best of it."

It was Colby's contention that "the literary upper classes" did not understand the sense of humor even when it was explained to them; but that Americans of all classes had a very good sense of fun. And in the reception of the essay where he explained this, he had proof of his contention. The editors of "Civilization in The United States" included Colby's essay in the volume under puzzled protest after I had asked him to write it, because their sense of humor did not enable them to understand that Colby was using the occasion of the publication of a volume of denigration of American civilization to point out that the editors themselves and their collaborators had, for a time at least, forsaken the sense of humor. The editors could not make out Colby's article; they wanted him to be lambasting something, for that was the scheme of the book, but they could not understand that Colby was exercising a superior sort of humor to their piddling inquietudes.

Colby's fame has never been commensurate with his deserts, because he wrote painfully and with exactness. Mr. Littell told us of an occasion upon which Mr. Wright of the *Globe* had asked Colby to write an article about Hamilton Wright Mabie. Days passed and the article was not turned in; weeks passed and Wright became anxious. He called Colby and asked him what about that article on Mabie. Colby replied that he had been struggling hard with the article but had been able to get no further than the first sentence. Wright asked to see the first sentence. It read: "Hamilton Wright Mabie conducts young women into the suburbs of literature and leaves them there". One can understand that, having achieved his one sentence, Colby had had his say about Mabie: that was all there was, there wasn't any more.

In the office of the *Globe* the editorial writers were daily assembled in the room of Mr. Wright for the purpose of discussing the various topics that were to be written about by the editorial writers. At these meetings, Mr. Littell said, Colby always sat sprawled in his chair, with his eyes glued to the floor, never contributing anything to the discussion. One day as he sat thus, after

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about thirty different subjects had been brought up as possible meat for editorial comment, Wright turned to Colby and said, "Frank, do any of these subjects we've been discussing appeal to you to write about?" Colby straightened up and fixed Wright with his steady eyes, slumped down again and said, "Me? Heavens no!"

When *The New Republic* was about to be launched Colby was called in as an advisor on the editorial policy to be pursued by the paper. His one contribution was this: "Manage somehow to have at least one article in every issue which *nobody* can understand. That will give you a reputation for being very profound. Once having achieved that reputation, you can be wrong on everything and nobody will ever believe that you are".

"I am not sure just how far we carried out that suggestion," said Mr. Littell, with, as the newspapers said of President Cosgrave, a twinkle in his eye.

* * *

CHAPLIN AS PUCK

NO other actor in the history of the stage, I suppose, has had so many words of interpretation and appreciation written about him as has Charlie Chaplin. Philosophers and psychologists, aesthetes and art critics, highbrows and lowbrows, have all had a try at explaining the appeal, the technique and the significance of the pathetic little comedian who walks like a penguin.

After all these words it has been left to Thomas Beer to say the one original and pointed thing. Beer has identified him as the reincarnation of the vulgar and popular god, Bês. And Bês has lived always, whereas superior gods have gone the way of all superior gods. Thor and Jupiter, Chronos, Amen-Ra and the Hathors are no more, explained away by the higher criticism and out of mind by attrition of human faith. But Bês remains:

"Bês appeared on prows of Phoenician trading ships. He arrived in Greece and was the model for satyrs and clowns. He mixed in the cult of the minor Herakles, another comedian who strangled snakes, drank freely and wore a lion's skin. The Olympian lot became mere rhetorical figures. Bês swung on the legionary's iron bracelet along with tokens of the Mithras cult. He transferred himself to capitals of those interesting Christian churches, when that phase came on. He romped with the maids in dairies, under the name of Puck, and was paid a bowl of cream for scaring snakes and rats away, while the metaphysicians and theologues tinkered with the great god. This vulgar entertainer is below critical notice. Now he slithers on the screens everywhere, with big feet and a funny face, and the simple people love and give him a new name."

* * *

MORE AND BETTER LOG-ROLLING

G. K. Chesterton, who has been getting more and more fretful since he joined the Church, has picked out an ancient evil and said the customary words about it. He has used the words, of course, in the peculiar Chestertonian sequence; but they are pretty much the same words that people have always used in crying out against cliques and log-rolling. The true poet, playwright, novelist or philosopher, he says, needs no mediator between him and the public, no critic to explain him and no clique to boost him.

"The great Greek plays were played and applauded by people," he writes in *The London Mercury*, "who had never read a book called 'The Quintessence of Aeschylism' or been told by a dramatic critic in a weekly paper whether they were to agree with Aristophanes or Euripides."

One of the most effective ways to bolster up a weak argument is to drag in the Greeks. You can invoke them with a show of learning and it is never at all necessary to make sense. Thus if you want to take a swipe at G. K. C., it would be well put in the observation somewhere along about the third paragraph of your article that "the ancient Greeks developed great art and literature without reading Mr. Chesterton's weekly article in the *Illustrated London News* or hearing his talk over the radio on the charm of the Middle Ages". No one can deny for an instant the truth of that statement and

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you leave the reader with the reflection that if the ancient Greeks got along very well without Mr. Chesterton's weekly article, he can get along very well without Mr. Chesterton's weekly article too. You have scored a point without making any point whatever. You have been absurd but sound. You have achieved a paradox.

Mr. Chesterton's assertion that the great Greek plays were applauded by people who never read the dramatic criticisms in a weekly newspaper is undeniably true, but the implication of the assertion in its context is not true. He is writing against cliques and against log-rolling, and if he imagines that Aeschylus and Sophocles did not have their cliques and log-rollers in the annual competition for dramatic prizes, he has insufficiently acquainted himself with the history of Greek drama. The annual award was fiercely contested, and partisans of the two dramatists did their frenzied bit of criticism and persuasion to influence the decision.

Cliques and log-rolling we shall always have with us. Log-rolling can be pernicious, but it can also be beneficial to literature and the other arts; and cliques can be annoying, but they can also help focus attention upon work deserving attention. What we need in this country, as I see it, is not another orange in the orangeade stands (as Will Rogers contends) but more and better log-rolling.

Cliques in New York are well-organized and, within their separate spheres, quite formidable. Competition for jobs in the literary and newspaper field is so great that cliques and log-rolling are economically inevitable. And as invariably happens when competition is keen, it has become something of a cut-throat game. One bone among so many hounds is disputed with the maximum of self-interest. This, of course, creates tension and drama of at least a subterranean nature. Cliques fight among themselves and attention is centered upon the "New York crowd".

This throws a false emphasis, I believe, upon the merits of the writers who live and work in New York. None of us who live and work in New York, it is my contention, are so hot that newspaper men, columnists, dramatic critics and literary reviewers in other cities should show us any sort of deference.

Carl Van Vechten at home in Nigger Heaven—caricature by Alexander King

Conditions here do not make for amiability, good manners, variety of interests, philosophic depth or suppleness of mind, especially if one has a daily stint to do, an office to go to, and is dependent upon what he writes for his daily bread. On external evidence, one would say that anyone living in New York has cultural advantages of a very special kind. New York is probably now the art center of the world. The treasure stores of Europe are being looted for New York auction-rooms, and buried cities of Egypt and the Orient are being unearthed to occupy new wings in the Metropolitan Museum. The most audacious theatrical experiments are tried out here and the libraries of the city are models of efficiency and bibliographical scholarship. The city is a microcosm and it is possible, if one is so inclined, to find a section of Cairo in Pearl Street and of Stamboul in Fulton. This is the most polyglot and most polymath of cities.

But do we get a reflection of these fine

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advantages in the writings of those who are supposed to reflect the tastes and interests of "typical New Yorkers"? Not so that you could notice. What we hear about are speakeasies, poker parties, the heebie-geebies, flirtations, and the misuse of "who" and "whom". Now it may be argued that there is nothing particularly reprehensible in getting stewed and making a pass at a blonde on a party, even when one is married and getting along in years; but it does seem a pity that, among so many advantages, these aging adolescents can find little else to write about. The conditions of life in New York are to blame.

In New York the cliques support that sort of stuff. But why aren't there cliques developed elsewhere to kid that sort of thing and boost the healthier-minded writings that are to be found among the columnists in other cities of the nation? Robert Emmet Sherwood in his informative article in "Mirrors of the Year" calls attention to the following individual columnists outside of New York: Philander Johnson of *The Washington Star*, W. S. Adkins of *The Louisville Courier-Journal*, Charles Leedy of *The Youngstown Telegram*, Richard Henry Little of *The Chicago Tribune*, "Riq" of *The Chicago Evening Post*, Claude Callan of *The Milwaukee Journal*, C. C. Bradner of *The Detroit Free Press*, "Sam Hill" of *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, Jake Falstaff of *The Akron Beacon-Journal*, W. A. Norris of *The Milwaukee Sentinel*, Ted Robinson of *The Cleveland Plain-Dealer*, P. H. Armstrong of *The Florida Times-Union*, and Stoddard King of *The Spokane Spokesman-Review*. Besides these there are Robert Ryder of *The Ohio State Journal*, Elmer C. Adams of *The Detroit* News, Ted Cook on the Coast, and the incomparable Kin Hubbard in Indianapolis. Why don't these and other writers combine to make the country "hinterland conscious" and log-roll among themselves? It would be a very good thing.

* * *

The republication of "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith" by Don Marquis in the Appleton Dollar Library brings to mind one of the most vitriolic and one of the cleverest poems since Alexander Pope:

THE PSEUDO-WIT

I sang, some years ago, the Brainstorm Slum
Peopled of Freak and Fake and Psychic Bum;
Later our friend Hermione appeared
With her glib platitudes and fancies weird—
She's found some friends, and two or three that hate,
And one or two that strive to imitate—
And as the weeks go by I do propose
To add still further sketches unto those.
One tempts me now, a not uncommon type;
The Pseudo-Wit, with which the time is ripe—
Quick to pick up the current catch or phrase
And share applause by citing it with praise,
Adapting well the whimsey of the hour,
But slight and thin and lacking vital power;
Wit's very trick and manner, smack and tone,
Wit's everything—excepting wit alone!
Still jealous of the force that can create,
Yet what's created, stung to imitate;
If Jones says this, or Smith or Brown says that,
Subservient quotes, and gives a friendly pat,
But as he quotes, a something in his tone
Robs Jones or Brown and makes the quip his own—
Still, if the quoted thing should fail to hit,
'Twas said by Jones or Brown, 'twas not his wit!
Were this sleight all, slight harm were this pretence,
For slight thing's sleightness gives but slight offense:
The trait that wakes to wonder and to mirth
Is Pseudo-Wit's attempt to judge the earth;
To pose as Critic; give, withhold, a crown,
Or swelling, strive to drag a great name down;
Or cry out from out his windy emptiness
That Boggs or Bings has really earned Success,
Though none has questioned Boggs's, Bings's fame
These dozen years; he seeks to tie his name,
As 'twere a tail unto these rising kites.
To show us stars his little dip he lights!
Still stirred by inward envies killing ease
He lets not envy strike where envy please,
But though with-holden rancors burn and chafe
He only stings where prudence says 'tis safe;
Yet anxious most of all to make his own
A courtier place beside the current throne.

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Not one of these, but scores the town doth
show;
In legions he runs smirking to and fro.
And many a type I purpose still to sketch—
If I am sharp, why acid's used to etch.

Don must have had somebody in mind when he wrote that. I wonder who it was.

* * *

THE GREAT LOVER

A NATIONAL edition of the complete works of Gabriele D'Annunzio in fifty volumes is soon to be published at the Veronese Press of A. Mondadori. There will be 209 numbered copies hand-printed on Imperial Japanese vellum at 450 lire the volume; 2,501 numbered copies printed on hand-made Persia paper at 150 lire the volume; and in addition there will be a special edition of six copies of ten works chosen by the author, hand-printed on vellum, signed by the author, and bound by hand in full blue morocco, to sell at 9,000 lire the volume.

Out of this heap of rubbish, according to Mario Praz in *The London Mercury*, two volumes of pure ore can be extracted. But, no less, D'Annunzio is certainly the most spectacular and one of the most amusing literary figures of our time. As a person he is perhaps more interesting than as a poet or novelist. He is a man of action with literary talent, a Casanova with a turn for versifying. For years he has shared honors in the Sunday supplements with Count Boni de Castellane, Landrau the Bluebeard of the Bois de Bologne, Mrs. Jean Nash "The Best Dressed Woman in Europe", Rigo "The Gypsy Violinist", Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Iliodor the Monk, the "newly discovered" Tower of Babel, and The Cataclysm That Will Sweep New York Into The Sea. His love affairs, particularly with the famous dancer, Ida Rubenstein, and with the famous actress, Eleanora Duse, are familiar to thousands who cannot pronounce his name correctly and know not a single title of his books.

D'Annunzio's manner of making love was direct, importunate and eccentric; and it seems that he once laid siege to the heart of Isadora Duncan. Isadora, for reasons not entirely clear from her text (since she was not exactly monogamous herself), repulsed the fiery poet-warrior and finally played a grand joke on him. She tells how she gave him the raspberry in the following passage from "My Life":

"When D'Annunzio met me in Paris in 1912, he decided he would make my conquest. This was no compliment, as D'Annunzio wanted to make love to every well-known woman in the world and string them around his waist as the Indian strings his scalps. But I resisted on account of my admiration for Duse. I thought I would be the only woman in the world who would resist him. It was a heroic impulse.

"When D'Annunzio wants to make love to a woman, every morning he sends a little poem to her with a little flower expressing the poem. Every morning at 8 o'clock I received this little flower, and yet I held to my heroic impulse!

"One night (I had a studio then in the street near the Hotel Byron) D'Annunzio said to me with a peculiar accent: 'I will come at midnight.'

"All day long I and a friend of mine prepared the studio. We filled it with white flowers, with white lilies: all the flowers that one brings to a funeral. And we lit myriads of candles. D'Annunzio was *ebouli* at the sight of this studio, which was like a Gothic chapel, with all those candles burning and all those white flowers. He came in and we received him and led him to a divan heaped with cushions. First I danced for him. Then I covered him with flowers and put candles all around him, treading softly and rhythmically to the strains of Chopin's Funeral March. Gradually, one by one, I extinguished all the candles, leaving alight only those at his head and feet. But when I advanced solemnly towards the one at his head, with a tremendous effort of will-power he sprang to his feet and with a loud shriek of terror rushed from the studio, while the pianist and I, helpless with laughter, collapsed into each other's arms."

* * *

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MILDRED ALDRICH DIES

MILDRED ALDRICH, author of "A Hilltop on the Marne" died in Paris on February 19. Among the many writers and artists who attended her funeral was her friend Gertrude Stein. C. Hartley Grattan forwards to me an interview from the Paris *Herald* in which it is disclosed that the subject of Miss Stein's "Mildred's Thoughts" in "The American Caravan" was Miss Aldrich.

"Mildred Aldrich was an extraordinary person," said Miss Stein. "Her life was the fullest I have ever known. Always she was interested in something and somebody. Her thoughts bubbled up, which is why I wrote the study of her called 'Mildred's Thoughts,' in the anthology, 'The American Caravan'.

"Although typically New England, she entered into, and became a part of France on her Marne hilltop. It was her New England quality that gave her the courage for many of the distinctive actions of her life, such as her fine gesture in being the only woman to march in Oscar Wilde's funeral cortège, or her casting of the bouquet before the empty frame of the stolen Mona Lisa."

* * *

I had a friend (I have a friend) in Chicago, Martin Stevers by name, an encyclopedist, an astrophysicist and a musician, who had (and probably still has) two strange and incongruous literary passions—"A Hilltop on the Marne" and "Helen's Babies". Throughout my years as his room-mate at college and for years afterward, I would see him reading from time to time a battered, illustrated copy of "Helen's Babies" and chuckling to himself. I should have imagined that after so many readings of it he would have learned the book by heart, for his memory is prodigious, but he seemed to get some special satisfaction out of seeing the words before his eyes. He took his copy with him when he went to France as an artilleryman and I have no doubt that with shells bursting all about him he was often lost in that silly-sounding narrative. I say "silly-sounding", for I have not to this day discovered what that book is about; nor would I inquire of him or venture upon a reading of it. It seemed silly to me in those days that any fellow would be reading about babies, Helen's or anybody's, and I was afraid that acquaintance with the work that was giving my friend so much and such repeated pleasure would turn out to be as silly as it sounded and that I should inevitably feel less respect for my friend's mental qualities.

Back from the war, at my house one night he picked up "A Hilltop on the Marne". He became absorbed in it at once and read it through, without so much as noticing that he was not being a very entertaining guest. I was waiting to hear some more tales of his adventures overseas. Having closed the book, he said "I must be getting on", and, taking his hat and coat bade us good-night.

The next night he was over to the house again and scarcely had he finished dinner than he was absorbed in that book, starting in at the beginning. I had about four thousand books in the house, and it seemed odd that this was the only book in my entire

Ford Madox Ford, a good soldier, carries on—caricature by Alexander King

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library that he had ever deigned to notice. We had known each other long enough for it to be understood that whenever Steve called it was not necessary to make conversation or even to notice that he was in the house. I went to my typewriter and pounded out some stuff I had to write. About midnight, Steve clapped the book shut and said, "I must be getting on". And left.

After several later visits during which he picked up the book and read parts of it, I tried to present it to him; but he wouldn't take it. Seven years passed. Steve was in New York on a visit. He came to my house one night. My library had grown considerably since he last saw it. He nosed about among my shelves for some time and finally found what he wanted on a bottom shelf. He blew and wiped off the accumulation of dust and settled himself to read. It was "A Hill-top on the Marne".

* * *

TRIVIA AND MOMENTA

IN "Mirrors of the Year", Louis Bromfield, one of the Pulitzer prize winners for fiction, has a scathing denunciation of the principle behind the Pulitzer award, prize contests conducted by publishers, and the clubs that select the "best book of the month" and sell it by mail. This is rather odd of Mr. Bromfield, seeing that the sale of his novels were undoubtedly increased vastly by his having been awarded the Pulitzer prize. If he believed that the Pulitzer prize was wrong in principle, he should have followed Sinclair Lewis's example and refused to accept it. To strike this late in the day seems a bit like biting the hand that rocks the cradle, or whatever the saying is.

* * *

We wanted George Saintsbury to write us an article and we called up his American publisher to get his address. We were told over the telephone by someone who seemed to speak with authority that "Mr. Saintsbury died more than a year ago". This mortified us to death. Here we were getting out a literary magazine and did not know that one of the chief adornments of English letters was dead. It wouldn't do to let that get out. We hung our head in shame and cautioned everybody from secretary to office-boy not to let the world know of our humiliation. Then we began to think that if Saintsbury had died we surely must have heard something about it. We called up Marianne Moore of the *Dial*. What a relief! She told us that she had heard from Mr. Saintsbury within a fortnight and that he was very much alive, although he rarely stirred out of his house in Bath. "I will have to warn you," said Miss Moore, "that Saintsbury does all his own typing and he does it very badly, with one finger. You will have to get his stuff re-typed. Some time ago an American magazine editor ordered an article from him and when the article came in sent it back to him for re-typing. Mr. Saintsbury destroyed the article and never sent the editor another one."

* * *

This Count Keyserling is certainly an amazing clown. First he declines an invitation by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst to a luncheon in honor of Emil Ludwig on the ground that he had "no desire to meet Emil Ludwig" and then he exacts as a condition under which he will appear at a gathering in California that there shall be plenty of cuties present and plenty of champagne. I was at Mrs. Hearst's party and I didn't miss the Count: nearly everybody else was there, and even if he had been present my eyes would have been on Mrs. Hearst and Jane Cowl and Ina Claire and not on the Count and his goatee, for those ladies are something to look at, whereas the only thing interesting about the looks of the Count is his full set of gold teeth. The only other person I ever saw who had as much gold in his mouth was a coon crap-shooter in Memphis, Tennessee. I was glad to see that "Uppy" Sinclair crashed the row and got himself some space in the papers by sending an open letter to the Count (and to the newspapers) saying that he had declined to meet Keyserling because the Count was an alien who had openly defied the laws of our country. "Uppy" certainly is a card. B. R.

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THE SEAMY SIDE

By Burton Rascoe

HOME TO HARLEM. *By Claude McKay. Harpers. $2.50.*
PERVERSITY. *By Francis Carco. Translated by Ford Madox Ford. Covici. $2.50.*
ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT. *By James Stephens. Macmillan. $2.00.*

"HOME to Harlem" is a book to invoke pity and terror, which is the function of tragedy, and to that extent—that very great extent—it is beautiful. It is hard to convey to the reader the impression this novel leaves upon the mind, just as it is hard to convey the impression that a blues-song leaves upon the mind. One reads, one hears and the heart is touched.

Out of his individual pain, Claude McKay, the poet, has fashioned his lyrics; and out of his impersonal sorrow he has written a fine novel. "Home to Harlem" is a story involving the lives led by the lost generation of colored folk in the teeming Negro metropolis north of One Hundred and Tenth Street, New York. It is a story not of the successful Negroes who have done well in the trades and professions and have built themselves homes, sent their children to school, and engaged in civil and social pursuits of a sober and respectable nature: it is the story of the serving class—longshoremen and roustabouts, house-maids and Pullman porters, waiters and wash-room attendants, cooks and scullery maids, "dime-snatchers", and all those who compensate for defeat in life in a white man's world by a savage intensity among themselves at night.

Most of the scenes of "Home to Harlem" are in the cabarets and gin-mills where jazz bands stir the blood to lust in an atmosphere as orgiastic as a pagan Saturnalia. But there are scenes, too, on railroads dining-cars where cooks and waiters have scant respect for Pullman porters and feuds are carried on between chef and pantry-man. And there are scenes in buffet flats and in the barrack quarters for railroad employees in Pittsburgh and in the small rooms for which a steep rent is paid in over-congested Harlem.

"Home to Harlem" is not a novel in the conventional sense. The only conflict in the mind of Jake, the hero, is as to whether he will keep on working at whatever insecure, underpaid drudgery he can find to do on the docks, in the stoke-hole of a steamer and in dining-cars or turn his handsome body and good looks into the shameful asset of a "sweet-man", kept in luxury on the earnings of a woman. The only conflict of wills engaged in by the hero is when he takes a girl away from his former buddy, and anger and hate flare into being, with drawn gun and open razor. When the book closes and he is going away to Chicago with the girl to start life anew, he is the same wondering, indecisive being he was in the beginning, who "preferred the white folks' hatred to their friendly contempt" and found a sinister satisfaction in the fact that the white man is too effete to know the sensual pleasures of the blacks.

Jake's meagre story is drowned in the humid colors of Harlem life and his individuality gives way before the startling presence of the "Rhinoceros", "Gin-head Susy", Madame Laura and the Yaller Prince. Even the educated Ray, toward whose education and refinement Jake has an admiring deference, seems somehow to come to life more strongly than the figure of the illiterate longshoreman. The "Rhinoceros" was a dining-car chef who was a martinet loathed by his underlings for his efficiency as well as for his honesty and eccentricity. The "Rhinoceros" "had a violent distaste for all the stock things that 'coons' are supposed to like to the point of stealing them. He would not eat watermelon, because white men called it 'the niggers' ice-cream'. Pork chops he fancied not. Nor corn pone. And the idea of eating chicken gave him a spasm".

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After a long feud, one day the "Rhinoceros" called the pantry-man a "bastard-begotten dime-snatcher", which rankled, because the pantry-man was illegitimate; and the revenge he planned and executed against the "Rhinoceros" is one of the most engaging episodes in the book.

"Gin-head Susy" paid for her men and would not let them waste energy in work, and Madame Laura ran a house in 'Philly' and was treated like a *grande dame* in the shops on Fifth Avenue, and the Yaller Prince wore nigger-brown clothes and yellow spats and got his crap-money and his keep from a woman who guarded her dark-skinned property with a possessive and vindictive eye.

The language of "Home to Harlem", whether Mr. McKay is setting forth dialogue in a perfect transcription of Negro slang and dialect or is telling his story in the Negro idiom, is a constant joy. A big black buck "lazied" down the street; another chap is "sissified"; Aunt Hattie remarks concerning some imported liquor offered her, "Ef youse always so eye-filling drinking it, it might ginger up mah bones some", and a sadistic yellow-brown girl inciting her new lover to attack her former lover cries "Hit him, Obadiah! Hit him I tell you. Beat his mug up foh him, beat his mug and bleed his mouf! Bleed his mouf! Two-faced yaller nigger, you does ebery low-down thing, but you nevah done a lick of work in you lifetime. Show him, Obadiah. Beat his face and bleed his mouf".

Mr. McKay is not at all solicitous toward his reader. He makes no case, he pleads no cause, he asks no extenuation, and he doesn't explain his idiomatic phrases. There is no glossary at the end of the book as there was to Carl Van Venchten's "Nigger Heaven"; and the unsophisticated happily will read whole pages of this novel depicting the utmost moral degradation without ever knowing what it is about. And this is just as well.

"Perversity", like "Home to Harlem" deals with life in the lower depths. It is the story of obscure urgencies for love, dominance and sensual satisfaction among people to whom the profoundest fact in life is the need for money. It is the story of a boy, his sister who is a prostitute, and her sustainer in a mean street in Paris. It is a story of abnormalities, of hideous and distorted lives, and yet there is enough of simple humanity in it to make it a drama in which the most blameless can feel the emotion of recognition. The abnormal, of course, is never a dissociation from the normal but an exaggeration of it or of one phase of it.

Take the ingredients of "Perversity". A youth lives in the same house with his sister, whom he loves with brotherly affection. His vitality is low; he has never been in love with anyone; his life is one of arduous toil from which sleep is the only satisfaction he gets. For a long time he refuses to inquire into his sister's way of supporting herself, and even when he begins to suspect that this way is not honorable he deadens his thoughts with an indifference which he finds easy to maintain because he has the mind of a slug.

His sister takes as lover and sustainer a brawny and sadistic sailor who supplies some pitiable need that she requires to keep going. The brother discovers the relationship and it pains him. He can do nothing about it really, since he earns barely enough to support himself; and his sister's destiny is for her to work out, because the need of money for meagre food and shelter is paramount to both of them. No less, the brother takes a moral attitude toward the man who lives upon his sister's earnings and who has supplanted him in his sister's affections.

The sailor takes a dislike to the brother as intense as the brother has for him. He soon finds that the brother is a craven. He plays upon this. It gives him a psychic satisfaction. The fear that he is able to inspire in the brother is more pleasurable to him than his relationship with the sister. He beats the sister and betrays her with her money without complete relief for his perverse feelings; and then he proceeds to torture the brother with a knife. He stabs him and draws copious blood in a revolting scene. The craven brother procures a revolver for revenge and shoots the sister in an hysterical conflict of resolve and fear wherein he had planned to murder the sailor.

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This climax saves the story from utter drabness—a drabness that is intensely dramatic nevertheless. When that poor, harried girl responds to the call for help from her distracted brother in his tortured delirium and crumples beneath the insane fusillade of bullets meant for the person who had tortured them both, there goes through the heart of the reader a terrific wave of pity.

"Etched in Moonlight" is a collection of seven short stories by an elfin master of phantasy, humor and poignancy. They are not Stephens at his best, for he is a great genius and these stories are sketches set down without having been thoroughly thought out. But slight as they are in revealing to the reader, unacquainted with Stephens's work, the quality of that Irish *raconteur*, they are better than most of the stories you would be likely to find in any given collection.

Except when he is re-telling the stories of Irish folklore, Stephens's people have a peculiar characteristic. The wives are always shrewish, voluble and practical, and the husbands are always easy-going, ineffectual, child-like and charming. He writes of humble folk, and about them he is always philosophic. "There are meek people, poor people, cowards; and they are meek and poor and cowardly because they want urgently something or other. The man who has a desire is condemned to be a slave; and he shall have outgrown his desires before he attains it. But the like breeds the like, and he will find a new desire in time to prevent him losing the other fetter. He is obedient, and he is the backbone and prop of all tyrannies and systems of tyrannies. On thy belly shalt thou go, and God help us! our heads are full of bellies."

Stephens excels in description: "His ears were put on so unhandily that you might have sworn he put them on himself, and a glance told you that he was an unhandy man"; and of a drunken man, "He took two steps to the left, then two steps to the right, then he took one step in front—and then he halted again; readjusted his nose to the compass; spat on his hands and had another try at it", and "Now and then he tried to kick out of his path a rock that was eight feet deep and twenty feet round; now and again he waved a bush from the road with the gesture of one who will be obeyed. But he was cheerful, he was tolerant, and when these objects refused to budge he went round them and laughed at their discomfiture. 'They,' he said, 'would never think of going round me' ".

Franciana and Other Items

ANATOLE FRANCE ABROAD. *By Jean-Jacques Brousson. Translated by Pollock. Robert McBride & Co. $5.00.*

PREFACES, INTRODUCTIONS AND OTHER UNCOLLECTED PAPERS. *By Anatole France. Translated with a foreword and notes by J. Lewis May. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.*

THE GREAT AMERICAN BANDWAGON. *By Charles Merz. John Day Co. $3.00.*

JEAN-JACQUES BROUSSON, for many years Anatole France's secretary, is also France's most conscientious and most gifted Boswell. There have been others who were foresighted enough to take down things they heard France say—Paul Gsell, Nicholas Ségur and Michel Corday—but none of them had the special advantages enjoyed by Brousson. He was France's friend and confidant as well as his secretary. He was with him at all hours of the day. He saw and heard him in negligée and when he was quarrelling with Mme de Caillavet. He kept pests away from France when France was engaged in writing and he heard what France said about his visitors after their backs were turned. He dug up material for France in the library and protected him in his efforts to deceive Mme de Caillavet about the way he spent his hours. During all this time, nothing escaped him. When the master was cross or brilliant, amiable or full of spleen, benign or grumpy, Brousson faithfully set down his comments or complaints in words that are preserved to us now. They have the very flavor of France's writings.

In this second book of records of France's private conversation we have mainly to do with that disastrous period when he went to the Argentine to lecture. France and Madame de Caillavet had been getting on each other's nerves and there had been some

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frightful scenes with recriminations. M. de Caillavet had lost money on the Bourse and Mme de Caillavet had suggested in a moment of pique that France should take thought of contributing something to the support of the household where he had so long planted his feet under the table. Besides that she was jealous; and, certainly if we are to believe Brousson, with ample cause. Things were getting as bad as they had been when France was married and had to suffer the presence of his wife's dressmaking dummy in his study against his frequently expressed wishes—one night, returning to his house with Jules Lemaître he had found the dummy in his study once more and had smashed it and thrown it down into the courtyard.

Having a lecture engagement offered him in South America, France accepted it, although he knew he was no good as a lecturer—anything to get away from those nerve-wracking scenes. He took Brousson along with him and prepared to lecture about Rabelais, a most unfortunate choice of subject. Aboard ship he fell in love with a French actress on the way to the Argentine, and when they landed allowed her to be received with him as Madame France. A rich man gave them the run of his mansion and the actress converted it into a sort of free roadhouse. She and her friends drank up all of their host's wines and ate him out of house and home. The whole thing was a great scandal. Added to this was the fact that France talked badly on the platform and his lectures were flops—even before men, because the Latin women, with their severe ideas of propriety, refused to attend the lectures. A clipping got back to Mme de Caillavet about "M. and Mme France" being honored at some reception. This gave her the hysterics. When France got back he heard some things to his disadvantage.

France blamed Brousson. Mme de Caillavet had never liked Brousson anyhow, because she knew that Brousson aided France in his attempts to deceive her. So Brousson got the boot.

Brousson never recovered from the humiliation. In this new book he is very bitter about France. He writes a chapter summing up France's characteristics, calling him unfaithful, disloyal, self-centered, and whatnot. He says that France never knew what it was to love anyone or what it meant to be a friend to anyone; that he was hypocritical, sensual and dishonest; that he talked about the women he had won with indiscretion and was guiltless of any impulse toward an unselfish act.

I don't think we are justified in taking too much stock in all this vituperation. Brousson is working off his anger. Meanwhile he has presented us with a book that is vastly entertaining and one which throws France's character into strong relief. There is not much chance that the world will ever see France's like again. His gift, in private life, was to see the essential humor of every situation, even when it involved himself, and to make the most of it in graceful comment, embellished with erudite anecdote. In his old age he was garrulous but there was wit in his garrulity. Dignity, pomposity, pretention awed him not, and he was ever at pains to show the essential absurdity of anything too elevated for the structure supporting it. He knew that people went to the Cluny museum largely to see but one small and rather indelicate exhibit and so he entertained a theory that the famous *ceintures de chasteté* were not devised for the purpose alleged but that they were orthopedic braces. He told his friend, the curator of the museum, that his pet treasure was false; whereupon the curator answered, according to France, that if he chucked out everything that was fake in the collection under his care nothing would be left but the curator himself. Membership in the French Academy, according to France, was worth attaining only because it accorded one the privilege of violating the laws of etiquette, morality and common sense. As a member of the Academy, he pointed out, he could attend the opera in dressing-gown and bed-room slippers and it would only be accounted a charming eccentricity; he could make love indiscreetly in the Bois and when disturbed by a policeman he needed only to show his card reading *"de l'Académie française"* and be let off with the suggestion that it would be wise for the lady to wear black petticoats instead of red in future, since red

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is a conspicuous color and attracts the eyes of the little ones.

What this new book contributes most to an understanding of France are the several passages in which France talks about Renan. There can be no doubt that *Le Livre de mon ami* and its successors were suggested by Renan's *Souvenirs de ma jeunesse* and, in fact, the whole tone and temper of France's book owes much to its predecessor. But whereas France was the culmination of the line which began with Montaigne and extended through Renan, it undoubtedly gave him the pip to be constantly reminded of it. It is amusing to compare the essay on Renan and the address on the centenary of Ernest Renan in "Prefaces, Introductions and Other Uncollected Papers" with France's remarks in private in regard to Renan as set down by Brousson. He hated to be told that he derived from Renan, and this warped his attitude toward Renan's work. Renan, he said, was always a seminarist and his familiarity with the Deity was offensive. He quoted passages to show that Renan slapped God on the back and nudged Him in the ribs. This was a lapse of taste, according to France, which only a seminarist could display.

Whatever attracted J. Lewis May to Anatole France is one of those mysteries past all solving. It is as inexplicable as would be the fact that a Salvation Army sergeant had attached himself to Tex Rickard and resolved to be his biographer. May's attitude toward life is that of a secretary of the Epworth League in some happy hamlet in the shadows of the Appalachians and his literary qualifications are about equally impressive. For all of France's most important work he has a pained apology, as if he had said, "I wish he had never written those books". He says that, in effect, about "Penguin Island" and "The Revolt of the Angels". May is a Deist, a correct and proper fellow, and a worshipper of eminence. France was an agnostic, a skeptic, a natural man, and one who regarded all his peers in eminence and himself as low comedians.

Yet May went to live with France at France's country home, La Béchellerie, and wrote the first "official" biography of France in English. That book was the apotheosis of ineptitude. For all that it revealed about France that was not already known, it might have been a biography of the Aakoond of Swat. It contained but a bare reference to France's first marriage (an event in France's life that had a great influence on his work) and it avoided all mention of Mme de Caillavet.

Even as the years go by, Mr. May seems to learn nothing. It must be taken that he has not read anything about France since he wrote his own biography of France. In the note that precedes the preface to *Les Plaisirs et les jours* by Marcel Proust, Mr. May says: "In this preface to one of Marcel Proust's earliest books Anatole France speaks in terms of high eulogy of the author. His views subsequently underwent considerable modification".

It is high time Mr. May should learn that it has been definitely established that Mme de Caillavet wrote that preface and that Anatole France signed it. Mme de Caillavet was always having a lot of young literary aspirants around and was always coming to France to give them a leg up in the world by writing prefaces to their first books. France, though amiable in such matters, could not be bothered. If he acceeded to every request he would have spent most of his time writing prefaces and would have had very little time for anything else. Proust had come to Mme de Caillavet with the formidable introduction of Count Robert Montesquiou-Fezensac, a ruler of Boulevard St. Germain society, for which Mme de Caillavet had proper respect. She promised to procure a preface to his book by Anatole France. France had no sympathy with young Proust's writings, the syntax of which confused him, and he neglected to write the preface Mme de Caillavet had promised. Madame was punctilious about carrying out promises and presented a preface which France probably tinkered with a bit and signed. It is my belief that France wrote in the most striking phrase of the preface (he could have done it without reading Proust), which reads: "In him there is something of a depraved Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and

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an ingenuous Petronius". Maybe not. Maybe Mme de Caillavet wrote the whole thing. But the fact is that Mr. May should know by now that France never modified his views about the writings of Marcel Proust. He said very definitely that he liked simple declarative sentences with no bastard stops or semi-colons and that he could not make head nor tail of Proust's syntax. That does not reflect upon France or upon Proust. France was of one literary tradition and Proust of another. But Mr. May should know facts that have been repeated over and over again.

There is not much in the new volume of hitherto uncollected and untranslated papers that Mr. May had got together which will interest the average reader; but it is a book that students of France will have to have. That is a great pity.

Charles Merz thinks of the American scene as a nightmare and in his "The Great American Bandwagon" he has written a fantasia on the headlines of the newspapers, chiefly the tabloids. He writes in a staccato style to convey the phantasmagorical impressions that are dinned into his consciousness day and night. And to read the book through is not only to get the heebie-jeebies but to come away, I think, with a false impression of the hurry-scurry of American life.

As a matter of fact there are a tremendous lot of us in this country of one hundred and fifteen million whose daily excitements, even in urban communities, are limited to a routine which consists of: arising at 7:45, eating breakfast in dressing-gown, unshaved and with hair awry; shaving and dressing, buying the morning paper and reading it in on the train, working until one, grabbing a quick lunch, working until five, catching the suburban train out at Grand Central or the Pennsylvania, dozing on the train, being met at the station by our wife-chauffeur, eating dinner, listening to the radio, playing anagrams or poker, and retiring early to bed.

There are others, of course, fortunate fellows who flit here and there, chucking Texas Guinan under the chin at three in the morning, buzzing about from theater to night-club, winking at this girl and that, shaking hands with Otto Kahn, dancing at the Frivolity, ending up at Louis's or the Florence, and breakfasting the next noon at the Algonquin; but there are few of us who are in such enviable circumstances—if you call them enviable.

For myself I am out of this sort of running and haven't even time for those joys Mr. Merz records as prevalent in the countryside—whooping it up at the hot-dog stands, carrying a flask at country-club jamborees, reading all the tabloid stories about the dissections of infants, sitting in on the trials of the Halls-Mills case and the Gray-Snyder case, and rooting for "Red Grange" in a professional match; but I am glad to see that other fellows in this broad, happy land are having some joy. I think it is very unkind of Mr. Merz to poke fun at them. He sets us up, who are not getting in on all this; but what are we few against so many?

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THE KEY TO MODERNIST PAINTING

By John Gould Fletcher

CÉZANNE: A STUDY OF HIS DEVELOPMENT. *By Roger Fry. Macmillan. $3.50.*
CÉZANNE. *By Julius Meier-Graefe. Scribners. $25.00.*

IN his recent "History of Modern Painting", Mr. Frank Jewett Mather has remarked "Cézanne is the key to modernist painting". And, further, "Is he just an interesting character, and a stalwart experimentalist, or a great artist? The answer to these questions is crucial". These sentences are perfectly just. Anyone who accepts the advanced painting of the present day accepts it ultimately through Cézanne alone. Compared to his enormous influence the influence of Van Gogh and Gauguin, who also regarded themselves as pioneers, is a vain and petty affair. The old recluse of Aix is the acknowledged father of a school, or rather of half a dozen schools. Cubism, Expressionism, Constructivism, Vorticism, even Futurism—all start from Cézanne.

It is therefore a good sign that there should now appear in English, not one, but two books on this artist. And it is interesting to note that one of these books is produced for a popular, while the other is obviously intended for a small and select, audience. For the great masters of art belong not only to the cultured minority, but to all mankind. If Cézanne is such a master, it is right that his work and influence should be as widely spread as possible. If he is not, it is for those whose views on art are opposed to his to speak out openly. The publication of these two books will force everyone to make up his mind concerning a life and work of peculiar, even of unique importance.

The life of Cézanne is generally supposed to have been uneventful. In reality it was a tragedy of the utmost complexity and obscurity. Compared to his career, the more picturesque careers of Gauguin and Van Gogh are comparatively simple and easy to understand. But what are we to make of the son of the bourgeois banker of a small provincial town, who becomes fired with the ambition to paint, goes up to Paris at twenty-one, returns home disillusioned, continues to paint in a style that shocks everybody, returns to Paris, quarrels alike with official art and with the advanced guard of the day, returns home in disgust, completely alters his style and subject matter at thirty-three, exhibits with the Impressionists at the height of their fame, makes no effect on anyone, and retires to complete solitude for the remainder of his life? And when one considers that all this record of outward failure—for it was only at sixty-three that Cézanne had any acclaim—was complicated with a temperament of such a sensitive order that, in old age, this man could never endure even the touch of a friendly hand upon his shoulder, that he destroyed canvasses in ruthless fury at the slightest suspicion of a derogatory remark, and yet continued to struggle, one is faced with a problem of enormous dimensions.

Cézanne's art was the exact counterpart of his career—as has been the case with every great artist (and most small artists) the world over. That it was made more difficult to understand by the fact that Cézanne, like every good modern artist, had to struggle against the current of popular art in his time is merely a side issue, of which Meier-Graefe makes far too much. Yet this conception of a man battling against a whole epoch for a more dignified, honorable and responsible rôle than either the Salon artists or the Impressionists were ready to grant him, is a better one than the conception of Mr. Roger Fry, who almost asserts, in his dislike of his hero's violent early romanticism, that Cézanne had no right to have an imagination at all. Both Meier-Graefe and Mr. Fry suggest a psychologic comparison with another great suppressed Romantic,

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Flaubert, but there the likeness between them stops.

Mr. Fry goes on to analyze minutely the technique of various pictures, dropping meanwhile such remarks as "the earthly paradises of the romantic school had ceased to be convincing"; "Cézanne could not create masterpieces while he persisted in struggling against the current of his genius" (apropos of the period from 1861 to 1873); "Every artist who is destined to arrive at the profounder truths requires an exceptional humility" (what about Michaelangelo, El Greco, or Blake?); or, apropos of "The Cardplayers", "There is here no appeal to any poetical association of ideas or sentiments—it is a triumph of that pictorial probity which it is the glory of modern art in France to have asserted". Mr. Fry's assertion that pictorial probity forbids the artist to have any poetical sentiments at all —not alone the sentiments of Puvis, Chasserian and Watts, who are here rated inferior in monumental quality to Cézanne, but even the sentiment of Giotto, if you like, or Rembrandt, Daumier or Hogarth—is surely a sweeping one. All that we have to do, then, is to burn the Metropolitan, destroy the Louvre, and paint nothing but apples on a plate for the rest of our lives. And indeed this prospect seems to delight Mr. Fry, inasmuch as he declares elsewhere that it is a pity we do not possess a series of still-lifes painted by Raphael!

In distinction to this unimaginative and academic treatment of the anti-academic Cézanne, Herr Meier-Graefe tends to stress the Gothic and romantic qualities of his subject's temperament. That he does not altogether succeed in making his account clear is due partly to errors by his translator and partly to faulty proof-reading. His thesis, as I have indicated, is that Cézanne was born when great painting, in the Renaissance sense, was no longer possible. Delacroix had already exhausted the tradition, and the future was for realists like Courbet, intelligent *pasticheurs* of taste like Manet, or crude and simple impressionists like Monet. Cézanne unfortunately fitted into none of these categories. He was, if one may allow the paradox, a romanticist with strongly classical leanings. His ideals were Virgil and later Delacroix. But some remote northern strain in him warped this tendency, and made of him a sort of monster, always poised between Rembrandt and Grünewald on the one hand, and Poussin and Chardin on the other. Thus he became, not an eclectic, but a primitive—"the sole primitive of the way I have discovered", as he calls himself in one of his later letters. Meier-Graefe rightly emphasizes the great importance of the early Cézanne, the Cézanne of before 1872, in this development. In pictures like "The Pasha", or the "Landscape with Sail", or the "Dinner on the Grass" we have already all the qualities of the mature artist plus a self-confident fury of assertion which is later totally lacking. All that the study of Impressionism and the influence of Pissarro could add was a heightened palette, and a substitution, for the free sweep of baroque brush-work, of niggling thin touches of paint. The early Cézanne is eloquent, the later Cézanne stammers. For the early Cézanne one might say, in the words of Fuseli, "Nature puts me out"; the other is fettered and bound and cannot get free from nature. And yet all through his life, this painter strove, as even Mr. Fry will admit, to produce a great imaginative canvas: an Earthly Paradise, a Temptation of Anthony, a Don Quixote alternating with apples on the plate and Montagne San Victoires.

Even Meier-Graefe therefore, in his eagerness to make Cézanne greater than the ages which fathered him, fails to bring out the strange duality of this man's temperament. For the duality was not altogether between Gothic romanticism and chastened classicism, nor was it altogether between an unbridled and intractable temperament and a sort of inner humility, as Mr. Fry insists. The fact of the matter is that Cézanne was singularly great and petty at the same time. Great in that he persisted; in that he went on painting despite contempt and neglect; in that he made his own path, showed us that even nature and natural fact cannot be painted simply by trusting to the eye, but must be absorbed, transmuted, built into architectural form; so that every work of art, even a still-

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life, or a study of a tree, has to recreate through the mind a whole range of facts, and shape them in rhythmic and ordered sequence. Petty, because he was afraid of others, and after his first failure at Paris afraid even of himself; because he was, as Mr. Fry says, a man without a skin; because he shrank from life instead of transcending it.

He was bourgeois in everything but his painting, and his own painting he affected to despise. Perhaps, Meier-Graefe adds, he despised all painting; and after 1880 would have been glad to have seen the Louvre destroyed and the works of others treated as he treated his own; abandoned in the fields or given to his young son, with orders to cut out doors and windows from the buildings in the picture. But that, too, is petty, and however great Cézanne's approach through patient assimilation of means to a synthetic and ordered conception of reality may be, no artist has the right to despise his own life-work on which he has launched all the intelligence he possesses. Least of all in our own day, when every artist with a conscience has to undergo martyrdom to do anything. The key to Cézanne's blend of truculence and timidity is to be found in his own self-portraits, with their aggressive beards and chins and suspicious, sneering eyes. Why this expression was never charmed away and a happier one substituted we can perhaps also surmise. Perhaps Zola's early defection from friendship was in part to blame; but more certainly Madame Cézanne was also responsible. That bovine and perfectly uncomprehending face, painted so often, must have duly served to doubly irritate the splendid misogynist's rage against the whole world of womankind.

Yes, Cézanne was great and petty; a failure and a genius at the same time. And his temperamental peculiarity has resulted in all that is really questionable in modern art. For the trouble with modern art is not that it is incompetent, or barbaric, or childish, or mad, as the Academicians assert: the trouble with it is that like everything else in our unfortunate age it lacks altogether any scale of values. If a well-painted plate of apples is as great as Delacroix's "Medea Sacrificing her Children", and is as great also as Michaelangelo's Sybils or Rembrandt or Picasso in any one of his phases, then chaos is come again. "There is nothing so like a daub as a masterpiece," said Gauguin—precisely, but do we want daubs or masterpieces, or do we want painting at all? That is the question Cézanne has left us to settle, and he has given us no answer to it except this: that he neither signed nor dated any of his pictures except some of the earliest, and one of the latest, for posterity.

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MODERN FINE BOOKS

By Paul Johnston

SEVERAL years ago, with a little quiet after the war, certain people turned back to creative work in the art of book making. Carrying on with the heritage left them by William Morris, it is no wonder that their efforts received attention almost immediately.

In England, in 1920, Robert Gibbings set up the Golden Cockerel Press with the expressed intention of producing books of the finest craftsmanship, and of developing an art in the use of the wood-engraving for illustration and decoration. Since that time editions of varying distinction have been coming steadily from his press. He has recently published an exciting one of Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* ($50.00), with wood-cut illustrations by Eric Gill. This ambitious work received condemnation as well as praise in both England and America. We grant that the book is not perfect, but with books, as with humans, perfection can be the greatest fault. We might say that an occasional wood-cut is a trifle too black for the page of type against which it appears, that the paper may be the least bit transparent, that the design of the binding is perhaps inferior to the workmanship of it; but on the whole the "Troilus and Criseyde" is beautiful and remarkable in the quality of its construction. We should not hesitate to grant that it establishes the Golden Cockerel Press as one of the most important of our time, and Eric Gill among the best of illustrators.

Three other books come from this press this season; *The Twelve Moneths*, by Nicholas Breton ($7.00), *The True History of Lucian of Samosata* ($25.00), *The Chester Play of the Deluge* ($12.00), are all delightful editions. "The True History of Lucian" is especially nice. Here the Greek text is set to make a double page border for the English text, and occasionally a wood-engraving appears in the border, sometimes two on facing pages. It is out-of-the-ordinary touches such as these which indicate the value of the press's craftsmanship.

A few years later the work of the Nonesuch Press was started under the direction of Francis Meynell, who has also designed their books. This press acknowledges the passing of the age of the handicrafts, and welcomes the age of the machinecrafts. With the intention of producing beautiful work all kinds of modern printing machinery have been used, and a record of almost fifty superb issues demonstrates the fact that an art is possible to achieve through machinery.

All of the Nonesuch books are manifestly commendable; no one of them stands out as being better than any other the press has produced. There will be conflicting opinion regarding *The Temple*, by George Herbert ($12.50), published in the winter. Some will say this is certainly the finest thing the press has yet issued. With its original tapestry binding, its delicately colored paper, the Janson type so admirably set, the harmony of type, paper and binding, it is truly very imposing; but compare it with the "Paradoxes and Problems of John Donne", the "Cowley", or the "Milton", and it immediately takes its proper place.

A most amusing item from the Nonesuch Press is James Laver's *A Stitch in Time, or Pride Prevents a Fall* ($1.50). At first this seems to be a reprint of some eighteenth-century poem, but perusal reveals it to be modern and sophisticated, cast in the rhyme and rhythm of the eighteenth century. The result is quaintly humorous.

The Seasons, by James Thompson ($8.50), is the usual Nonesuch Press book, which is to say it is charming in every way.

The Nonesuch edition of Dante's *Divine Comedy* with forty double-page illustrations by Botticelli ($46.00), is a characteristic example of the undertakings of the press. The simple dignity of the title-page, the ab-

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sence of over-embellishment, the skillfully handled text pages, all combine to make this an imposing tome. The various problems met with in preparing this book for printing have probably been solved with no little difficulty, yet there is not the slightest evidence of labor in the finished work. Casually this might be considered an easy gesture in typographic art—actually it is a great achievement.

Voltaire's *The Princess of Babylon* ($6.00) —the most recent offering—is an elegant little volume, which the collector will cherish highly. It is the modesty of the Nonesuch Press books that indicates their worth. There are no frilleries among them, no gaudy doodabs. They are marked throughout as sound book-designing, they are made of lasting substance. It is true they take their place firmly in the traditions of the art, but they take it distinctly as a modern contribution.

Peter Davies is an English publisher who has issued some books which will attract the attention of the collector. He is, to be sure, a commercial publisher, and has made little pretence of calling his enterprise a fine press, but the few books which he presents as being remarkable in execution bear evidence of the care taken in their preparation.

A lavender edition of Yorick's *Sentimental Journey* ($8.50), was sent out by Peter Davies in the winter. It could either be considered lovely as an accomplishment in romantic book-designing, or very unlovely as being seemingly over-sentimental in treatment. The book with its lavender binding and lavender illustrations is almost too fastidious.

M. John Bocace's *Thirteen Most Pleasaunte and Delectable Questions* ($8.50), is a much more remarkable book. Simplicity is its keynote. Here is the woven texture which is one of the few beauties a page of type may claim, and one so rarely attained in this day of machine setting. The type is the Dutch face cut by Peter Schoeffer, probably the oldest face in use, for its cutter died in 1500. Further, it is the first time this face has ever been used in a book in English.

The Oxford University Press is the oldest of established English presses; started in 1585, it has been in continuous operation ever since. It has always maintained some regard for the typographic elements of its books, and today we find some of its work among the best produced. Sometime between 1667 and 1672 a Dr. John Fell presented the press with the punches, which he had imported from Holland, for the type which bears his name. It is in this type that most of the exceptional editions of the press have been printed. Presently we have the *Letters of Sir Thomas Bodley* ($7.00) to his librarian, and we can again appreciate the rugged irregularity of the hand-cut letter called the Fell type. Typographically the book is delightful from title-page to index—literally it should be of interest to anyone who cares to read about the early days of the Bodleian Library.

Gerald Howe is evidently a new publisher, two of whose books have just come to our attention. *The Examples of San Bernardino* ($4.00) is set in the Poliphilus type, and reproduces in a modern way an early style of type arrangement. The illustrations by Robert Austin are somewhat in the manner of the wood-cuts in the Hypnerotomachia Poliphili, printed by Aldus in 1499. The book is on hand-made paper and tastefully bound in real vellum. Less antiquated, and as a result more lively in effect, is the charming *Anacreon* ($8.50). Here also vellum is used for the binding and the delicate effect is satisfying.

In America the movement for the production of fine books has been quite as evident as in England. The brothers Johnson have set up the Windsor Press in San Francisco. *The Ballads of Francois Villon* ($15.00), *The Letter of Columbus to Louis de Santangel Concerning His Voyage to the Indies* ($8.00), and the *Tale of the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche* ($12.00), are among their several books. The "Villon" is a fascinating little volume, bound in paper vellum, limp covers, which bespeaks France at sight or touch. The type is the Morris Chaucer, distinctly antique in character. The type in "The Letter of Columbus" is the Incunabula, which is surprisingly easy to read, and lends charm to the page. The "Cupid and Psyche" is set in Goudy's Antique face,

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gracefully arranged, and very neatly printed. All of these books are pleasant, though slight, contributions to the art of typography. The work of the Windsor Press may be characterized as somewhat archaic, but this cannot be considered a blemish. The character of the texts they have chosen has called for certain traditional elements in their design, but the books are always relieved by their modern traits.

From the Grabhorn Press, which is also in San Francisco, we obtain the *Hymns of Aphrodite* ($6.50), a thin tall book distinctly modern in effect. The title-page is striking, though simple, and the text pages are tastefully set and competently printed. The type is a Dutch face called Lutitia. The folios are noticeably omitted, but why not? In so thin a book they are certainly unnecessary.

A person keenly interested in fine printing and books is Richard Ellis, who has set up the Georgian Press in New York. *B. R., America's Typographic Playboy,* a delightful essay on the lighter side of Bruce Rogers's work, by Carl Purington Rollins ($7.50), is a recent book, the entire edition of which has already been taken up by lovers of fine books. *Voltaire's Essay on the Civil Wars in France* ($15.00), is another of his works, which is very striking in design. The type is large for the size of the page, but the most exciting thing is the size of the folios. There is a distinct tendency toward the typography of the eighteenth century in the title-page, but the text pages, and especially these generously sized folios, are an entirely modern note.

William Edwin Rudge is a printer and publisher who has always taken pride in the quality of the craftsmanship of his work. His books are set and printed in his own establishment, near New York, where every means of expediency is employed to the end of producing competent printing. Until recently many of the Rudge books were designed by Bruce Rogers, and these have always been attractive. His other books, prepared for the press by an unnamed person, or persons, often lack the character his good printing would justify. *The Common-Place Book,* an edition of a note-book of Horace Walpole ($15.00), is an admirable little thing. You open the box, an imitation book, and find therein a book four and a half by two and three quarters inches in size. The manuscript note-book of Horace Walpole is reproduced so exactly that it looks like an original. This is bound into the little book, separated from the rest of the pages by marbled paper. The balance of the book is the text of the manuscript in type. Despite the fact that the little book is pleasant, and the facsimile leaves nothing of accuracy to be desired, we cannot but feel that the great possibilities of such a project have not been realized. In playing too much on the meaning of the word, common-place, a feeling of plainness results, and this plainness is almost unbearable. Compare this with the Nonesuch Press's, "Memoires for My Grand-son", by John Evelyn.

The Bowling Green Press is introduced with *The Making of an Immortal,* by George Moore ($15.00). The book lacks typographic distinction, and it is to be hoped that the future editions of the press will be better.

It may seem strange to close this article without more mention of the work of Bruce Rogers, who has probably the widest reputation of any American typographer. His name is missing from the late Rudge books, while a new concern, Crosby Gaige, announces three of his design for publication in the spring.

To a person acquainted with the constructive differences between book binding and book casing, and aware of the advantages of the former over the latter in strength and durability, it is amazing that only one of the books mentioned here is bound in its whole and original edition. The "Troilus and Criseyde" is, in fact, the first permanently bound book in many years to come from the publisher. The testimony of most of the modern fine books is that the excellence of their design, and the preciousness of their content demands more protection than the ordinary book casing. Hand binding (the "Troilus and Criseyde" is bound by hand) is truly a lost art. Messrs. Sangorski and Sutcliffe, in England, are probably among the few conscientious binders who remain. It is not for us to lament the passing of hand

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binding when we have possibilities for machine-made bindings as strong, and as beautiful. Herein lies the way to make a binding worthy of the fine book, but it cannot be developed by working along the lines of improving the book casing, which can never be more than a shifty substitute for the real thing. The Nonesuch Press, in its recent prospectus, acknowledges the need of improvement in this feature of book construction, and promises to give more particular attention to it in the future. We await the developments, hoping that they will introduce real book binding by machinery.

This essay is not intended to be critical, but declarative. Many books which might have been mentioned have been overlooked because there was little of favor to say of them. Some possessed such a small degree of merit as to warrant indifference, and others were decidedly pretentious hoaxes.

The collector has only his taste and typographic judgment to guide him in his selections, but if these are good he is likely to gather from contemporary work books which he will value for years. He may or may not be interested in the fact that some of them will eventually be worth many times as much as he pays for them. Limited editions, as such, cannot assure him of a book's value, for it lies mainly in the reality of its literary or artistic consequence. There is pleasure in any kind of speculation, to be sure, but the person who buys his books with his own joy of possession in view rather than the likelihood that they will increase in money value, will derive in the end the most satisfaction from his library.

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A Shelf of Recent Books

VIGNETTES OF LIFE
By Paxton Hibben

THE RUSSIAN LAND. *By Albert Rhys Williams. New Republic. $1.00.*

I WAS in the Embassy in St. Petersburg (as they called the place then) when the Hon. William Jennings Bryan arrived on his famous tour of the world. He asked numberless questions. Finally I said, "You know, Mr. Bryan, all of that is in Mackenzie Wallace. You'd save time by reading him".

"Well, you see," said Mr. Bryan, with that engaging candor of his, "I have to write so much I just don't get a chance to read."

That seems to be the difficulty with most of those who write on Russia of late years. They do not follow the public prints, and so are unaware of the abysmal ignorance of the public at large on the subject of Russia since the Revolution (and, for that matter, before it). Even the World Almanac carried until recently the names of Russian Consular Officers in the leading cities of the United States when, as a matter of fact, there had been no diplomatic or consular relations between the two countries for years. One puts aside the latest book on new Russia with the feeling that there isn't a human being left in the place—that every Gaiev, Anna Karinina or Raskolnikov perished in the Revolution, leaving in their place only political polemists and what the Russians of today delight to call "technicians of government". How in the world is one ever to interpret a tremendous revolutionary drama like that of 1917 to Iowa and Los Angeles in terms of programs calling for minima of standardized production with the intention of reaching economic self-sufficiency within a fixed period?

And yet, among a hundred and fifty million people all the little events of life that furnished raw material for Tolstoy and Gorki and Dostievsky must still be going on under the Soviets no less than under the Tsars—"human interest stuff", to make millions tremble to a voice over the radio or thrill at a fade-out on the silver screen. The trick is to catch it and set it down in words.

Who will do it?

Well, not the Russians. Whatever benefits the Revolution may have brought them, they are, today, too absorbed in their new toy of technical education to give a thought to such perennially badly organized and patently inefficient matters as birth, love, death and human weakness. So there have come along one or two Americans to take up the rusting pens of Gogol and Chekov and set down little pictures of Russian life as it is now, that reveal more of the Revolution than a dozen dull histories and cast a ray of light farther into the future than all the calculations of the economic engineers.

Two of these are Anna Louise Strong and Albert Rhys Williams. Specifically, I am enchanted with Williams's "The Russian Land".

First, it is published by *The New Republic* in its admirable series of paper-backed books that are well selected and well printed (this one even has illustrations) for a modest price. And second, Albert Williams is not interested in what the Revolution meant to Lenin or Trotzky—or even to Colonel William J. Burns, late of the Department of Justice. It was no surprise to Lenin or Trotzky either; and if it was to Colonel Burns, it was a glad surprise. Their reactions to the phenomenon possess no human interest.

But to the gentle abbess of the nunnery at Suzdal, Muscovy's ancient capital; to Count Alexander Ottovich Medem, sometime Marshal of Nobility and Lord of many acres; to "Batushka" Popov, the priest of Salvation Village; to the wine-bibbing, dancing Georgians with their kid boots and their corseted waists; to Vlas, the Old Believer; to the snow-bound, mosquito-bitten Karelians of the White Sea—the Russian Revolution came more in the guise of the Day of Judgment than with herald angels singing its

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glory. Their adjustments to it are as tragic or pathetic, as grotesque or heroic as they themselves are one or the other. Here is material out of which a Tolstoy could fashion a dozen volumes to cap "War and Peace" or a Pushkin create a thundering epic.

Albert Rhys Williams has not tried to do either. What he has tried to do—and he has succeeded—is to etch little vignettes of life uprooted but striking newer and younger roots into the soil of spirits reborn in travail and bewilderment, but inextinguishable.

And that, after all, is what revolution is, in Russia or anywhere else. It is also what life is.

PHILOSOPHIES AND RELIGIONS, OLD AND NEW

By Edna Kenton

THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD. *Edited by W. Y. Evans-Wentz. Oxford. $5.50.*
THE LIFE OF BUDDHA. *By A. Ferdinand Herold. A. & C. Boni. $2.50.*
WAS JESUS INFLUENCED BY BUDDHISM? *By Dwight Goddard. Privately printed.*
THE STORY OF BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM: HIS LIFE AND SAYINGS. *Edited by Brian Brown. McKay. $2.50.*
THE STORY OF CONFUCIUS: HIS LIFE AND SAYINGS. *Edited by Brian Brown. McKay. $2.50.*
RELIGIONS PAST AND PRESENT. *By Bertram C. A. Windle. Century. $3.00.*
THE GOSPEL OF SÂDHU SUNDAR SINGH. *By Friedrich Heiler. Oxford. $3.00.*
THE PRIEST AND HIS DISCIPLES. *A Play by Kurata Hyakuzō. Doran. $2.00.*

"THE Tibetan Book of the Dead" is one of the books of the world, and Lāma Kazi Dawa-Samdup's English rendering makes it available to the Anglo-Saxon world. But unfortunately it has been edited so ably as to offer a perfect example of the letter murdering the spirit. There is a Preface, a Description of Illustrations, a Foreword and an Introduction—one hundred pages before we come to the translated Tibetan text, and these pages can be skipped. What cannot be ignored, however, are the Notes to the text—from a quarter to three-fourths of almost every page is over-burdened with them; and they are singularly unilluminating except to the scholiasts. Once upon a time Madame Blavatsky wrote two huge tomes of explanatory text on the "Stanzas of Dzyan", a secret "book of books" consisting of about 500 brief lines. Madame Blavatsky's "The Secret Doctrine" was an interesting book, but no one ever knew how interesting and comparatively simple the "Stanzas of Dzyan" were until some bright mind conceived the idea of extracting the 500 lines of Dzyan from the Blavatsky explanatory notes of an odd million words and publishing them in a little book all to themselves. Perhaps some day, just as compactly, the seventy-five pages of "The Tibetan Book of the Dead" will be bound all to themselves, with almost no notes at all. Until that day, however, this volume, even with its disturbing, impeding notes, is an indispensable addition to any bookshelf of Eastern literature.

A. Ferdinand Herold's "The Life of Buddha" reads less like history or legend than like fiction, although the author's Foreword says emphatically that fiction it is not. But its tone is fictional, which is not at all bad for the primer-class, let us say, of the Western world beginning its study of the Eastern. What has interested the author is just what will interest the primer-class—the embroidered tapestry, the fantastic romance of his subject, rather than its reality. Here are the legends, the loves, the asceticisms, the outer trials and triumphs of Gautama Buddha, but very little of his inner life until the latter half of the book, when some of the delicate fruit of his meditations is given. Here are the familiar though ever delightful parables of the Hermit and the Hare, Padmaka and the Fish, the Crane and the Fish, the Bamboo Grove, and so on. The parables are all right; fairy stories never harmed any one; their vague wisdom is likely to stick in the mind.

Dwight Goddard has published a comparative study of the lives and thoughts of Gautama and Jesus under the major title "Was Jesus Influenced by Buddhism?" According to his thesis, Jesus spent his "lost years" with the semi-Buddhist Essenes, a

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secret order existing from time immemorial, rising now and then into a certain prominence and then sinking back into obscurity. About two centuries before Christ they rose again to purify the already corrupted teaching of the Buddha (who died 483 B.C.), and though there is nothing in this book that will prove Jesus spent his mysterious years with the Essenes before his appearance as a world-teacher, in this it does not differ from any other treatise on that unsolved problem. It has a flaw that will be less serious than humorous a half-century hence: an attempt to "psychoanalyze" Jesus, with a sort of phantasy of his early home-life that could and should have been edited out of the manuscript. The Virgin-Mother realized her child was "odd and abnormal. Is it any wonder that, at times, weary with the care of a large family of step-children, she became, towards Jesus, cross and unappreciative? In his after-life Jesus had little to do with her, and never refers to mother-love. This accounts for Jesus's tendency to make the father-image the symbol of his will-to-power".

"The Story of Buddha and Buddhism: His Life and Sayings" is one of a pair edited by Brian Brown, the companion book being "The Story of Confucius: His Life and Sayings". The Introduction to this third life of Buddha gives clearly and briefly the changes Gautama Buddha brought about in the religion itself. The story of his life is less romantic than the Herold book; then, following a brief discussion of the religion itself come selections from the Buddhist scriptures. This is perhaps the most satisfactory single volume on the Buddha. The companion volume on Confucius follows the same general plan. The second chapter, "His Favorite Disciple's Opinion of Him", is delightful in its colloquial, commonsense point of view of a revered Master. In this volume too are selected parables, maxims, rules of conduct, and, in the last chapter, the Chinese catechism, dialogues between Cu-Su, a disciple of Confucius, and Prince Kou, son of the King of Lou. Altogether, the selections make a very good, simple outline of the Confucian scriptures.

Among suggested sources of religion Bertram C. A. Windle in his "Religions Past and Present" offers this, quoted from Daniel G. Brinton: ". . . the psychic origin of all religious thought is the recognition or, if you please, assumption, that conscious volition is the ultimate source of all force. It is the belief that behind the sensuous, phenomenal world, distinct from it, giving it form, existence, and activity, lies the ultimate, invisible, immeasurable power of Mind, of conscious Will, of Intelligence, analogous in some way to our own; and—mark this essential corollary—that man is in communication with it". This is a promising text for an "Elementary Account of Comparative Religion"—the book's sub-title. But the author had too many notes and he has heaped them on too small a surface. This is a very elementary story indeed of racial beliefs, taboos, magics, superstitions and traditions, scooped out of the multitude of compilations of such things, but it is very far from being even an elementary account of religions past and present, let pass one of comparative religion. Text and title do not belong together.

In Friedrich Heiler's "The Gospel of Sâdhu Sundar Singh", we have another more or less psychoanalytic study of another world-teacher, this time a living one, whose "love to Christ" is explained as "rooted in repressed infantile sex-complexes". This is a contemporary treatise on a contemporary mystic, who has travelled round the world, taught in America, and about whom legends and myths are already in the making. There are sections on prayer, ecstasy, inward peace, the joy of the cross, heaven upon earth, brotherly love; and his religious life as a whole appears to tend more toward the emotional than the reflective type. His biographer is likewise of an enthusiastic temperament. But it is difficult to write the lives of the living, particularly the lives of living mystics.

Kurata Hyakuzō wrote, in 1918, a play called "Shukke to Sono Deshi", which has just been translated from the Japanese by Glenn W. Shaw under the title of "The Priest and his Disciples". Mr. Shaw's introduction to this fine little reading-drama performs the rarely exercised function of really introducing its author. Hyakuzō, it ap-

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pears, studied what he liked, was dismissed from his school, lost two elder sisters, was disappointed in love, fell victim to incurable tubercular infection, almost committed suicide, then turned right about face and decided to live it out. Just after facing death and accepting life he wrote this play around the lives of Shinran Shōnin, a Japanese world-teacher of the thirteenth century, and his disciples. It is an astonishingly mature work for a young man of twenty-six, until we remember that Hyakuzō had in effect "died" before he wrote it. His translator tells us that this is not "the historical Shinran. . . . He has simply taken a great and admired teacher whose heart looks to him like his own, and without violent wrenching, made him the vehicle for the expression of his own convictions". This is putting the tone of the play into a sentence. The tone is simple, sincere, lucid.

AMERICANS SEEKING THEMSELVES

By Sydney Greenbie

AMERICA FINDING HERSELF. *Volume II in "Our Times". By Mark Sullivan. Scribners. $5.00.*

WITH the key sentence: "Time is a judge that takes no account of novelty", in his mind, Mr. Sullivan has by a complete violation of his own philosophy achieved the success for which he is being acclaimed. He has dug up out of the grave of time every novelty he could discover, and by treating them all as if they were the news of this morning he has given them so much life that time will never be able to kill them. He has taken the past sixty years of American life and, by attention to all the little things that historians either entirely overlook or smother in generalized though erudite phrases, he has shown us the component elements out of which "Our Times" were made. The songs sung in school, the geographies studied, the histories memorized, the gestures when making an oration, the spelling-bees, the games, the sentiments, the exercises, the political battles, the industrial struggles and developments, the trust-making and trust-busting, the clang of Roosevelt before and after office, the thawing of the water-pump in the yard, the horseless carriage and the corsetted busts and bustles—the vast accretion of little prides and great traditions—all that which, when half forgotten, makes up "the good old days", Mark Sullivan has dished up for us in the manner of a newspaper man who knows the value of news.

To conclude from this that "Our Times" is a light book dealing with pleasing, alluring, "popular" matters is to misjudge it. As a matter of fact, it is a plain, clear, outspoken recital of American activities. It begins more fantastically than it ends. It is saved from being matter-of-fact by an almost unconscious sense of humor, but it broadens out into a study of American industrial and business life with the acumen of a trained reporter. If it is critical, it is largely so by a process of selection of material before the material was placed in the book. If it is literary, it is so by the projection of the latent culture in the American scene rather than by anything inherent in the style of the author. Mainly its interest lies in the intimate, personal association of the writer with the material he has in hand. The result is that the reader himself becomes familiar with the men, the environment and the events as he could not become from even the most constant reading of the newspapers.

A comparison of "Our Times" with any history of America covering the same period of time would be a most interesting revelation of the reason why history is little read. Mr. Sullivan spends short time generalizing. He states his facts convincingly and leaves you with a feeling that much more might also be said. His own opinions are manifest, but there is no violence in his declarations and he seems to leave you free to differ if you wish. His philosophy is concrete. He does not carry you on to any great heights. But one comes away with a definite notion of the forces that have made history in the past sixty years, though with considerably less romantic feeling about "the good old days". So far his book is faultless, but faultless by no means is the America he portrays.

With a predilection for politics, Mr. Sulli-

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van has somewhat over-weighted the book in that direction; but every book must have its limitations, and the author quotes Henry Adams to justify stopping where one chooses. Yet the book holds the mirror of our nationality up to us with a frankness that should help Americans to find themselves (if they are so inclined) even though its eye is too closely focused on certain aspects of America to be true to its title "America Finding Herself". "Our Times" reveals the slow process by which a nation grows and alters in custom and outlook. In his chapter on "The American Mind: Outlook" Mr. Sullivan injects a telling sub-head—"Explanation of an International Point of View Leading to Insularity". The raucous, baffling, American scene which is portrayed, while it has affected the thought of the whole world, has somehow crystallized and insularized America more than she has ever realized. Seeing America through the incidents gathered by Mr. Sullivan, one is left with the feeling that it is America still seeking rather than "America Finding Herself".

CRITICS—AND CRITICS

By Edith H. Walton

LITERARY BLASPHEMIES. *By Ernest Boyd. Harper. $2.50.*
CITIES AND MEN. *By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper. $2.50.*
FRANCIS THOMPSON. *By R. L. Mégroz. Scribners. $3.50.*
LIFE AND THE STUDENT. *By Charles Horton Cooley. Knopf. $2.50.*

CRITICISM in America is still so precariously situated that we can count on our fingers the men who have a broad, cosmopolitan background and who approach literature, unlike the average book reviewer, with some well established standard. Notable among the rare critics of this type are Ernest Boyd and Ludwig Lewisohn, both of whom are so thoroughly grounded in the works of European writers that their critical equipment is unusually rich.

In "Literary Blasphemies", an audacious and consciously provocative book, Ernest Boyd makes no display of that erudition which was so humiliating to the readers of "Studies in Ten Literatures" who could boast acquaintance with only two or three languages. He confines himself to destroying the reputations of the hoary English classic writers whom we have all known since childhood. It is his contention that these worthies have become shrouded in the musty atmosphere of the classroom, that we offer them devout but uncritical lip service—and leave them unread. He proposes to re-examine them from the point of view of a cultivated modern reader, unimpressed by conventional opinion, who brings to them a fresh, unbiased mind. In his own words, "I have discussed a group of the foremost writers in English and American literature as freely as if they were contemporaries with reputations still undecided".

No doubt this is a stimulating premise, yet the performance leaves something to be desired. It is dangerous to take Mr. Boyd too seriously, but nevertheless there is in his essays a spirit of bravado and deliberate iconoclasm which detracts from their value if not from their quality as entertainment. He is often so eager to discover chinks in the armor that he is blind to the gleaming effect of the whole. Very possibly Milton was a crabbed, self-seeking Puritan who wrote incredibly dull tracts of verse—but that is no reason why Mr. Boyd should deny the poet's frequent sublimity. The fact that Whitman has had a distressing effect on his followers is no proof that he was not a fine poet, nor is it fair to quote a business letter as an example of the pedestrian quality of Whitman's prose and to ignore the admirable prefaces of 1855 and 1888.

Probably it is the essay on Dickens which is most likely to enrage the general reader. Mr. Boyd has nothing but animosity for the Victorians. His temperament, as he freely confesses, is more akin to the eighteenth century, and consequently his essay on Swift is a brilliant and sympathetic piece of work. But about Dickens, who typifies in his mind the prudery and mawkishness of Victorian fiction, he is dangerously obtuse. To say that Mr. Micawber would be an objectionable character in actual life and to rebuke Dickens because he produced no serious social criti-

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cism is simply to betray a misconception of the novelist's true genius.

It is fruitless, however, to dissect "Literary Blasphemeis" too minutely. One should accept it for what it is, a witty, amusing, and not entirely sound attack on our over-reverent attitude toward the classics, a challenge to independence of thought. And if one finds that the least blasphemous essays —those on Shakespeare, Swift, and Hardy— are the best, one is at liberty to draw one's own conclusions.

Although Mr. Boyd has momentarily deserted the field of international criticism, Ludwig Lewisohn is at hand to take his place. In "Cities and Men" he discusses a varied range of writers, chiefly modern, whom he groups under the general headings of Englishmen, Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, and Jews. Like Mr. Boyd, he too has an arresting premise. The function of literature, he says, is to help save the world. He is unalterably opposed to the old classic tradition, essentially objective, which glorifies loyalty, obedience, and heroism. This tradition, Mr. Lewisohn believes, is stultifying to any literature of intelligent protest and to the free play of personality. Three main ideas color his critical philosophy— passionate hatred of war, desire for spiritual and social progress, and a deep Jewish sense of race.

One would suppose that any critic weighted with so formidable a philosophy would indulge unduly in moralizing. This is not the case with Mr. Lewisohn. He has a keen, finely cultivated sense of beauty, an admirable gift for expressing concisely and clearly the quality of the writers whom he is discussing. His social theories form the solid, consistent background for his thought, but they are seldom allowed to intrude.

In comparably the best essays in the book are those on Germans and Jews, of whom Mr. Lewisohn writes with authentic and intimate knowledge. His piece on Thomas Mann, written long before the German novelist had received adequate attention in American, is thoroughly good criticism. In spite of its brevity, it seizes the essential points of "Buddenbrooks" and "The Magic Mountain" and clarifies the intricate theme which is present in all of Mann's work. Mr. Lewisohn's comments on Hauptmann and Rilke are equally penetrating, though they are colored with the grandiloquence which is his greatest fault as a critic.

One could wish that R. L. Mégroz, in writing his book on Francis Thompson, had imitated Mr. Lewisohn's exquisite clarity. This ambitious "study in poetic mysticism and the evolution of love-poetry" is intolerably wordy and confused. Its subtleties are more difficult to unravel than the most complex of Thompson's own poems. Mr. Mégroz has undertaken to analyze Francis Thompson's background in poetry and religion, to trace his kinship with Shelley and Patmore and the metaphysical poets, even with St. Francis and St. Augustine. Unfortunately, in spite of many interesting and significant passages, the book rambles far afield through the mazes of mysticism and ends with a chapter on "The Spiritualizing of Love" which seems to have singularly little connection with Francis Thompson.

Although Charles Horton Cooley is primarily a sociologist and not a literary critic, his informal, leisurely paragraphs on "Reading and Writing", included in "Life and the Student", are discriminating and packed with wise content. He discusses such fruitful themes as the value of egotism in literature and the necessity for writers to convey a sense of struggle and conflict. His notes on Emerson, Thoreau, Montaigne, and Samuel Butler are especially illuminating.

Perhaps it is Thoreau whom Mr. Cooley most resembles in this collection of "Roadside Notes on Human Nature, Society, and Letters". He has mellowness, humor, breadth, and a shrewd but uncynical comprehension of contemporary life. The distinction between classes which is based on heredity rather than function and ability is abhorrent to him, yet he remains a philosopher, not a propagandist. His is one of those rare, meditative note-books to which one can turn again and again. His reflections on art, science and literature are fresh and profound, but his chief distinction is that he is a critic of life. America has produced few books which have the tranquil wisdom of "Life and the Student".

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COLLECTING THE ANTHOLOGIES

By Horace Gregory

THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK OF LESSER POETS. *By J. C. Squire. Macmillan. $3.50.*
THE CATHOLIC ANTHOLOGY. *By Thomas Walsh. Macmillan. $2.50.*
THE BRONZE TREASURY. *By Harry Kemp. Macaulay. $3.00.*
SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LYRICS. *By Alexander C. Judson. Chicago University. $2.50.*
THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE. *By Bliss Carman. Oxford University. $3.75.*
CAROLING DUSK. *By Countee Cullen. Harper. $3.00.*
THE THIRD BOOK OF MODERN VERSE. *By Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Houghton Mifflin. $2.00.*
THE BOOK OF POETRY. *In two volumes. By Edwin Markham. Wise. $12.50.*
THE NATURE LOVER'S KNAPSACK. *Ey Edwin Osgood Grover. Crowell. $2.50.*

AT first glance, looking over a list of nine new anthologies of poetry, one is tempted to shout: "No more anthologies. Enough is enough". But there is a reason for the large output, a reflex action to the revival of interest in poetry which broke out in this country and England some fifteen years ago. During this time much poetry has been written, but the production of single books of poetry has been comparatively small. It is a difficult matter for a publisher to make a poet a best seller, but an anthology of many poets may be sold to libraries, schools, colleges and clubs, usually exhausting the first edition.

In its best sense the business of making an anthology is the business of literary criticism. In this country, particularly, literary criticism has fought shy of poetry. The result of this condition is that criticism of poetry as shown in recent anthologies has been unscientific, unliterary, without standards or fixed intention, resting for the most part upon the personal taste of an anthology editor who makes a sincere effort to play fair by including between the covers of his book a poem or two by any poet who happens to appear a given number of times in our many widely read magazines.

The bulk of the anthologies before me are alarmingly inclusive, and, in almost every case, apologies are made in the preface for not including more. The apologies are unnecessary; rather, a defense for including so much would be in order. There is, first of all, "The Book of Poetry" in two volumes, over three thousand pages, edited and annotated by Edwin Markham. This is not, properly speaking, an anthology: it is a cyclopedia. The entire range of English and American poetry (not forgetting a few translations from the French, Spanish, Dutch, German, Latin and Greek) is represented. The collection has great merits as a library reference. It is the most complete thing of its kind since the publication of "Chambers's Cyclopedia of English Literature". Naturally (the size of the work almost demands it) a few inaccuracies are found in the notes. Harold Munro is credited with the editorship of the "Georgian Poetry" anthologies, whereas Edward Marsh is responsible. Munro edited the "London Chapbook" series. It is to be regretted that "The Book of Poetry" modernizes Chaucer and Spenser. Chaucer and Spenser modernized are not Chaucer and Spenser at all. Obscure vocabulary could have been elucidated by a few deft notes.

Of the same nature, but restricted to American poetry, is Bliss Carman's "Oxford Book of American Verse". The entire sweep of American poetry is attempted in one volume. Obviously, Bliss Carman had his eye on the historical value of his work. His selections from Poe, Emerson, Emily Dickinson, Longfellow and Whitman are excellent, done with the best of literary insight and discretion. The collection, granting Mr. Carman's high sense of values in nineteenth century poetry, would be improved by concluding with his group of admirable lyrics chosen from Lizette Woodworth Reese. The best of the general anthologies in my list is "The Cambridge Book of Lesser Poets", compiled by J. C. Squire. It has definite limitations and has been made to supplement the "Oxford Book of English Verse". The minor English poets are adequately repre-

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sented, and combined with the "Oxford Book" gives us the best of English lyric poetry from the beginning down to the close of the nineteenth century.

The rest of the anthologies are more specific in intention, although both Jessie Rittenhouse's "Third Book of Modern Verse" and Countee Cullen's "Caroling Dusk" defeat their respective ends by attempting to display too much. Miss Rittenhouse covers the period of magazine verse published within the last eight years. If the collection had been limited to a review of poetry showing the feminine tradition in American verse, Miss Rittenhouse would have been allowed to display her ability as a critic in the best light. It has been noted elsewhere that several selections from American Negro poets represented in "Caroling Dusk" are plagiarisms or direct imitations of other contemporary poets. Countee Cullen's chief defect as an editor lies in an effort to be kind, to be tolerant; the same may be said of Mr. Markham, Miss Rittenhouse and Mr. Carman. In spite of its shortcomings, "Caroling Dusk" proves the fact that there is a virility in American Negro poetry that bears watching. The Negro spirituals, the Negro poets—particularly Langston Hughes, James Weldon Johnson—and a recently discovered background of American folk-songs are valuable contributions to a national literature.

Harry Kemp's "The Bronze Treasury", an anthology of eighty-one obscure English poets with biographical portraits looks like a piece of literary quackery. It is not—it is simply an example of careless editing. Twenty-three of the poets may be found in the "Oxford Book of English Verse". An industrious afternoon spent in any university library would bring the whole collection to light. The sensational and often dubious facts concerning the poets are written in tabloid style. Robert Southwell, a fairly well-known Elizabethan poet, is made to appear more obscure here than in actuality. His most insignificant poetry is quoted and reference is made to his father appealing on his behalf to the King. "The King" happens to be Queen Elizabeth. Patrick Cary is dated a hundred years out of his time,—others are dated from five to twenty years out of the way.

In contrast to "The Bronze Treasury" is Alexander Judson's "Seventeenth-Century Lyrics", frankly an academic job, limited to fourteen poets, carefully annotated with bibliographies and short but competent biographical sketches. Only the best of seventeenth century lyrics are reproduced. A valuable book and a model for other anthologists to follow, no matter what their immediate objectives may be. "The Catholic Anthology", edited by Thomas Walsh, is undoubtedly necessary for its specific purpose, but here as with many others Dr. Walsh has given us much where a small selection would have been forceful and to the point. And last is "The Nature Lover's Knapsack", collected by Edwin Grover, a harmless little book with no pretentions, which will be read by those who read their poetry in no other form.

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION, 1928

By Charles R. Walker

INDUSTRY'S COMING OF AGE. *By Rexford Guy Tugwell. Harcourt, Brace. $2.00.*

FOR several years most of the countries of the old world have been sending experts to America to study what appears to them the most enviable thing we have—a thing known in Europe as "rationalization"; in America as efficiency. Hence the Ford cult that has gone around the world. Hence the Russians and Germans who know Taylor, the time-study man, and have never heard of George Washington. R. G. Tugwell has done for Americans what these visitors have been doing for Europeans; has excavated from a chaos of particular facts the general causes of a miraculous industrial excellence. He starts with the thesis that something like a revolution has been occurring under our noses in the past ten years. It is a revolution that may have results as mighty as the one that happened in France in 1789, or the one which a young English economist in the 'Eighties christened

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"the industrial revolution". There has been an unprecedented gain in production per consumer, per producer. By a truly revolutionary use of machinery and engineering brains, we are adding enormously to the real wealth of every one of us—without doing any more muscular work. In fact we are doing less.

The figures which Professor Tugwell has assembled to prove his "revolution" are not generally known to the layman and are usually neglected by the textbook economist. For example: In 1925, steel workers were producing 53 percent more steel in the same number of man-hours than in 1914; railroad labor produced 254 traffic units per man-hour compared with 100 in 1890. But this is a gain in two specific industries only. What about the general boost for everybody? "By and large," writes Tugwell, "we have increased our population 16 or 17 percent in a dozen years, we have swelled the productivity of the Nation by something like 30 or 35 percent." And again, "the average person working for a money income received about one-quarter more for his services (in 1926) than he obtained in 1917, and *about 44 percent more than he could have secured in 1909*". This is of course "real" income, the money-power to buy so many more fur coats and automobiles.

Never before in any country at any time has there been such a quick stride forward in material well-being. Compare this sudden and widely distributed increment of prosperity with the slow accumulations and backslidings in the economic history of Europe. The phenomenon takes on the earmarks of a "revolution". Having established the fact of unprecedented productivity, Tugwell asks how it happened. The book is given over to answering that question. And the answer is hydra-headed, ranging from better accounting methods to the Ford idea of "high wages, low prices, and mass production". Separated into their constituent atoms the causes look innocent and familiar enough, but taken together they give the appearance of a concerted movement, and lend a color and texture to the present age unlike any that has gone before. Having finished with the causes, general and technical, of productivity, the author asks what special barriers remain. He finds them in depressions, continued weak spots in agriculture, coal, mining and textiles, in conservatism, low living standards for part of the population, and what he calls the "handicaps of transition". For he looks confidently toward an era of "industrial maturity" when our present living standards will seem backward to the men of that day.

"That two-thirds of us still live in poverty is a fact. But the responsibility for it lies precisely where we have indicated—in our faulty social arrangements for industry, not in industry itself. And it has been said with sufficient emphasis that if we could get our social rules out of the way industry would be greatly pleased to double the amount of goods it turns out within a month." This statement Professor Tugwell goes far toward proving, but it is at this point that he or someone else ought to write another book. It would take account not solely of "productivity" in industry, to which Professor Tugwell has wisely limited his attention, but of all the other values in which society has an interest. A society, for example, which has been reared like ours on a "poverty ethics" will have to be revised a little in a truly prosperous world. To the discussion of such questions Professor Tugwell's book leads but does not enter.

APOSTLES OF SCIENCE AND OF RELIGION

By Stanton A. Coblentz

CHARLES DARWIN, THE MAN AND HIS WARFARE. *By Henshaw Ward. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.00.*

D. L. MOODY, A WORKER IN SOULS. *By Gamaliel Bradford. Doran. $3.50.*

OFF-HAND it may seem incongruous to link Charles Darwin with D. L. Moody. Certainly no figures more unlike could be found: one, the earnest seeker after objective truth, the student of the storehouse of nature, the iconoclast who shatters tradition, and the prophet who heralds a new age; the other, an apostle of the old

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beliefs, a convinced upholder of one Book as the fountain of all knowledge, a flinger of words whose concern is not with the things of the world about him but with saving the souls of men from a particular kind of perdition.

Externally the two men had nothing in common; more fundamentally, they were alike in the burning seriousness with which each battled his way to his goal—goals reached by diametrically opposite methods and codes. It is the creed of Darwin that has been supplanting the creed of Moody in the councils of the modern world; yet the resolute protests of the Moody faction, now known as Fundamentalists, have been setting fire to many a court-room and forum; and, whatever one's convictions, one will be better able to understand the dispute after one understands the spirit that animated not only the founder of the Natural Selection theory but his opponents, as represented by one of the most celebrated preachers of recent years.

The spirit of Darwin is presented with vividness and fidelity in Henshaw Ward's painstaking and detailed volume. It is chiefly Darwin the Scientist that Mr. Ward depicts, although Darwin the Man is by no means neglected; the author properly takes great care to show the development of his hero as a naturalist, to indicate in what way Darwin's ideas originated and took form, and by what scrupulous and exhaustive research he established his right to speak boldly and with authority. We first see Darwin when, as a sixteen-year-old student, he gapes in astonishment to hear an instructor indorse the evolutionary views of Lamarck; later we observe him when, still orthodox in his beliefs, he studies for the ministry; still later, we learn how, overcoming the irate defiance of his father, he receives permission to set sail as a naturalist on the two-year expedition of the Beagle. This voyage, which endured for five years instead of the intended two, proves to be the turning point of Darwin's career; thenceforth there is to be no theology for him; thenceforth he devotes himself with extraordinary skill and energy to the work that is to constitute his mission in life. By means of innumerable illustrations, Mr. Ward has shown by what resolution and earnestness through years of drudgery Darwin fortified himself for his great task; and the book, while entertaining as reading-matter, is valuable primarily for the picture it presents of the evolution of Darwin as a scientist.

Scarcely less interesting, although vastly different in spirit, is Gamaliel Bradford's volume on Moody. Mr. Bradford, who has himself recently written a book on Darwin, is a biographer whose work always calls for respectful attention; and if his latest volume does not quite match the incisiveness of his earlier and shorter pieces, at least he has produced a thoughtful and revealing study. Dwight L. Moody, evangelist and soul-saver, is made to stand clearly before us, externally vivid even though the workings of his mind remain a mystery. We are a little startled to observe how this untutored New Englander, who in early youth had no especial love of religion and was wont to sleep at sermons, suddenly became converted, abandoned his shoe business, and went forth to lead the world in the ways of righteousness. We are even more startled to note the methods he used, his propensity for advertising, his aptness to take advantage of each little turn and failing of mass-psychology, his lifelong habit of seizing any stranger by the back of the collar and thundering into his ear "Are you a Christian?" In Moody's conception, only the believing Christian could be saved from sin in this world and damnation in the next; accordingly, he bent all his efforts toward saving the souls of men and women from that eternal fire which, he felt certain, awaited them without his intervention. One does not have to be himself a believer, or even to rate the services of the man highly, in order to appreciate his earnestness; often the motives of a person are of greater interest than his performance, and Mr. Bradford takes pains to emphasize the loftiness of Moody's motives while leaving his performance to speak for itself.

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FIGURES FROM AMERICA'S PAST

By Don C. Seitz

GEORGE WASHINGTON: THE REBEL AND THE PATRIOT, 1762-1777. *By Rupert Hughes. Morrow. $5.00.*

THE ESTATE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, DECEASED. *By Eugene E. Prussing. Little, Brown. $6.00.*

WASHINGTON SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF. *By Lucretia Perry Osborn. Scribner. $3.50.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON, COLONIAL TRAVELLER. *By John C. Fitzpatrick. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.00.*

ANDREW JACKSON: AN EPIC IN HOMESPUN. *By Gerald W. Johnson. Minton, Balch. $3.50.*

THE WOMEN LINCOLN LOVED. *By William E. Barton. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.00.*

VARINA HOWELL, WIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS. *By Eron Rowland. Macmillan. $4.00.*

"MY DEAR GIRL": CORRESPONDENCE BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *Edited by James Madison Stifler. Doran. $3.50.*

STATESMAN AND FRIEND: CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN JOHN ADAMS AND BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE. *Little, Brown. $3.00.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON has conquered Rupert Hughes. When Mr. Hughes published his first volume it looked as if the Father of His Country had been worsted. The reader was prone to wonder if it would be possible for the young Virginian to amount to anything. His outlook was left dark. That was the period from his birth in 1732 to 1762—admittedly a trying time for the best of us.

The second volume now issued carries Washington's struggle for immortality on from 1762 to 1777. At the start it seems certain that George cannot turn out well. He has married for money, has become a farmer and land-grabber, buying soldiers' grants, too often conniving with them to file claims so that he may get them for a song. He drinks (but keeps sober) and plays cards for money, though his carefully kept gaming-account shows a net loss over years of some six pounds. Indeed Mr. Hughes finds him superlatively full of flaws, and writes in the humor of Jeffrey who found fault with the equator.

Five years later he had improved some. Taking his stepson, John Custis, to New York as a King's College freshman he carried letters from Lord Dunmore that led him to be welcomed as "a personage of state" and enabled him to exhibit himself "to numbers of persons whose influence was great". Yet in contravention to this "Washington felt himself the social equal of anybody on earth". Evidently he had no sense of inferiority from hog-killing. Again, in contradiction he "was all but invisible politically during the preliminaries of the Revolution". Still, he did subscribe fifty pounds for Boston when being starved by the Port Bill.

When Washington went to Philadelphia to attend Congress after Lexington he dressed his six feet three and one-half inches in buff and blue which "combined with Washington's golden silence doubtless cast a spell over Congress". At any rate he was chosen Commander-in-Chief against the experienced Charles Lee, who took to war at the age of thirteen "while Washington at twenty-two had not drilled a soldier". Mr. Hughes has a passion for precocity. When Congress was conferring the appointment the new general hid in a committee room. Mr. Hughes pardons his modesty in these terms: "If the ruthless Julius Caesar could be excused for having an epileptic attack when the crown of triumphant Rome was held out to him, Washington might be expected to be flattered a little by the offer of a sword to fight the king with".

It takes the general a long time to learn how to use the blade. Mr. Hughes is at least as patient with him as the country was. From this moment his book ceases to be querulous and we gain a vivid and satisfactory account of all that happened up to the triumph at Trenton, where the tale rests, though here Mr. Hughes demonstrates that had the 18th amendment been in force Washington would have failed miserably. A lead-

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ing citizen filled Hessian Commander Rall so full of Madeira and rum punch, on Christmas Eve, that he neglected to heed the warning sent by a spy and could only die, half awake, in the resulting mêlée. Washington, who was a wet, gave Providence more credit then than Mr. Hughes is inclined to do.

The reader will be relieved to learn that "Washington did not die until he had reached sublime heights of achievement and abstention. He lived until, not by any means alone but more than any other man, he wrested out of chaos a nation to be patriotic to, and then lavished upon it the most spotless patriotism".

Thus Mr. Hughes surrenders as did Cornwallis, cornered by G. W. Perhaps it is just as well that he did not begin too young!

It is something of an anti-climax to come from this contentious chronicle to a fat, placid volume by George E. Prussing, "The Estate of George Washington, Deceased". The estate was there—a very comfortable one by the way—which Mr. Hughes seems to resent. The General married much of it, inherited some and acquired the rest by prudent investment and a knowledge of real estate that goes with surveying, which was his civil profession. Mr. Prussing credits his wealth-getting to suppressing his passionate nature and turning the power into steam, while outwardly the boiler kept cool.

Though there were many relatives none contested the will. Modern practitioners in Surrogate courts will find the volume interesting in its marvellous meticulousness.

To confute writers whose "opinions are interpreted as facts", Lucretia Perry Osborn has constructed out of Washington's voluminous writings "Washington Speaks for Himself", a chronological volume in which he tells all that is salient about himself. The result gives us the soldier, patriot and gallant gentleman that he was.

Supplementing this comes John C. Fitzpatrick of the Division of Manuscripts in the Library of Congress, with "George Washington, Colonial Traveller, 1732-1775". He has culled from Washington's letters and diaries a detailed account of his peregrinations before taking command of the Continental armies. Few places in the Colonies seem to have missed a visit. It is an amazing record of activity. Mr. Fitzpatrick is inclined to credit him with holding the long distance record for travel on horseback.

The liberties taken with Washington do not extend to Andrew Jackson. No one has yet dared to rattle his bones and up to date he remains a hardy perennial of the intensely patriotic type. Now comes Gerald W. Johnson to weave "An Epic in Homespun" about the hero of New Orleans. There are thin threads in its woof, Mr. Johnson admits, but he passes them over on the ground that "his fame is still dear to the hearts of the people", because "Americans have never known how to resist a man who could talk like a pirate and act like a Presbyterian". Jackson, he holds, "could do both to a perfection not approached by any of his successors until the days of Roosevelt". The parallel is not so felicitous as it reads. The Colonel had a discretion quite lacking in the General. His bark was only remotely related to a bite. When Jackson bit, flesh and blood followed his teeth. They were not made for show.

But enough of carping. Mr. Johnson has written swiftly as an author must to meet the eye of the movie age. The vigorous lad who dared "sass" a British dragoon and be rewarded with a sabre-slash easily grew up hating red-coats, and Jackson could hate as few men do. The old habit of hating has died out, both sides preferring to refer the case to counsel. Big men no longer hate. Perhaps they lack the spirit. 'Tis a degenerate age compared with the Jackson era when getting square was the uppermost human ambition. Jackson fought some savage duels. In one of these he killed his man, but a bullet scraped his wish-bone and the wound bothered him the rest of his life. It is said this blood-letting made him gentle.

However much the frail old man, who came to the White House in 1829, may have hated men, he loved his country and turned Jefferson's "Republicans" into Democrats. He defended the Constitution when assailed by opponents and took liberties with it himself. He upset the Constitutional way of selecting a President and gave the job to parties. Also

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the offices. Victors and spoils began keeping each other company in Jackson's day. Calling himself a Republican, Jefferson was a Democrat. Calling himself a Democrat, Jackson was a Federalist. Jefferson's doctrines live in the sky but Jackson's political practices prevail on the earth below. More's the pity!

In producing "The Women Lincoln Loved", the Rev. Dr. William E. Barton dives deeply into his ever-flowing stream of Lincoln lore and brings up only a few handfuls of silt. Not even the shell of a fresh-water pearl mussel can be found between his fingers. Nearly half of the volume is devoted to telling anew all that has before been told about the feminine part of the Lincoln family.

But did Lincoln "love" women? The title of the book is misleading for it proves plainly that he did not. Dr. Barton accepts the premise that he was a man's man and had no heart for the harem. He liked the rough fellows of the flat-boats, the tough cusses who loafed around the cross-roads taverns, the crafty lawyers on the circuit, the town idlers. Ann Rutledge, out of whom novelists have carved best sellers, was redheaded and homely. In Lincoln's day red-headed females were not highly regarded as domestic helpmates by lazy men, and he was essentially lazy. Only rash males married them and they usually repented. One of his best stories recites an encounter with an auburn lady who scared him off the premises. Caroline Meeker was pretty, but with a red ear at a corn husking she trapped him into an embrace and frightened the young man away, although Dr. Barton believes she got the kiss. The four or five others named are inconsequential. Lincoln had but casual contact with any of them. Painful, not romantic, is the story of Mary Todd who became Lincoln's wife. Dr. Barton tries to demonstrate that he was insane when he failed to appear on the date first set for their wedding. To the contrary, he seems to have been wise. His mistake was in coming back to make good. The ambitious Kentucky girl, visiting her sister at Springfield, could have caught Stephen A. Douglas, but she wanted Lincoln and endured humiliation to get him. Then she paid him back. With the instinct that possesses Kentucky girls more than any others she sensed that this gaunt young lawyer would travel far and take her along. Did Lincoln love her? I think not. He did his best to redeem himself in a woman's eyes, from a sense of duty. Both suffered accordingly.

In marked contrast to the women whom Lincoln "loved"—perhaps—is the woman whom Jefferson Davis loved and who loved him, "Varina Howell, wife of Jefferson Davis", as Mrs. Dunbar Rowland titles her volume. Davis, when a young lieutenant in the regular army, eloped with the daughter of his colonel, who happened to be Zachary Taylor. She died after a few months and the episode remained a tragic memory in the life of the husband. Her place was well filled by her successor even if the romance was less.

The second wife, Miss Varina, married Mr. Davis February 26, 1845, after he had left the army to become a planter. He went at once to Congress, thence to the Mexican War, resigning because the game became slow and his position unsatisfactory. Franklin Pierce took him from the Senate and made him Secretary of War. Later he returned to the Senate, whence he departed to become President of the Confederacy. Here Volume I stops.

Much younger than Davis, the wife came at once into public life and long remained. It was the swallow-tailed age with the South sitting gracefully in the saddle. Miss Varina was to both the manner and the manor born. Her social position was of the highest. She adorned it with tact and grace. Her memoirs furnish most of the material which Mrs. Rowland embalms in sentiment of the southern sort—thick as cane-syrup and heavily spread on. The girls were certainly darlings—and are yet—even if their courtiers have gone to work instead of to Washington and war.

Benjamin Franklin liked the girls and made no bones about it. If he touched shoulders with French ladies of rank and

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occasionally held one in his lap we can account for it as an adjunct to successful diplomacy. His affection for young folks shines radiantly in "My Dear Girl", a collection of letters to and from Polly Stevenson, daughter of his London landlady, and Georgiana and Catherine Shipley, daughters of the Bishop of St. Asaph's. The letters to Polly fill most of the book. He was ever her friend and when she was widowed he looked out for her affairs and brought her to America, where one of her sons, Thomas Tickell Hewson, became an eminent physician. Polly's letters are pretty good. His are incomparable. The correspondence covers two decades. That with the Misses Shipleys is brief but brilliant on both sides. Smart young ladies were they who adored the old rebel.

An engaging volume!

John Adams, like Franklin, could and did write good letters. Worthington C. Ford has culled a group out of his newly discovered correspondence with Benjamin Waterhouse that are a delight. It is a pleasure to read his chagrin on learning "with surprise and grief I find by your lecture that the use of Cyder is become unfashionable at College. The apple is adapted to this climate as well as limes and lemons and oranges to the West Indies, and I fear the decay of Health at the University (Harvard) is owing to the use of Wines and Spirits instead of Cyder, at least as much as to the consumption of Cigars. Renish or Mozelle wine would be better for us than Sherry or Madiera; but Cyder is better than either. Cyder a year or two years or three years old is all the liquor I can drink without inconvenience to my health".

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AN EPITOME OF THE FIN-DE-SIÈCLE

By Henry Leffert

AUBREY BEARDSLEY. *By Haldane Macfall. Simon & Schuster. $6.00.*

AUBREY BEARDSLEY can be treated in two ways: as a man or as an artist. Arthur Symons has given us such a portrait of the man that the first need hardly be done again. But though Haldane Macfall knew Beardsley, he has hardly realized him as one of the three major figures of the pink era which tried so hard to be purple. Certainly he has not so portrayed him. Oscar Wilde may have invented Aubrey Beardsley—that indeed was the *bon mot* that ran the rounds of the town and the Café Royal—but Beardsley was one of the cohesive forces, one of the rallying points in the Romantic 'Nineties. Mr. Macfall is too busy ferreting out jackals—and these jackals must be the members of the Rhymer's Club and the contributors to *The Yellow Book*—people like Henry Harland, Lionel Johnson, Hubert Crackanthorpe, John Gray, Ernest Dowson, and Arthur Symons—really to understand the living Beardsley of a vibrant age. James Whistler, of whose imagination the *fin-de-siècle* was perhaps a figment, called him a very great artist. And he was, because in him the period was epitomized. He expressed the epigram and paradox of the age in two or three perfect lines. And the Incomparable Max in 1895 had already said, "I belong to the Beardsley period".

Mr. Macfall has given a thorough piece of artistic criticism. But there may be some question as to the soundness of his conclusions. Was Beardsley a satirist? Lane, Burdett and Symons say, "Yes, emphatically so". Holbrook Jackson, an authority to quarrel with at one's peril, and Mr. Macfall differ. Mr. Macfall's chief basis for his contention is that dramatic last letter, "Destroy . . . by all that is Holy, all obscene drawings". This was unquestionably sincere, but last recantations usually are—at the time. Unfortunately, you can't base a study of the work of a life-time on the renunciation of a moment. Mr. Macfall's contention seems to be that if Beardsley was a satirist he was not erotic; if he was erotic he was not a satirist. To me it seems compatible that he was both of these things. And if most of those magnificent black-and-whites were epigrams, then the point of the epigram seems very often a little Rabelaisian.

Beardsley must be presented as an erotic artist. And he must be presented unapologetically. It may be wrong, it may be immoral, to be an artist the basis and inspiration of whose work is a highly sensitized eroticism. But Beardsley was that sort of artist. Part of his eroticism was due no doubt to his tuberculosis, but even more was the result of that ecstatic, questioning, insatiable age of which he was so vital a part. He too was one of those who "cried for madder music and for stronger wine". Mr. Macfall does not seem to realize that when you are trying to fit all human experience, all human knowledge into the span of one life, the result is very likely to be somewhat tragic. These men of the 'Nineties were trying to do exactly that, and the result in many cases was tragic. The most brilliant figure of the period died in Paris, the victim of his own epigram, that there was only one thing worse than being talked about, and that was not being talked about. Dowson died of his own indiscretions. John Davidson committed suicide because he wouldn't bear cancer as well as asthma. Lionel Johnson, the genius of the period, drank himself to his accidental death. And Aubrey Beardsley, poet, artist, and eroticist, burnt himself out at the age of twenty-six.

The period demanded "wider ranges, new emotional and spiritual territories, fresh woods and pastures for the soul". And Beardsley, who most certainly was more than "the clown, the harlequin, and the pierrot", expressed his age as only a master could.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, life member of the American Library Association, in co-operation with the Public Libraries of America.

A situation apparently without parallel in the history of book-publishing has arisen through the publication by two different publishers, at approximately the same time, of two different books, both of which have the same title and both by the same author! The author is Emil Ludwig, the book (or books) "Bismarck", the two publishers are Little, Brown & Co. and G. P. Putnam's Sons. This reporter's attention was called to the curious situation by a letter from the Boston publishers asking if I were certain that the "Bismarck" reported in the March Score was the Putnam book, since I had so attributed it. As librarians do not report publishers' names, the attribution was due to the fact that the advertisement of the Putnam "Bismarck" was the first one I happened to see. But on inquiring of Mr. George Palmer Putnam, he gave it as his opinion that his firm's "Bismarck" probably was selling far fewer copies than the 40,000-odd which the Little, Brown "Bismarck" has sold to date. It seems quite probable, especially in view of the different nature of the two books, that the one reported by the librarians is the biography, published by Little, Brown, rather than the trilogy of plays about Bismarck written over a period of several years by Ludwig and lately brought together in one volume and published by Putnam's. Consequently, Ludwig's "Bismarck" is listed as Little, Brown's in this month's Score.

Meantime, note that "Claire Ambler" and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" have made their appearance in the fiction score and "The Companionate Marriage" in the general list, all of which arrivals were inevitable and easily predictable. —*F. P. S.*

FICTION

1.	Jalna	*Mazo de la Roche*	Little
2.	Kitty	*Warwick Deeping*	Knopf
3.	Death Comes for the Archbishop	*Willa Cather*	Knopf
4.	Dusty Answer	*Rosamond Lehmann*	Holt
5.	Sorrell & Son	*Warwick Deeping*	Knopf
6.	The Bridge of San Luis Rey*	*Thornton Wilder*	A. & C. Boni
7.	Claire Ambler*	*Booth Tarkington*	Doubleday
8.	Adam and Eve	*John Erskine*	Bobbs
9.	A Good Woman	*Louis Bromfield*	Stokes
10.	The Grandmothers	*Glenway Wescott*	Harpers
11.	Giants in the Earth	*O. E. Rolvaag*	Harpers
12.	God and the Groceryman	*Harold Bell Wright*	Appleton

GENERAL

1.	Trader Horn	*Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis*	Simon
2.	Mother India	*Katherine Mayo*	Harcourt
3.	Napoleon	*Emil Ludwig*	Liveright
4.	"We"	*Charles A. Lindbergh*	Putman
5.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	Bobbs
6.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	Simon
7.	The Glorious Adventure	*Richard Halliburton*	Bobbs
8.	Bismarck	*Emil Ludwig*	Little
9.	What *Can* a Man Believe	*Bruce Barton*	Bobbs
10.	Transition	*Will Durant*	Simon
11.	Revolt in the Desert	*T. E. Lawrence*	Doran
12.	The Companionate Marriage*	*Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans*	Liveright

*This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.

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FROM THE WOMEN NOVELISTS

By Alice Beal Parsons

AS I think of these five novels, all several cuts above the average, all set out with some degree of talent and informed with real perception of the human scene, I realize that in the two most successful the authors have interposed an arbitrary distance between themselves and their material. In Bea Howe's *A Fairy Leapt Upon My Knee* (Viking, $2.00) this distance is achieved by the atmosphere of fantasy in which the story lies veiled, as the towers of a distant city are sometimes veiled in mist; in Sigrid Undset's *The Axe* (Knopf, $3.00), which is high above the others, this distance is secured by a mediaeval setting. And it occurs to me that in the three most distinctively successful novels of the last few years—so successful that we may well congratulate ourselves that one country could have produced them thus together—in "The Time of Man", "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and "The Grandmothers", distance also plays its part.

The explanation, I take it, is bound up with the aesthetic problem of detachment. There are those who believe that no great works of art can be produced in an age of chaotic standards and ideals like our own. And it may be true that in an age more intellectually stable, style alone can secure the requisite detachment; when as today most writers may need some further artificiality to achieve the perspective essential to all distinguished work—that gulf across which the artist must view his subject, even if the subject is himself.

I happen to be temperamentally averse to fantasy. My appetite for prettified charm is soon satisfied, and the fantastic, as practised, often seems to me stickily sweet. Miss Howe does not escape prettiness; but here she is coming to grips with one of the central problems in life—the desire of lovers to know each other. As Proust observes, "it was not alone to her body that I should have liked to attain, there was also her person, which abode within her". The dragging out of a hidden person is a delicate task. When she has done with it, we find that Miss Howe has not a little skill in fashioning "nets to catch the wind".

In *Cups, Wands and Swords* (Knopf, $2.50) Helen Simpson is revealed as one of those perky newcomers whose flair for the vernacular makes the slang of preceding years seem flat and wan. She has a gift for charwomen and the ladies who go to pubs because "the doctor said I was to 'ave stout for my bad leg", and for the landlady's parrot who has been trained to say "Go on. 'Ave a port". But aside from these pungent characters, the book sizzles like a damp firecracker and has not a pale shadow of the illusion of reality.

The anonymous author of *November Night* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50)—she who previously demonstrated her feeling for effective titles with "Miss Tiverton Goes Out" and "This Day's Madness"—manoeuvers a rather more than usually psychopathic heroine and a rather more than usually nebulous man. The latter is generous, forbearing and secretly stung to the quick by Denise's conviction that he has a rhinoceros hide. But somehow these three characteristics do not make a man.

A conviction acquired from these two books gains ground in Mrs. Delafield's much more able and subtle *The Way Things Are* (Harpers, $2.50). Love, they appear to say, is a tepid and unsatisfactory emotion. Recently a writer referred to romantic love as the greatest curse of the centuries. Psychoanalysis has read it out of court. And here three novelists, whose aim seems still to be to chart its course, present it to us as a shrunken and wizened thing. As Christine says, after a certain point all love affairs are pretty much alike. Her more romantic sister Laura, the heroine of the book, might have responded that when a love affair reaches the point where it is like all other love af-

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fairs, it is no longer a love affair. But Laura is entangled with household troubles, and a husband and children. Mrs. Delafield has given us an interesting contrast in these two sisters, the subtly perceptive romanticist, who has retained zest, possibly from meagreness of experience, and the completely cynical hetaera of today. The job is deftly but coldly done.

Alone among these five novels *The Axe* has the preëminently important quality of warmth. I happen to dislike historical novels almost as much as I dislike fantasy, and so Sigrid Undset carried an unwilling but quickly converted reader to mediaeval Norway to follow her tale of lovers separated by a convincing series of mischances. These two are sure they are lovers, because each means home and the only home, to the other. The scene in which Olav and Ingunn first know that their youthful affection has passed into love is as beautiful as a similar one in "As It Was", published last year. Many things come between the boy and girl who love each other in that tenuous Norwegian summer, and in the telling we discover a romancer who can transport us as Scott did, but who adds to his marvellous gift for reproducing an age, a sensitive perception of character, and a lyrical gift for atmosphere and scene. When at last the two lovers come together again, Olav has seen many sights a man would rather forget, and Ingunn has lost herself with a stranger little better than a thrall; but they have come to a love that goes beyond knowledge and desire.

All emotion, all thought, all experience are in "The Axe", as in every great book. Compared to it, these others, apparently closer for our time and place, can see only as much of life as the fish sees of the river down which he swims.

SHORT STORIES ON THE COUNTER

By Elizabeth Wyckoff

A SHORT story in a magazine and the same story printed and bound in a book are not the same thing at all. The difference in effect is probably not so profound as to call for an exhaustive statistical study, but it is worth remembering. To size up short stories like so many buttons or even jewels on a counter is entirely uninteresting to most people. They judge a book of short stories as a whole, as they judge a novel, not as they judge a copy of a magazine.

Peacocks, by Vennette Herron (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), takes full advantage of this trick of the reader's mind, and yet it is not one of those exasperating near-novels made up of incidents about the same people. These seven stories, all laid in Java, are held together by an exotic atmosphere glamorously and deftly indicated. The author has created a locale—how true to the real Java does not matter—which comes up to one's ideas of a thorough-going, romantic tropical setting. Miss Herron can construct a genuine plot without pointing out her own cleverness, and can make sick or hysterical people interesting without going into mental states over them herself. Some of the stories approach in length the novelette. It would be interesting to see a full length novel from her.

The fifth volume of *The New Decameron* (Brentano, $2.00), though written by eleven different authors has almost as much unity of effect as "Peacocks". These are sophisticated, intellectual, restrained and delightful tales, none of them great, none of them working up to any high emotional climax, but all interesting, and all postulating intelligent readers. It is too ingeniously told to spoil with an outline. I recommend particularly a story by Gerald Bullett called "Next Stop Baker Street", also Naomi Royde-Smith's humorous account of a seashore vacation.

Three other collections of short stories by single writers illustrate three characteristically English types of the short story. *The Seven Lovers*, by Muriel Hine (Appleton, $2.00), whose work as a spinner of readable fiction is well known, is distinctly popu-

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lar and distinctly thin. But thick or thin, the stories have plenty of plot, and once, in a tale called "Sunday and Monday", real drama as well as more than conventionally-indicated emotion. The characters may be only types, but at any rate you want to know what happened to them.

Rhapsody, by Dorothy Edwards (Knopf, $2.50), is a curiously interesting and baffling little book. It is written in a flat, unself-conscious style; it is all about inarticulate, sensitive people, most of them musicians. There is no open drama; all kinds of frustrations are implied in restrained and significant moments, almost as painful as if actually overheard. This is not an amusing book, nor a book of narratives. It is a book of life-times told in a few words—spoken one afternoon on a walk, or implied because a little pink flower was not picked. The distinguished thing about "Rhapsody" is that the author has blotted herself out entirely. While you read she is as forgotten as a playwright when a good cast has once been identified with his play. The book is caviar, and even those who enjoy it and would like more of it will find themselves doing something very vigorous and full of purpose a few minutes after they have put the book down.

The third English woman is Mary Arden, a new writer who is attracting much attention in England. Her book *Luck, and Other Stories* (John Day, $2.00) is dedicated to Middleton Murry. If there had never been a book called "Bliss" these stories would be easier to judge. They are excellent short stories, poignant, ironic or faintly humorous. In fact, they are individually delightful. They are so good that it seems hardly fair to remember "The Garden Party" and the story about the woman on the boat whose little boy was dead. But the comparison is inescapable. The Arden stories have much the same methods as Katherine Mansfield's, and are about much the same kind of people. The difference is that Katherine Mansfield was a poet and a genius, and so far Mary Arden does not show that clairvoyant perception that set Katherine Mansfield apart. These stories lose by being grouped. Come upon individually in a magazine or in an editor's daily mail they would stand out like diamonds. Collected, they remind one of what musicians say makes an audience restless and tired—a concert program of pieces all in one key.

It is hard not to mount the rostrum and discourse in large capitals upon the status of the short story when confronted by two established annual national collections, *Georgian Stories, 1927* (Putnam, $2.50), and the *O. Henry book of Prize Stories of 1927* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00). The English book does not, I think, set up to be a collection of the best stories of the year. At any rate, I hope not. I hope that perhaps the explanation of the almost ladylike, certainly mentally bourgeois basis of choice lies in the attempt to get away from some of the subjects in earlier volumes. Some of the present stories are of the well-rounded type that English authors think American editors want. Some are sketches of the kind they don't. However, if you can forget what you have a right to expect from Beresford, Stacy Aumonier, Storm Jameson, Beatrice Kean Seymour or G. B. Stern, the book will still be worth its price as entertainment. Sheila Kaye Smith's study of a writing Gaugin who retires to absolute obscurity is the only really memorable story in the book. "Georgian Stories" this year is a pleasant, entertaining volume, uneven, diversified, often more than a little ingenious, but in retrospect rather flat, and a little tired.

To get the most enjoyment out of the O. Henry Prize collection the preface should be read last, if at all. Its interest is wholly for writers, and starts off with an *ex cathedra* note quite at odds with the stories themselves. There is hardly one that has not youth and freshness. Many of them are over-written, in the *Post* technique; some would have profited by rearrangement, some are too sweet and evangelical. But the zest, curiosity and imagination of youth all are here, applied to the range of material that strikes one afresh as the great asset and opportunity of American writers. There is not a touch of genius anywhere in the book, except perhaps in Ernest Hemingway's "The Killers"; but this is a book to be proud of.

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News Story Contest

COMMENT ON JANUARY PRIZE AWARD

By Henry Justin Smith

(Managing Editor, Chicago Daily News)

WHEN I was asked by the editor of THE BOOKMAN to select the "best news story" published during one month of the twelve, I felt that I had little reason for gratitude. I had known literary contest judges, and had compassionately watched their labors. Also, I had read protests written by some of the losers, sent special delivery in envelopes marked "personal". I felt like replying, "No, Burton Rascoe, you *cannot snare a man so old and wary*".

But now, having examined some scores of well written newspaper stories, which appeared during January in dailies in many parts of the country, I acknowledge that Mr. Rascoe has done me a favor. He has introduced me to writers whose work clearly proves that the art of literary composition for newspaper columns is not perishing, as pessimists assert; that the bogies of "standardization" and "speed mania"—scarcecrows more frightful in a woman's club speech than elsewhere—are not destroying the spontaneity or the feeling for style which have somehow kept alive among the changing *mores* of American newspaper offices. More than once, when reading the clippings sent me, I have pictured a city editor, wearied with fat columns about tax reform or aldermanic thefts, eagerly saying to a bright young man (or woman): "This looks like a feature. See what you can do with it". And I have imagined the writer, equally bored with the stuff city officials or "the business interests" are supposed to like, tackling the yarn with no eye save for the best way of doing it, without "page one" in mind—without so much as a thought of THE BOOKMAN'S monthly prize.

A number of reporters, during January of this year, did certainly contribute attractively written stuff to the columns of their papers. As one sought for the best, there was no inevitable choice. It seemed proper to lay aside those stories which had been written for "Sunday supplements", inasmuch as those writers had a great advantage in time over the others: Anyway, is a Sunday feature a "news story"? There were several, also, which looked good until one began to find in them phrases such as "hale and hearty", "flaunt the law", and "hovered between life and death". There were two or three which were too obviously and consciously "star reporter stuff". Verbless sentences . . . Rows of dots . . . You know the kind.

Finally it became a question: "Which story contained crude, everyday newspaper material, the kind that tempts to feverish verbosity and exclamation points? Which one dealt with a sudden exciting event, that probably had to be covered and written about in a hurry? And which one did this with clearness, completeness, and vividness, without mannerisms, and yet with some originality?"

Mr. Markel's story of the Mount Scott bank-robbery, printed in the Portland *Oregonian* of January 20, filled the bill.

His first paragraph, for example: in that paragraph he not only tells what happened but introduces the thoughtful neighborhood grocer who mopped up the floor where the robbers had fallen, "and banking was resumed". And then at the end, after Mr. Markel has dutifully recorded all the necessary matters of identification, etc., details so very hard to dispose of neatly in a "feature story", he ends it all—how? "Benton had but one article, outside the watch and

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pencil [I'm sorry for that "outside", Mr. Markel] in his pockets. It was a blue-embroidered pillow-slip, the cloth unbleached muslin and the flower design in silk, which was to have been the money bag in the hold-up." The story begins with a "homely" scene, and ends with a "homely", yet picturesque, detail, which also suggests a bit of mystery.

I read Mr. Markel's story over, and then it occurred to me: "I'll just wager he doesn't tell what time the shooting happened". But I looked again, and there it was, near the top, "9:05 A.M." worked in so as not to disturb the flow of the narrative. Thus Mr. Markel proved himself more careful than a reporter who wrote a lovely story about the death of Eddie Foy, and neglected to say that Foy was dead.

In the Canton, Ohio, *Daily News,* Helen Welshimer had a poetic account of a veteran linotype machine; a story well worth reading, even if it became a trifle too poetic at the close; and in the *Kansas City Post,* Ray Runnion scored a good one with his account of an "average citizen" watching a column of prisoners taking their sad journey from the county jail to the penitentiary. Allen Raymond cabled to the *New York Times* a dignified column about the funeral of Thomas Hardy. In the *Chicago Daily News* Jack Casey had an extremely vivid account of the arrival of President Cosgrave in the city; but Jack must wait for some other month and some other judge.

I thought that Mr. Markel, handling a story which might have elicited bombast and rhetorical gore, handling it coolly but graphically, and, rejecting "journalese", had done better than those others—and so, bowing before the coming storm of letters marked "personal", I have voted for Mr. Markel.

PRIZE STORY FOR JANUARY

2 ROBBERS SLAIN BY BANK CASHIER

Bullets Halt Holdup of Mt. Scott Institution

Wife of Official Plays Important Part in Frustrating Bold Attempt

By Daniel Markel

From the *Morning Oregonian* (Portland)
Jan. 20, 1928

Two armed men went into the Mount Scott State bank yesterday morning to hold it up and a few moments later were carried out dead. A thoughtful neighborhood grocer then brought a mop and pail, scrubbed the floor where the robbers had fallen, and banking was resumed.

The gunmen had been received by the cashier-manager, A. J. Demorest, Mrs. Demorest, a Winchester .30-.30 rifle and an inkwell. Four members of the robber band who remained outside the bank escaped in two automobiles. A shot was fired at one of the fleeing cars and may have struck, for an occupant crumpled in the seat.

Three weeks ago the same bank, located at 6300 Foster road, was held up for the first time and $1900 obtained by two robbers. On that occasion Mr. Demorest was not prepared to serve lead. Nor would be have been prepared had yesterday's holdup occurred Wednesday.

Defense Plan Just Devised

It was night before last that Mr. and Mrs. Demorest devised the program for welcoming unexpected bandits that yesterday was carried out with such marked success. The plans were the result of a "hunch," as Mr. Demorest described it, and an article in a bankers' magazine.

A "hunch" told Mr. Demorest that an attempt would be made shortly to rob the bank the second time. The title of the magazine article, "Preparedness Prevents Holdups," indicates what followed.

"I believe I'll take the .22 down to the bank in the morning," Mr. Demorest had then told his wife, as they were seated in their home.

"If I took any gun it would be the .30-.30," Mrs. Demorest replied. "I'd have something effective."

Rifle at Hand First Time

So yesterday morning the Winchester "deer rifle" accompanied Mr. Demorest to the bank. He placed it behind the door of the vault.

Mrs. Demorest, "helping out temporarily" at the bank, arrived there at 9:05. "I'm late," she told her husband and Matthew Harris and Harold Jones, teller and bookkeeper. "I was reading an article in the Bankers' Journal about preventing holdups. If there are ever any here while

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I'm around I'm going to attract all the attention I can."

She stepped into a small room to hang up her wraps and coming from the room she saw two strangers enter the bank door. She followed them with her eyes as she walked to the back of the small bank, suspicious. She saw them whip out pistols, screamed, stepped into a small room and hurled an inkwell through the window, just missing a bandit "look-out" man outside.

Demorest heard the scream, looked quickly, and also saw the pistols flash. He was standing near the vault. He stepped toward it. Harris was standing behind the cashier's window, Jones by the third window from the door.

The bandit since identified as Fred Williams, ex-inmate of the Washington state reformatory at Monroe, Wash., where he served time for a holdup in Spokane, held a pistol in Harris' face. "Back to the vault, get back, get back," the gunman commanded excitedly.

Harris and Jones obeyed. The second bandit, now identified as John R. Benton, who had police records in Seattle and Spokane, went to the back of the bank, through a door leading into the office and to the vault, and confronted Demorest with his pistol.

With steel courage, Demorest reached back of the heavy door of the vault, seized his rifle, fired from the hip. The bandit Benton dropped, still clutching his pistol. The soft-nosed bullet from the Winchester had severed the jugular vein and broken his neck.

Harris, the diminutive teller, stepped forward and took the pistol from the dead man's hand.

Then Williams, "coverman" for the holdup band, standing just outside the cage, fired through the teller's window, but not until one cartridge had been thrown from the defective weapon. The shot was wild.

Cashier Calmly Faces Pistol

Demorest stepped out from the vault and faced the second automatic gun within a space of only several seconds. The pistol was raised and aimed directly at him. The ex-convict pulled the trigger. The empty shell of the cartridge fired was jammed in the automatic's mechanism. As Williams pulled at the trigger Demorest, still desperately calm in the defense of the bank, raised the rifle to his shoulder and fired.

Through the glass of the cage the bullet crashed, flattened, and struck Williams in the right eye, tearing away the back of his skull and going on through an outside window of the bank. Death was instant.

Mrs. Demorest's screams, and the hurling of the ink-well through the window had attracted several passers-by an instant before firing had begun. The "lookout" man had shaken his fists at her, then with the sound of shots, turned and ran, leaping into a car parked by the bank.

But her bravery accomplished far more than that, Inspectors Schulpius and Moloney, who, with Lieutenant Graves, conducted investigation in the case, agreed. Her cries may have saved the lives of her husband and the other two employes.

For interviews obtained by Inspector Schulpius with spectators disclosed a startling fact previously unknown to any of the lawful occupants of the bank.

Benton and Williams were not the only desperadoes in the bank. There were two, possibly three others, who had followed on the heels of the first two gunmen. They had not remained. They had run.

Screams Decided Issue, Theory

Events happened too closely to determine the exact instant Benton and Williams were deserted by their aides. It was theoretically probable, however, that they fled when Mrs. Demorest commenced screaming, and did not wait until a second later when firing began, the inspectors reasoned.

Had they stayed until the shooting they, too, doubtless would have fired, and with Demorest's attention directed first to Benton and then to Williams, the holdup accomplices would have found him an easy target. Demorest was unaware of their presence. So was Harris. So was Jones.

Mrs. Demorest, in Inspector Schulpius' opinion, routed the two or possibly three bandits from the bank with her brave warning cries. Her husband killed the two not frightened away.

"She deserves tremendous credit," the inspector said.

William May, 6344 Foster road, saw a middle-aged man, 6 feet tall, wearing a black overcoat and black hat, run out of the bank, across Foster road, and leap into a black Essex sedan, where a man was sitting at the wheel.

W. M. Frisby, 5220 Sixty-third street Southeast, saw a man wearing a brown suit, tall and slim, run from the bank and leap into a blue Studebaker open touring car carrying a Washington license, the number of which was not obtained. This man took the wheel and turned the car into Foster road.

Both the black sedan and blue touring car at high speed raced down Foster road towards the more populated portion of the city.

Doctor Pursues But Loses

Dr. E. G. Marguson, 4511 Sixty-third street Southeast, saw the second car speed down Foster road and stepping on the accelerator of his own automobile pursued to Fiftieth street and Powell Valley road, where he lost sight of it.

Immediately after the holdup the bodies of the dead robbers were taken to the county morgue, Coroner Earl Smith making the coroner's investigation at the bank. It was at the morgue that efforts to identify the slain bandits began.

Inspector Schulpius identified Benton from the inscription on a flat, square gold watch, a gold pencil and a ruby ring. On the watch were the initials "J. R. B.," on the pencil the name "Hannah M. Benton" and in the ring the initials "J. R. B." Check at central station revealed a J. R. Benton listed in records, and a photograph taken at the Monroe reformatory and filed in Bertillon headquarters confirmed identification.

Bertillon Expert Harms took finger prints of Williams at the morgue and established the dead man's name and identity by checking the finger-print files at central station.

Benton had but one article, outside the watch and pencil, in his pockets. It was a blue-embroidered pillow slip, the cloth unbleached muslin and the flowered design in silk, which was to have been the money bag in the holdup.

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BOSTON

A Contemporary Historical Novel

By Upton Sinclair

(A summary of the preceding instalments will be found on page XVIII, front advertising section.)

CHAPTER FIVE

The Saving Minority

I

CORNELIA declined three invitations to live in three different mansions, and got herself an apartment on the north side of Beacon Hill, where the poor live near enough to the rich to come to them as servants, and to be visited as objects of charity. She had three rooms and a tiny kitchen and bath; one room being planned for her granddaughter, in the hoped-for course of events. Cornelia did not mention this, but announced that she was going to live alone, to the great dismay of her family. Betty was in the secret, and helped fix up the little room, which was a great joke, because it had perhaps the twentieth part of the floor-space she enjoyed at home. But what is floor-space compared with adventure, romance, the tasting of forbidden fruit? "Oh, Grannie, it's so cute! And it's going to be such fun! Do you suppose they will really ever let me come?"

"I don't know, dear; if we're both very good and proper—if you don't have any more love-affairs—"

"Oh, Grannie, I am off that for life! That horrible little monster of propriety, Roger Lowell—it makes me blush just to think of him!"

"The same effect that you had upon him," said Cornelia.

They discussed the technique of self-suppression, so fundamental to life in Boston. For forty years Cornelia had gone about her daily affairs, thinking her own thoughts, and seldom even venturing to make jokes about what the others did. Now Betty must learn the art. She must say "Yes, Mother", and "Certainly, Father", and let it go at that. In an extreme case she might say, "I think, Mother, it would be wiser if we did not discuss that question". She might be firm and say, "I really think, Mother, you ought to excuse me from saying any more". If she would do that, politely but persistently, her family would have a great respect for her; and some day, she might remark casually, "Mother, I think I will invite Grannie to go to the symphony tomorrow afternoon". Later she might telephone and say, "Mother, I'm having supper with Grannie, and spending the evening with her". It would be hard for a mother to say, "No, you must come home at once"; or even to ask "Are there going to be any anarchists present?"

Of course it all depended upon Cornelia's "behaving herself". But alas, the imperial German government announced its new policy—the submarines were going to sink passenger vessels without warning; and forthwith the Back Bay declared war on Germany; while South Boston, the Irish quarter, declared war on Britain. There was a symbolical insurrection when the Irish paraded down Beacon Street; the Back Bay shut up its houses and drew the blinds, but the cooks and waitresses and parlor-maids and chamber-maids threw wide open the basement doors and windows, and stood in the area-ways cheering themselves hoarse. For a generation it had been one of the diversions of the Sewing Circle to whisper harrowing stories of the conduct of these Irish maids with Irish policemen in the kitchens; but now it was even worse—the policemen were replaced by German spies, and nobody was safe any more!

Among the activities of the Kaiser and his

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agents was persuading deluded sentimentalists to organize groups with high-falutin names for preaching pacifism. There was a "Fellowship of Reconciliation", and a "Women's League for Peace and Freedom", and a "Peoples Council for Peace and Democracy", and a "Jackasses' Association for Flubdub and Buncombe"—so Rupert Alvin described it in one of his purple-faced rages. The *Transcript* had been publishing atrocity stories in twelve editions every week for a hundred and twenty weeks, and the Back Bay had believed every word it read; so now imagine the sensation when one of these organizations of long-haired men and short-haired women listed among its abettors a former "first lady" of the Commonwealth!

And Mrs. Josiah Quincy Thornwell was going to make a public speech in favor of America's taking it lying down! When that announcement appeared the entire family came, one at a time or in delegations, to argue and plead and scold. Clara wept, in the name of her whole precious brood; if the Germans took Boston they would cut off all sixteen of those sweet chubby hands. Alice used the arts which she had practiced for forty years, ever since she had made the discovery that her beautiful face would cause others to yield their will to hers. Deborah had never had a beautiful face, so she had gone in for character, and now declared that she must consider her duty to her children, and protect Betty from the contagion of German anarchist propaganda.

II

Henry Winters honored his mother-in-law with an entire evening of his socially precious time. She was pleased at that, because Henry had a sense of fun, and would talk about realities. She hired a Negro maid, and prepared him a good dinner; he came in full regalia, with his gray hair composed in a graceful wave and held there by a cylinder of stiff and shiny black silk. And while she fed him she told him her adventures as a runaway grandmother, her work in the Plymouth cordage plant, and how she had lived on six dollars a week, and about the Italian anarchists who made bombs of pistachio, and the rebel saint who had been the cause of Betty Alvin's reading Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin on the rights of women. Impossible to imagine a more diverting story, especially the climax, which had come only last week—Cornelia's meeting with Mr. J. Lawrence Perry, and telling that elderly philanthropist how it felt to be an unskilled worker in his mighty plant, and be chased off the picket-line by his special policemen!

Later on, when dinner was over and the maid dismissed, the great lawyer settled himself in an easy-chair and with the utmost tactfulness steered the conversation onto the subject of German propaganda; with the result that his mother-in-law hit him between the eyes. "Tell me, Henry, how much do the Boston banks stand to lose if the Germans win?"

"Is this for publication, Mother?" The cloud of cigarette smoke did not obscure the twinkle in Henry's fine dark eyes.

"Your name is not for publication, Henry. I'm told it's a hundred million dollars."

"Round figures are generally exaggerated. As a matter of fact it would be everything the Boston banks have, because if a panic like that got started nobody can say where it would stop."

"And that's why we have to go in?"

"We live under a system, Mother. Maybe you know how to change it; I don't."

"And what's this I hear about you and Rupert taking over the Haupt Electric works?"

"Jehoshaphat! Where did you get that?"

"Well, I have sources of information. I suppose that is the system too—our leading bankers getting back the cost of their war-propaganda!"

"Well, Mother, we can't expect the Germans to pay it for us; and if we do go in we surely can't leave the manufacture of our war-supplies to the enemy!"

"The fact that you and Rupert and James are getting your lines on Haupt Electric means we really are going in, then?"

"Of course, Mother, we're going in; that is what I want to tell you—it is unwise of you to waste your strength and happiness trying the impossible. You know, I don't

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fret about appearances like the rest of the family; but I'm fond of you—we used to have jolly little chats, and I missed them when you ran off. I thought maybe if you wanted to blow off steam you might blow it at me, instead of at an audience. Believe me, public life is wearing—not all the millions of all the Boston banks could get me into it! I imagine you've found that out since you put your name on a letter-head and set yourself up as a target for all the cranks in New England. How many begging letters have you received this week? How many associations have you joined to reform our spelling and put a stop to vaccination and vivisection?"

That was Henry Cabot Winters, genial, shrewd, playfully cynical. But do not let his social charm fool you; underneath the "Harvard manner" there was a wolf. He would nose among the banking secrets of Boston—he called the biggest bankers in the city by such names as "Ted" and "Winnie" and "Jimmie"; he had been to college with them, and met their wives and daughters in the evenings; he had access to their records; he could telephone and ask how much so-and-so was borrowing, and what were his assets and connections; and presently he would catch a scent of blood, and put himself upon the trail of a wounded caribou and track him down—for years, maybe, never resting till he had drunk the last drop of blood from his veins. Both bankers and industrialists dreaded him, yet they could not get along without him; there was cut-throat competition among two big banking groups in New England, and Henry's crowd needed his cunning, at any price he chose to ask. His fee was three hundred dollars a day, but that was merely for overhead; his real reward was part of the carcass of each caribou.

Now he lounged in a faded Morris chair out of a second-hand shop, and lighted one cigarette after another and gazed about at the feeble art-effects which Cornelia had been able to produce without spending money. He sounded like a school-boy as he said, "Gee, Mother, I wish I could get off by myself and live the simple life!"

"Why not, Henry?"

"Well, I've got a costly wife, and a son to put through the education mill—"

"Rubbish, Henry; you know you laugh at Alice and her elegance, and your money will probably ruin your boy. There is some real reason."

"Well, I guess it's a game, Mother; you have to do something. When I rowed on the Harvard eight—it wasn't really so important, but we'd have broken a heart-valve to keep six inches ahead of the Yale boat. Life is like that. If you stop to ask for a reason you spoil the fun, so you just shut your eyes and pull the stroke."

"So that's how we're going into the war, and kill one or two million of our boys—to win a game we don't really believe in!"

"No, Mother, it's different there. Some fellows won't play the game according to the rules, and we're going to put them out."

"Who made the rules, Henry?"

The great lawyer laughed. "You ought to come into my office and learn to cross-examine witnesses. That would be a new stunt for a runaway grandmother—to become a lawyer at the age of— what would it be, about sixty-five?"

"But answer my question—who made the rules of the game?"

Henry laughed again. "England, I suppose; she has made the rules of all the games, hasn't she?"

III

Mrs. Josiah Quincy Thornwell sat at a long table running lengthwise across the head of a room, and raised a foot or so like a dais. The seat at the center was occupied by an elderly gentleman; Cornelia was at his right, and at his left a Chinese lady with slit eyes and coppery skin. The rest of the table was occupied by a dozen persons of prominence in Boston intellectual life. The great room was filled with tables running at right angles to the head-table, and occupied by four or five hundred members of the Twentieth Century Club.

Luncheon was in progress, with colored waitresses hurrying here and there amid a rattle of knives and forks and a subdued murmur of conversation. But every now and then each of the four or five hundred pairs

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of eyes would steal a glance at the head-table, and particularly at Cornelia. As a matter of mathematics, it is obvious that this meant a number of eyes upon her all the time, and she was aware of it; her answers to the president's remarks were absent-minded, and her efforts to consume a proper quantity of lamb chop, peas and potatoes were intermittent.

It is a bad thing to eat solid food when you are excited, but Cornelia had not yet learned that lesson so important to orators. As "first lady" of the Commonwealth she had now and then been compelled to say a few words of thanks to the lady chairmen of visiting delegations; but this was the first time she had been a "headliner"; her début as pacifist and rebel. The story of her elopement had of course been whispered all over by this time; and not ten generations' training in austerity and reticence could keep the four or five hundred pairs of eyes from manifesting interest. There was not a vacant seat at any table; after the dessert and coffee had been served, and the tables piled back out of the way in a corner, there were not folding chairs enough for the throng and all the doorways were packed with standers.

The lady with the slit eyes and the coppery skin was a native graduate of a Chinese mission school supported by Boston money. She was introduced, and told them about life in this school—employing a pure and perfect Bostonese, with the broadest possible "a" and no "r" at all; she even referred to "that cradle of liberty, Funnel Hall"—just as if her name were Cabot or Lowell, instead of being Wang-Sin-She! American school-histories tell about a place called "Fanueil Hall", and you know how it looks, but unless you visit "old Boston", you don't know how it sounds.

Every Saturday through the fall and winter the Twentieth Century Club held these luncheons, and you would hear the head of a Negro school in Mississippi, or maybe in Liberia; a woman who had been studying the opium trade in the Orient, or white slavery in the Argentine; a physician who had been curing the Eskimoes of trachoma, or a strike-leader who had been jailed in Colorado. It did not matter where you came from or what you had, so long as you were making the world better. This was the only organization of elderly liberals in the whole world; they were always ready to join something new, and if you were persuasive enough they would write you checks. Nowhere else in the world were appearances more deceptive; nowhere did fine feathers so fail to make fine birds. The old lady in front of you, dressed in rusty black silk and carrying an umbrella frayed at the edges, might be the owner of a mountain of copper in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan, or of six city blocks of tenements in East Boston.

Cornelia saw many persons whom she knew, and others whose faces were familiar—perhaps because they were types. The very same kind of old ladies made up the Sewing Circle; but there they had made long yellow flannel petticoats for the poor, while here they remade the world. Old ladies with little round faces, like Cornelia herself; old ladies with long faces, dimply faces, wrinkly faces with mouths drawn down at the corners; little bustling ladies, large ample ladies, timid shy ladies, grim determined ladies—row after row of them, with eyes fixed upon the copper-colored speaker. It would not have been polite for Cornelia to look at any one of them too long, so her eyes moved from one face to the next. She saw hair drawn up in tight little topknots, hair pitifully thin, with pink scalps showing through; hair in curls, hair in waves, hair neatly plastered down at the sides. An old lady with a benevolent boy's face, and one with bulgy rosy cheeks; one with deeply graven mouth and double lines at the side, one with wide outstanding ears, one with a round white forehead, one shiny in new silk and ropes of pearls, one tinkling with chains and medallions.

And scattered in between, old gentlemen! Bald ones whose scalps were pink, and bald ones whose scalps were white; some with thin white hair, some with bushy gray hair; some with neatly trimmed military moustaches, with droopy moustaches, with grandfatherly beards, with chin-whiskers round like a quartermoon, relics of old New England. Old gentlemen with saggy cheeks, or portly like bishops, or military and erect; rosy club-

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men; earnest, ascetic preachers with clerical collars; one with a red nose; one very fashionable, with glasses hanging from a black silk cord; one famous scholar with no hair on top of his head, but covering his collar in back. These, no more than the ladies, could be judged by appearances; the poorest-looking might be the richest, the mildest-looking might hold the most revolutionary opinions. One thing alone was certain—you could never voice an idea too strange, a course of action too dangerous, for some of these elderly idealists to applaud!

IV

Cornelia made her little speech; very gently and quietly, even humbly. She found many who were with her; if she had been ready to organize she would have had no trouble in forming a band of twentieth century martyrs. And next morning the newspapers reported the event, briefly but with dignity; yes, even the most rabidly patriotic were respectful—it was the right she had acquired on the day she became a Thornwell. Nothing she could do, short of murder, would forfeit that immunity. If she became a maniac and had to be shut up in an asylum the papers would decorously cease to mention her; but no opinion held or expressed would ever cause them to insult a sacred Brahmin.

And curiously enough, the rest of the clan were proud of that fact; in a perverse kind of way they gloried in the eccentric old lady who had told the world to go to the devil. Much as they hated her ideas, they would have been the first to jump down the throat of any miserable shrimp of a journalist who dared to deal impolitely with her. The fact that no such shrimp appeared helped to reconcile them to what had happened; they realized, as families frequently do, that the reality was not so bad as the anticipation. So, after a week or two, Betty was permitted to take her grandmother to a symphony concert.

But Cornelia did not succeed in preventing the war. The great machine rolled on, flattening out all opposition. The Irish of Boston might parade and spit, they might hold meetings that turned into riots, they might make the city a scandal throughout the nation, but the great machine would flatten them out in the end—their mayor, their police force, and their cardinal. It would do the same with socialists and anarchists, pacifists, sentimentalists, all other varieties of cranks. Clear the way for Juggernaut!

And meantime Rupert, Henry and James, like sensible men of affairs, were busy taking possession of the electrical manufacturing plant of Haupt. Rupert, Henry and James were active Republicans, and this was a Democratic administration; its promise to be non-partisan and patriotic was a kind of chaff that would not catch old birds like Rupert, Henry and James. They got hold of a prominent Democratic statesman, close to the administration, and took him in with them on the basis of a ten percent "cut". He had a nephew whom he installed in the office of the "alien property custodian"; and so the three musketeers of State Street got possession of the great property for one-twentieth of its market value, turned out the German-American executives, put in some younger sons of the "blue-bloods", and were ready to manufacture war-supplies and sell them to the government at the highest possible prices. And the government was ready to buy with patriotic fervor. If the business men of the country made big profits they could enlarge the plants, and increase the product, and pay high wages, and there would be prosperity for everyone except the Kaiser.

Billions of money and millions of men—such was the slogan. Congress passed a conscription act, ordering all men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty to register for the draft: soon after which there was a ring at Cornelia's door-bell, and when she answered she saw her friend, the maker of pistachio bombs. She had sent him her address, without telling him of her change of name. Sooner or later he would find out who she was, but meantime she would put both names on the door of her apartment and let her Italian friends go on using the name they had learned.

So there stood Bartolomeo Vanzetti, hesitating a little, not sure if she would want to see him, since she had given up being a

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working woman. "I come for say good-bye, Nonna."

"Where are you going?"

He came in. "Anybody here for hear me?" Then he told her, "I go Mexico for keep out from war. I go wit' Nick—you know, young feller you see in dramma one time, Nick Sacc'. Is good feller, we go Mexico togedder for no get draft. Never will fight for capitalista, Nonna".

"Of course not, Bart."

"You no t'ink I am coward for run away, Nonna! You see me and Nick, we fight when time come, but is not yet. You see worker get in war, he get his eye open, he learn what is capitalismo. You see great t'ing come when dissa war is done, Nonna. Come greata change, come rivoluzione. I know, you cannot believe; joosta wait, you see what I tell. Come bad time, come unemploy-èd, come big strike, lika war. Maybe it come great richa countree, like Britain, maybe it come poor countree like Russia—go what you say—cannot pay debt—bancarotta—"

"Bankrupt."

"Maybe come Russia, you see Tsar get kill-èd, Grand Duke run away. Maybe come Italy, plenty chance for Italian anarchista maka fight. I go Mexico, wait soocha time."

"How will you get along, Bart?"

"I get along, all time. Got two good arm, good back, worka picka shov', make living. Some odder Italian come, we no get lonely. I write letter some time, maybe get book, learn write Eengleesh, get educate, shoore! I never forget you, Nonna, besta friend, good lady, help working man—onderstand heem. It is best t'ing of all, Nonna, it is better for onderstand as if you give million dollar. It is t'ing what come from heart. I want you know—" and here the maker of pistachio bombs laid his hand gently on her shoulder —"I want you know, Nonna, I have for you the sentiment. I not know to say Eengleesh —is Italian word, sentimento—mean kinda feeling."

"I understand, Bart." There were tears in Cornelia's eyes. "I shall think of you often. You have taught me more than you realize—perhaps more than I realize myself."

He went; and a week or two later Cornelia picked up her morning paper, and there on the front page was a startling story: a revolution in Russia, the Tsar a prisoner, and a democratic, popular party in control! An amazing, an incredible event; making it possible once more to have hopes, to believe that changes were possible, that evil systems, entrenched for generations, might at last be broken down. Also it raised Bartolomeo Vanzetti from the status of a dreamer to that of a prophet. Cornelia had listened to his phrases, and smiled gently at his peasant simplicity of mind; but here suddenly his ideas became reality, made known upon the front pages of every newspaper in the world.

V

The pacifists had failed to keep America out of the war, but there was still the question of peace terms, upon which depended the duration of the fighting. So the agitation went on—until the month of July, when the marines at the navy yard took matters out of the hands of the Irish mayor. There was a parade organized by the socialists, in support of their program of no conquests and no indemnities; the police had given the necessary permit, but all the same the marines raided the parade and broke it up, tearing the banners away from the marchers. They finished by raiding the socialist headquarters and dumping its contents into the street. Cornelia was in this parade, and once more encountered violence; but now she was panoplied in her dignity as a "blue-blood", and did not have to run.

Also—most dreadful circumstance—Elizabeth Thornwell Alvin, daughter of the president of the Pilgrim National Bank, was in that riot! She did not get into the papers, and it was a couple of days before some thoughtful friend brought the news to her father. There were more scenes, and Betty, in spite of eighteen legal years just acquired, was again forbidden to visit her runaway grand-parent. A program was proposed to keep her in remote country places during the summer; but she vowed that she would not go to that foolish Camp Putnam. "You might as well give up, Mother, there's no chance in this world of my marrying one of those dull young men."

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"Betty, don't be vulgar!"

"I'm being honest, Mother. You know what Camp Putnam is for. But you'll have to realize once for all—my opinions make it impossible for me to be a social success—there, or anywhere else."

"What is it you want to do, child?"

"I want to go and stay with Grannie—all the time."

"But you wanted to go to college."

"I've changed my mind. I realize that you don't learn anything at college."

"Betty! What a silly thing to say!"

"Well, you don't learn the things I want to learn. I got more from being in that one parade than I did in a whole year at Miss Wilson's."

"So you want to study to be a leader of street-mobs!"

"I want to study with Grannie, who is investigating the most important things in the world."

"What things, pray?"

"The causes of modern war. She is going to know about them, and found a society to teach them. It's too late this time, she says, but next time perhaps we can avoid being caught. And Mother, you must know that is important—just as much so as the feminine endings in Shakespeare's plays, and whatever else you learn in college. And it's the right kind of thing for Boston people to do. When you've succeeded people recognize it, and build a monument to you."

"Oh! So you're going to have a monument in Boston!"

"Not for myself—but for Grannie, yes indeed! Look at that Shaw Memorial, Mother—people come from all over the United States to see it. Those Negro troops are dead and turned to bronze, so they are safe and respectable; but when they were Negro troops, and Colonel Shaw marched them down Beacon Street, the members of the Somerset Club pulled down the shades. That was how the Union Club came to be founded—some of the people on Beacon Hill were loyal to the Union cause, and Grandfather Thornwell was one of them. That is history, Mother; but I didn't learn it at Miss Wilson's, and I wouldn't learn it at Radcliffe. The Union Club is top-hole now, and it pulls down the shades on us. But we shall have a 'Peace Club', or something like that, and fifty years from now we'll be the highest high-hat in town, and there'll be an oil painting of Grannie in the lobby and the family will be proud as Punch!"

Thus Betty, citing precedents, according to precedent. It all seemed so reasonable to her—and to her mother raving nonsense. Was it not obvious that Colonel Shaw had upheld the hands of Abraham Lincoln—the President, even though nothing but a vulgar rail-splitter! Now here was Woodrow Wilson—a gentleman and a scholar, even though he did come from the wrong university—here he was fighting for civilization, and Cornelia and Betty were trying to stab him in the back.

"Yes, Mother"—for Betty had not yet learned Cornelia's technique of self-suppression; "it all depends on what history decides about this war. Did we have to get in? Or could we have brought the nations to better terms if we had stayed out?"

So they wrangled, until the tempers of both were frayed, and Deborah exclaimed, "Your father has lost all patience with you! You run a grave risk that he will cut you off!"

"But, Mother, do you seriously think I should spend my life sitting round waiting for you and Father to die?"

"Oh, what things you do say!"

"But that's what *you* said! I'm not to do any thinking of my own until you are dead and I've got the money. But what good would it be to me then? I wouldn't know anything better to do with it than to make yellow flannel petticoats for the poor—so ugly that the poor can't be persuaded to wear them!"

That was a dreadful utterance—a jeer at the most sacred institution of feminine Boston, dating from the Civil War—the Sewing Circle—groups of ladies of the highest social rank, who met for luncheon at one another's homes, and afterwards sewed for the poor and gossiped for the rich. A fresh layer was recruited every year out of the débutante set, and they constituted the basis of selection for all other social activities; if you didn't get into the Sewing Circle, you

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never got into anything. And it was really true that up to quite recently they had made yellow flannel petticoats for the poor, and had stopped because it was no longer possible to find anyone to wear their product. Mrs. Rupert Alvin, who was indignant at the presumption and ingratitude of the inhabitants of East Boston and South Boston slums, had favored going on making the petticoats according to tradition, and sending them to Europe, where the lower classes knew their place in life.

VI

Betty went to Plymouth, to spend a couple of weeks with her friend Lucile Walker. She wrote begging Grannie to come, and Mrs. Walker added a formal invitation. But Cornelia did not want to visit rich people; to her, Plymouth meant Italians and the simple life. She wrote to the Brinis and found they had no boarder, so she went down for a few days. A strange sensation, reentering that so different world! She would keep it as a place of refuge, a stimulus to the imagination, a cure for the mental diseases of affluence. Here people said what they meant, and it was possible to understand what they were doing. When Vincenzo Brini got up at dawn and shovelled and raked and grubbed in the dirt he did not have to tell you, like Henry Cabot Winters, that life was a game which you must play without thinking; no, Vincenzo would say "Moocha gooda vegetable!"—and, escorting you from row to row of his treasures, tell you the Italian names and remember the English names—after you had reminded him! Alfonsina wanted a wash-tub, for perfectly sound economic reasons. Beltrando wanted a violin and someone to teach him to play it, and was going to earn the money by picking berries.

The boys were playing baseball on top of Castle Hill, the birds sang, the sun sparkled on the bay, and the pleasure-boats made converging tracks on the water. There were flowers in the woods again—but alas, no Vanzetti to explain them and explore nature's mysteries. Incessantly they talked about him—the things he had said and the things he had liked. He had gone away without saying good-bye to Trando and Fay, afraid lest their children's prattle might reveal his secret. Their mother had explained matters later—but it was hard for them to be reconciled to his lack of trust.

Alfonsina had got a letter. Both Sacco and Vanzetti were in Mexico: and the latter had found work as a baker. The Mexicans came to America for jobs, and the Italians took what they left behind. Then came a letter for Cornelia, and the family sat round the table and read and discussed it. "I have obtained book for English education. I shall be greatly cultured. Each word as I investigate in dictionary I secure in mind." They could picture him, sitting in a laborer's hut, patiently looking up long words by the light of a candle, and putting them together, not always in the right order.

"It is primitive country, much hospitality of people, much to approve, but not developed industrial. The great America has depraved us, we feel in nature's wildness lonely. I will be glad for receiving English books for education reading, it is great limitation to obtain Italian reading. Nick and me endeavor for improvement our companions of exile. It is necessary for information of world developments. You have seen Russian rivoluzion, but is necessary for explanazion that such is lacking in true rivoluzionairy significance. It is of bourgeois nature, for making country like capitalistic America. It is not of workers or peasants, but Kerensky is tool of business men, and you will see that the desires of Russia for acquirement of Constantinople will not be abandoned, and the participating of Russia in the war will have this significance. I will not proceed in this discussing because is possible for letter to be censured, but will say that all nation in most cruel conflict have imperialist ambition which will not abandon for beautiful sentiments. I have long walk for obtaining stamp for letter so will conclusion with expressing of sincere esteem, your Bartolomeo Vanzetti."

VII

Cornelia went to call on the Jerry Walkers—she could not fail to do so, being no longer in hiding. They lived in a big re-

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modelled house on a hill-top looking over the bay, and you would have thought them very fashionable if you had not known the dreadful fact that Mrs. Walker was the daughter of a Pittsburgh steel manufacturer. Startling to realize how one could have all this comfort, and even elegance, and yet be totally non-existent from the social point of view. Mrs. Walker was a fair, buxom lady, her manner to Cornelia a curious mixture of deference due to a "blue-blood" modified by the need of not seeming too eager for social promotion. A strange world, in which a motor-ride of six minutes brought you from Suosso's Lane, where things were simple and natural, to this hill-top mansion from which simplicity and naturalness had been banished as by an enchanter's spell.

But a spell for ladies only! Jerry Walker, who had begun life as an errand-boy, liked to talk with Cornelia about those days, and how the Governor had helped him to a start. He liked to talk about his enormous business, which he was organizing upon a new system. Not content with owning all the felt-plants of New England, he had got a chain of establishments to manufacture the things that were made of felt—shoes, hats, hospital supplies; he had a jobbing business to distribute them, and was not going to stop until he had retail stores, and even the sheep to make the wool. He was eager about all this—a bouncing little man with bristly yellow hair standing up like a bull-dog's. He was extremely self-confident, a great business organizer, who knew it and frequently said it, adding prophecies. A highly dangerous state of mind in New England, where all is secrecy, and there is an instinctive repugnance toward anyone who talks. Cornelia remembered that last discussion she had heard between her husband and Rupert Alvin, when Jerry Walker and his felt-plants had been the subject. It was easy to understand why Rupert was so antagonistic to this talkative outsider, and resented his control of a great New England industry.

Just now Jerry Walker needed to expand his business for war purposes, and needed to buy stocks of raw material for government contracts. He ought to buy quickly, because the price of wool was leaping day by day; but he could not get the banking credit. Everybody else was getting it, all along the line, but from him the bankers demanded practically the taking over of his business.

It was the working out of a situation which Cornelia understood clearly; but she did not have the right to talk about it, not even to Betty. The latter had learned of Mr. Walker's troubles from Lucile and was embarrassed, because among those who held the whip-hand were her own father and her uncle, John Quincy Thornwell, president of the Fifth National Bank. "Grannie, I don't know much about banking, and I don't suppose you do, but I can't help thinking it seems to go by favor. Mr. Walker never wore the hat-band of a Harvard Club, and his wife isn't in the Sewing Circle! Do you suppose that is it?"

Cornelia answered, "I once heard Great-uncle Abner say that banking is the private preserve of the blue-bloods, a feeding-crib for the sons and nephews and cousins".

"But, Grannie, that isn't fair! There's father and Uncle John, who can get all the money they need from their own banks—"

"No, dear, they can't do that—it would be against the law."

"It wouldn't be against the law for them to lend to each other, would it? Or to Uncle James, or other members of the family? Certainly you never hear of the Thornwell Mills having to scuffle for credit. And Mr. Walker is such a fine man, who has built up his business by hard work and not by family favors. I would talk to Father about it, if I thought it would help."

"No, dear, you'd better not meddle. Your parents would say the Walkers were trying to use you."

"I suppose that's why they hate to have me come here. I must only know the people who come to our dinner-table."

Cornelia laughed. "Dear child, it is embarrassing to be intimate with those who are coming to the table on a platter."

VIII

The fall of 1917. All about Cornelia a gigantic stir of war preparation, but very little intellectual preparation to match it. She did not have to go far in her studies to

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learn that the various peoples of Europe had been fighting among themselves for centuries, and in this fighting had frequently shifted partners. Whatever enemy they had at the time, they hated that enemy just as heartily, and accused him of atrocities, and did not hesitate to have priests and bishops invoke the aid of God to overcome him. Always the real cause of the war was a desire to take land from the other nation; plus the fear that the other nation would reverse the procedure—as, indeed, it would.

Could the same situation exist in this greatest and most cruel of all conflicts? To have that question answered, Cornelia had to get in the Negro maid and invite Quincy Thornwell to dinner. Do not confuse Quincy with his older brother, John Quincy, for these two sons of Great-uncle Abner were very different beings. John, the banker, had the reputation of being the closest-mouthed person in Boston, which was like being the tallest mountain in the Himalayas. But Quincy lived by gossip, quite literally; for twenty years he had listened to the talk of his family and friends, and turned their advance knowledge into a comfortable fortune on the stock-market. His wizened features were set in mockery, and if you were in the family he would tell you the most outrageous and delightful anecdotes.

Quincy went everywhere and met everybody. He could tell you what the British ambassador had said to Major Higginson last week. The evening before last he had dined at Fenway Court, the palace of the eccentric but brilliant Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, and had there met Sir Leslie Buttock, the latest of the procession of British propagandists who were coming to fascinate and thrill the American plutocracy. Sir Leslie was making the transcontinental tour, and after he had praised the champagne of a Minneapolis banker, or the cigars of a Seattle ship-builder, each of these provincials was an insider and social equal for the rest of his life, and the price was five—ten—twenty billions—no one knew just how much—to be used in doubling the area of the British empire.

A generation or more ago "Mrs. Jack" had set out to cut a swathe through Boston society with the millions of a big department store. A vivid little creature, with the continental standard of manners and morals, she had horrified the Back Bay beyond utterance; when she lost her temper she would break into cursing like any British aristocrat. But she went abroad and hobnobbed with royalty, and her success was cabled back home. She bought famous paintings, built herself a palace in what was then the suburbs of the Fenway, and thumbed her nose at the prudes. Now she was an old lady, with decades of notoriety behind her, the acknowledged leader of the smart set.

A British diplomat once gave the official definition of a lie—a falsehood told to a person who has a right to the truth. All diplomats and propagandists who came to Boston did "Mrs. Jack" the honor of admitting her into the inner circle. At her dinner-parties you took off your propaganda-coat, so to speak, and lounged in your military shirt-sleeves. So Quincy Thornwell could tell his aunt exactly why the war was lasting so long. The price of Italy's repudiating her alliance with Austria and Germany had been the Trentino and Trieste, which meant the mastery of the Adriatic. Japan's price was Shantung from China. Russia was to have Constantinople. France was to have Alsace-Lorraine, and if possible the Rhine. Britain was to have all the German colonies, an empire in themselves. When you talked to Quincy about any of these powers giving up their spoils because of the beautiful speeches of Woodrow Wilson, he showed his good manners by pretending it was your idea of humor.

And yet there were a hundred million or so of good Americans who really believed that their President was somehow going to achieve that miracle! Deborah, for example, and her serious elder daughter, Priscilla, who was going in for Red Cross work of the higher, administrative kind. When you talked to them about peace terms, you discovered that they were trusting the country entirely to a man who was a Democrat, and came from the wrong university! If you mentioned the secret treaties, they would say that these matters were too delicate for public discussion; the President of course had

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sources of information that were not open to us—

"But why not?" cried Cornelia, and could get no convincing answer. Either the allies were going to give up their predatory aims or they were not. If they were, why not publish the fact? Such declaration might save millions of lives and billions of treasure—for manifestly, one reason for enemy resistance was fear of the consequences of defeat. But if you tried to point this out you were called pro-German and people turned their backs on you. They had adopted a slogan, "Win the war!"—which meant that they found it easier to fight than to think. And Cornelia, who had gone out into public life, now had the duty of laboring with them, and suffering because of their blindness. No more could she be content with the troubles of three daughters—their diseases in childhood, their moral training, their love-affairs and marriages, their fourteen pregnancies and eleven children. Now she had a million sons in France, and must agonize with them all—even when they were wayward sons and spurned their foster-mother's care!

IX

Betty was going to Radcliffe. It was a compromise that had worked itself out with her parents; provided she would put herself under respectable instructors, and read the sound and wholesome books they would indicate to her, she might go and live in the apartment with her grandmother and meet anarchists and socialists and atheists and pacifists and German agents in her off hours. It had been a losing fight for Deborah and Rupert, because they had other things they must think about, while Betty had nothing but the determination to get with Grannie. After all, what could be more respectable than a grandmother? What more laudable desire for a young girl than to comfort an elderly widow, alone and poverty-stricken? It was really a scandal to balk such an impulse; it was advertising to the world that Cornelia was a shady character!

So Betty installed a few of her books and her clothes in the little room, and the pair of them were as happy as honeymooners—they gave each other a hug every time they met. The Negro maid came every day—because the Alvins insisted on Betty's paying half the household expenses. Betty's runabout was in a garage nearby and any time it was raining or snowing a man from the garage would bring it over, and Betty would drive Grannie to anarchist or socialist or atheist or pacifist or pro-German meetings. Or they would sit at home in the evenings and study subversive books with red bindings, of which there were now a hundred or so on Grannie's shelves—Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Emerson and Dr. Holmes having been relegated to a box under the bed. Betty would give her college studies "a lick and a promise", and then take up Bertrand Russell on world imperialism. Most convenient to have a respectable aristocrat, brother of an earl, to quote against Sir Leslie Buttock and Sir Syphon Scotch!

It was well that this idyllic ménage had got definitely under way before the second, or Bolshevik revolution in Russia. Possession is nine points out of ten in family affairs as in revolutions, and it was no more possible to get Betty out of Grannie's apartment on the north side of Beacon Hill than it was to get Lenin and Trotsky out of the Kremlin. But what agony of soul for the Alvin family, and for the Winters and the Scatterbridges, and the whole Thornwell clan! The face of the war changed in ten hideous days! The eastern front gone all to pieces, and a million or two of Germans set free to overwhelm the Western front! Russia out of the war, and no one but America to take her place! And red revolution on the rampage over a sixth of the surface of the globe! Insolent, low-down working men daring to take possession of a great government, and calling on their fellows in other lands to follow suit!

Every property interest throughout the civilized world rallied against that peril, and the greatest machine of propaganda in history went into action. To meet the immediate emergency, Lenin and Trotsky must be German agents; so a mass of documents were forged, endorsed by the state department, and spread upon the front pages of the newspapers. Then came the atrocities—for

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which little Belgium had been a dress rehearsal. Bureaus for the construction of horrors were set up in every border city from Helsingfors to Vladivostok, and the cruelty and bloodshed inevitable to a great revolution were magnified a thousand fold. It was St. Bartholmew's Eve in Russia every time an American newspaper went to press. The Soviet government collapsed once a week, and Lenin jailed Trotsky, or was murdered by Trotsky, in alternating afternoon editions. The "free love" element became the basis of the most obscene hoax of the ages, and fifty million women were "nationalized" in one colossal orgy. Every decent woman in America believed it—and so it was possible for President Wilson to begin his private war upon the Russian people, in defiance of the Constitution which he had spent his life in expounding.

From that time on the advocacy of reasonable peace-terms ceased to be a society function, a diversion of after-luncheon orators, and became a criminal conspiracy, conducted by little groups in upstairs rooms with the shades drawn and admission by pass-word. It became, in short, "Bolshevik plotting". Did not the Bolsheviks prove it by proceeding themselves to make peace with Germany, an act of treason to democracy and liberty? Did they not make matters worse by ransacking the archives of the Tsar, and publishing the secret treaties whereby the allies had agreed to divide large sections of the earth, without any democracy or liberty for the inhabitants thereof? There is a story of a Kentucky colonel who was asked why he had knocked a certain man down: "Did he call you a liar?" "Worse than that, he proved it."

With one exception the American newspapers ignored these treaties, and to Cornelia and the pacifists that seemed treason to the national welfare. But what could the pacifists do? For any group to circulate them meant to be outlawed, to have offices raided and property destroyed; for individuals to agitate them meant to be mobbed, to be jailed and held "incommunicado", tarred and feathered, beaten with blacksnake whips, in a few cases strung up to telegraph-poles.

Nor was it protection that you lived within sight of Bunker Hill monument and "Funnel" Hall. The grandsons of that "silk-hatted mob" that had dragged William Lloyd Garrison through the streets with a rope about his neck were now out to preserve their French and British bonds. Nor was it any longer of avail that your city had an Irish-Catholic mayor; the Catholic church was one of the property interests which had rallied against "Bolshevism". City policemen, federal secret agents, and an army of spies and informers in the pay of wealthy patriots, would break into offices and homes at any hour of the day or night, and spirit people away and hold them for as long as they saw fit; in short they would commit all the crimes they were trying to prevent, destroying beyond repair the Constitution they professed to worship.

X

Into this valley of midnight shadow walked Cornelia Thornwell and her granddaughter, clasping each other's trembling hands. They were in no personal danger, as it turned out; the patrioteers were not going to trouble rich people, especially those who had "family" behind them. Seen from the outside this "white terror" appeared a mad frenzy, and it was hard at first to understand that there were cunning brains guiding it, that mob out-breaks were planned by shrewd gentlemen in swivel-chairs. These gentlemen would be glad to scare the widow of Governor Thornwell and make her shut up; but failing in that they would not advertise her treason by arresting her. The reason was that this decision rested with Henry Cabot Winters and Rupert Alvin, who were contributing large sums to the defense societies, and sat in at the councils where lists were gone over and policies determined.

No, what would happen to Cornelia was that her janitress would be instructed to preserve the contents of her trash-basket every night; and one of her old-time friends of the Sewing Circle would turn up and announce herself as a convert to pacifism, and join all the societies to which Cornelia belonged, and go to meetings with her, and get on the executive committees, and turn in a detailed report of everything that went on

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there, with lists of the members and subscribers, and manuscript copies of what was being considered for publication. Included in this mass of information appeared the fact that Mrs. Josiah Quincy Thornwell was in touch with the Italian anarchists of Plymouth, and exchanged letters with one of the group, a draft-dodger—though so far there was no evidence that she had helped him to get away. He wrote to her under the code name of "Nonna", and a letter she had received from him, entered in the files under the index number 1842T36, read as follows:

"Dear Nonna:

It will be great rivilation for you to see the coming of my prophesy, the real rivoluzion prevail in Russia. This is greatest event of history and is to be recognize for begining of epoch. It is first opportunity for liberty for worker and peasant of world. It is hope which can be very brief to endure, and will depend entirely what shall happen in other country. If will come rivoluzion in Germany, Austria, Italia, France, England, then will be possible for building worker society without exploitation; but if is impossible for achievement rivoluzion in other country, is little hope for freedom for Russia, and you will see ending of worker's control. When Russia must defend self in war, it will be militarismo, and is impossible for liberty with militarismo. It will then become Russia gouvernment of force like all other gouvernment, and rivoluzion will be perished. Whatever you can do for rivoluzion of American worker, that is only way for assistance of proletarian power in Russia. In Mexico is not much activity, for lack of language speaking, so Nick and me will make secret return for propaganda. With sincere esteem and fraternal greetings, Your friend, Bartolomeo Vanzetti."

XI

It was in the spring of 1918, with the last German drive in France under way, that this stolen letter was placed in the hands of Rupert Alvin. It caused great mental disturbance in a loyal citizen. He came to the apartment and, standing in the middle of the floor, announced that Cornelia stood in grave danger of a term in state's prison for persistent and contumacious disloyalty; also that Betty would bundle up her things and accompany her father to his car immediately. Whereupon occurred one of those scenes which are so essentially un-Boston that all Bostonians deny they ever happen. Perhaps it would not have happened, if old Josiah had not married a bog-trotter's granddaughter and thus introduced an element of hysterics into the family.

Betty declared that she would not, could not desert her Grannie. The more sternly she was commanded to obey her father the louder she wept and the tighter she clung; even when Grannie herself advised her gently to go, she relaxed her grip no particle but sobbed how could they demand such a thing of her? The greater the peril in which Grannie stood, the less possibility that she, Betty, would desert her! So it appeared that Rupert had overspoken himself, and he hemmed and hawed and admitted that the danger of arrest and imprisonment was not immediate, his influence had been able to avert the calamity; whereupon Betty asked if that was the case what was the reason for her going? And what can a man do in the face of logic like that?

What Rupert did was worthy of his Puritan ancestors, and proved that the old stock was still sound. He adjudged his daughter guilty of domestic sedition, and pulled out his watch and gave her three minutes in which to capitulate; at the end of that time he would go home and write a will in which she would have no share, and would be forever forbidden entrance to his home. For three minutes he held the watch, and Betty clung to her grandmother with such frenzy that not a finger could be pulled loose. Rupert snapped the watch shut—it was the old-fashioned kind with a gold case and a lid on a hinge—and stalked out of the room without a word. And Betty wept for an hour or two, fully convinced that her father meant every one of those cruel words, and that she was forever an outcast.

Until the door-bell rang again, and there came Deborah, and behind her, silent and somewhat sheepish, the ponderous and impressive president of the Pilgrim National

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Bank. From which it appeared that the old stock was degenerating in spots! Rupert could rule a board of directors with an iron rod, but he could not rule the tongue or spirit of his wife. She declared that he would not do the cruel thing he had threatened; his sense of patriotic loyalty had caused him to forget the love they all bore one another. What Deborah would do was to throw herself upon the mercy of her mother and her child, and implore them to spare the family the horror of having either go to jail. So, of course, there was more weeping—still that Irish blood. Betty cried what was the use of trying to talk about it, when they didn't know what they were supposed to have done? How could they promise not to do it, until they knew what? So Rupert had to drop hints which nearly gave the secret away; he told them they were known to be consorting with anarchists and draft-dodgers.

So it was a question of their giving up Vanzetti! But they did not agree with Vanzetti's ideas, and Vanzetti knew they did not; they had tried to argue with him, to persuade him to a more American point of view! Was that treason? Were they forbidden to try to reform the anarchists, or even to know what anarchists thought? If so, who was to answer their arguments? Rupert snapped out that the way to answer such dogs was to string them up to lamp-posts; and then, of course, the fat was in the fire. What was the use of a Constitution if it didn't work in war-time? What was the use of free speech if it applied only to the things you wanted said? And if public questions were to be settled by stringing people up to lamp-posts, who was to be strung, and who was to string—how could you decide? Betty cried, and Cornelia cried, and Deborah cried. Ideas are extremely trying things, devastating in their effect upon the female nervous organism; there is something to be said for the point of view of the Clara Scatterbridges, who have nothing to do with ideas but stay at home and have eight babies.

Betty and Cornelia laid down their joint program. They had never advocated violence and never would; but neither would they support a war. They would advocate the ending of this present war upon terms of justice to all parties, which included the rights of those peoples whose lands were going to be handed over as spoils of battle. If it had become a crime in America to advocate such ideas, then there would be an old Thornwell lady and a young one in prison. Rupert and Deborah took their departure, as solemn as if it were an execution they had attended; and five minutes after they left, the door-bell rang again, and there stood a humble Italian laborer, wearing a worn suit of clothes two sizes too big for him, and droopy walrus moustaches equally out of proportion.

XII

He stood, embarrassed. "I not know if should come—"

"Of course you should come!" and they drew him in.

"Could make trouble for ladies."

"We are not afraid of trouble," said Cornelia; and Betty chimed in, "You're a sight for sore eyes!"—that was the way the new generation was learning to talk, in spite of Radcliffe.

Vanzetti's face lighted up—so glad he was to see them, so pathetically eager for friendship. He was haggard from his wanderings, more sombre than ever with the pressure of the war upon his spirit. His age at this time was thirty years, but unconsciously Betty thought of him as old enough to be her father, while Cornelia took him for her equal. At the same time he was a little of the child to them both—the way of every woman with a poet and dreamer who cannot get himself adjusted to a harsh world.

He had been a wanderer for a year, and had not liked it. He was going to make propaganda, and take whatever came to him; going back to Plymouth, to live near the Brinis—not in his old room, because the children were growing up and would need it. One could not be sure, but he thought he would not be arrested; the government had plenty of soldiers, but needed laborers for war construction.

They discussed the world situation. The propaganda for intervention to put down the Russian revolution was on the point of success. "A shameful thing!" said Cornelia.

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But to her surprise she found that Bart had already given up interest in Russia; the revolution there was lost, he said. "Is joost like I write, Nonna—is militarismo, is one more go-vèrnment for rule worker. Maybe you do not read what soviet have done for anarchista in Russia? They stop propaganda, shoot heem, put heem in jail—is joost like capitalista—is what you say—tirannia—make worker obey, make work, make fight in army—"

"But, Comrade Vanzetti, aren't the soviets to defend themselves?" It was Betty breaking in.

"Must defend, Comradda Betty, but defend like free men. If man not want fight, nobody got right for make heem fight. Nobody got right for make heem slave, for stop hees mind, hees right for speak."

"Wouldn't it be hard to keep an army going on that basis?"

"If you got joostice, will find plenty men for fight, plenty free men. You wait, Comradda Betty, you see Italy, you see some-t'ing happen! Is poor countree, Italy, if war stop, will be much bad time, much trooble—will come rivoluzion, I t'ink shoore. Italian is not so easy man for control, like Russian peasant, he is man will fight for right, will be free man. You see different kind rivoluzion, different sistema for manage countree. It is our job now, make money in America, make all money we can, send home Italy for anarchista propaganda."

"I'm afraid you'll have trouble," said Cornelia. "They have spies, they know what everybody is doing, and they get rougher every day. I fear you'll be arrested."

"Me non ke', Nonna, no worry for me. Is business of anarchista make propaganda. Musta make, wherever go. You get putted in army, all right, make propaganda wit' soldier. You get putted in jail, make propaganda wit' jailer, wit' prisoner—is all same, is men, like me, like you. Sometime he come out, is always some way for new idea spread—is no way for stop, not jail, not bullet! In whole world is notting can stop—is biggest, most strong dinnameet."

He sat half out of his chair with the eagerness of his emotion. His face wore a strained look, and his eyes had that light of stubborn fanaticism which Cornelia had come to know. He turned to Betty, the younger one, guardian of the future. "Wit' anarchista is lika dis, Comradda. He say: Capitalismo is injoostice, I will not stand heem? Say, I will break heem, will fight heem, will never stop—never what you say, surrender. I will speak—will say strong word—shock person, make heem t'ink. Will speak all time, everywhere—make men hear—even when he no want hear!"

Suddenly Vanzetti stopped, a little embarrassed. Even an anarchist must be a gentleman! And perhaps so much vehemence was not in order in a lady's drawing-room. "It maybe seem like crazy talk?" he asked.

Cornelia said "Wait". She went to the bookcase, to a shelf which contained a few old books, not yet stowed under the bed. She took one out. "I will read you something, Bart. We had a young New Englander, of the old Puritan stock, who took up the notion that chattel slavery was wrong, and set out to preach it, and very nearly got lynched in Boston. His name was William Lloyd Garrison—learn it, Bart, a good name to quote in this part of the world. He started a paper called the *Liberator*—that was in 1831, eighty-seven years ago. In the first issue he stated his program. Listen." And she read:

"I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of a ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal and hasten the resurrection of the dead."

Said Vanzetti: "What is name?" He said it over, so as to remember it—"William Lloyd Garrisoon. I never hear heem before, but I feel heem brodder; am joosta sooch man like heem!"

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CHAPTER SIX

White Terror

I

THE day of glory, sung in the "Marseillaise", had arrived; the American troops stopped the first German onslaught, and began their counter-advance which was to end the war. The whole country thrilled with it—all but a few perverse persons, so constructed that they could not think of glory but only of boys crawling about in burning forests, dragging shattered limbs and protruded entrails. "Ah, but the broken bodies, that drip like honeycomb!"

Cornelia and her grand-daughter went to Plymouth to rest for a week, Betty staying with her friend, Lucile Walker, and Cornelia with the Brinis. The little room which had been Cornelia's for a year and a half now belonged to Fay, but she was glad to vacate it. Vanzetti had a room with a neighbor, but came in for his meals and stayed to do his studying in the evening. He was digging more ditches, and reading diligently the few radical papers he could get. There had been a revolt in the Italian armies; it had been suppressed, but more was coming, and he watched for every scrap of news.

Also he told Cornelia of his experiences in Mexico: what a fine fellow that Nick Sacc' had proved to be, and how they had settled down with a colony of Italians, all draft-evaders, living upon a rough communistic system. Bart had helped to feed them, baking bread; and also he had fed them "anarchista propaganda"—bread for the spirit.

Nonna, like Christmas, came but once a year, so it was a holiday for everybody. Papa Brini showed his garden, Cornelia recited the Italian names, he tried to say the English names, and the children laughed at his blunders. They walked in the woods on Sunday, gathering bunches of flowers, and Fay and Trando remembered things about nature which Bart had taught them, and were proud of it. Bart had resumed charge of the boy's development, and would give him advice and help. One day Trando had a cold, and Bart said the way to cure it was to sweat; so he got down on his knees, which made him about a match for a nine-and-a-half year old boy, and the two of them had a wrestling match in which the big man was floored several times, and the small boy whooped with delight. Pretty soon he was perspiring profusely, and Bart put him to bed with no supper but a drink of hot lemonade. In the morning he would be all right, said the amateur doctor.

Trando wanted a violin, and had worked all last summer to earn the money; but then he had had to spend it, because the family had come down with "flu". Cornelia wanted to give him a violin, but Bart said that would spoil it all; let the little fellow earn it, and then he would really value it; the achievement would give him courage, a sense of power. This was the time for berries, and there was nothing better for youngsters than to wander in the woods all day.

Trando's relations with the boys of the neighborhood were a problem. They would not play with him, because the priest had warned them to have nothing to do with a bad boy who did not go to church: there was a place in hell for such as he. The other boys called him "socialist", and when he went off and read a story-book, or played with his sister, they called him "sissy". It was hard to please them. Bart told him to make of his persecution a source of strength. Many a great man had done that, and those who had spurned him in boyhood would see him leap above their heads when they were grown.

Vanzetti told him what was true about religion. There was a great and good God, the God of nature, whose laws we must understand if we would be happy. This God loved all human beings alike, and it was not His will that some should be slaves to others. We might pray to Him for courage and strength; but we did not need any priest to intervene for us. The priest was nothing but a man like other men; he might be good, or he might be bad, like Father O'Brien—but in any case he represented a system which helped to keep the poor in subjection to the rich, and so was a trap for their minds.

Then Trando wanted to know about how we got born, and how we got married. It

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is the custom of Italian parents to say they buy the babies; but Bart explained those things seriously to Trando; and he talked to Cornelia about it asking her to talk to Fay, because children ought to know the truth, and parents had a foolish shyness about talking to their own little ones. All the questions of children ought to be answered; they should connect the idea of shame only with actions that were harmful to themselves or to others. A wise man speaking, always; a man gentle, full of spiritual insight—yet turning into a lion at a moment's notice when confronted with "injoostice". Some of the bigger boys found that out when they undertook to torment the "sissy".

II

Betty Alvin's relations with the Walker family were peculiar. They were all extremely patriotic, and shocked beyond utterance by the opinions and behavior of Betty and her grandmother. But they were fond of Betty, and if she had come to Plymouth and not stayed with them it would have been emphasizing an estrangement. Of course Betty's mother put the worst construction on their invitation, saying that the Walkers would rather know a "red" blueblood than none at all. But Betty would not believe that; she kept up the friendship with Lucile at Radcliffe and at home, carefully avoiding any utterance that would displease her hosts.

Mr. Walker appeared only once during the visit. He was in greater trouble than ever, and showed it in every line of his features —a really terrible example of what the fierce pace of business can do to its victims. Mrs. Walker was silent and preoccupied, and Lucile hesitated to say anything; but Betty got it out of her finally—Mr. Walker was convinced that there was a determination on the part of the Boston banking-group to put him out of business, and the man who was at the head of the campaign was Betty's uncle, Henry Cabot Winters. This information was coming to Mr. Walker from many different sources: in all the troubles of the felt-industry, it was Mr. Winters who stood behind the scenes and pulled the strings.

Just think of it, exclaimed Lucile—here were enterprises that had made a million and a quarter dollars in net profits last year, and were going even higher this year; yet the owner could not get half a million dollars' credit from any bank in Boston or New York! They all stood together; if the banks where you had your accounts, your banks of deposit, as they were called, refused to "check your paper", why then no other bank would accept it. The felt-industry was peculiar in that the sales were made early in the year but payments were not made until the fall, which meant that the business was helpless without credit; the bankers knew that perfectly well, and Mr. Walker had always had the credit, year after year, as a matter of course. This year he had to have more because of his war contracts and the increased production; the wicked thing the bankers had done was to make promises, and lure him along from month to month, giving him no hint that there was anything wrong until the last moment, when one or two hundred thousand dollars worth of notes came due, and suddenly he was told that he must "take them up". There must be some reason for such things, said Lucile; and Mr. Walker was convinced that Henry Cabot Winters was plotting to ruin him.

The bankers had put accountants on Mr. Walker's books, and insisted that he would need three million dollars to carry him until the fall. They were going to make him pay twenty-seven percent for the use of that money. He didn't mind that so much—his profits could stand it; but he didn't believe he was really going to get the three million. When the time came there would be more excuses and delays, and he would be compelled to turn the stock of his companies over to the bankers. He had twenty big plants of one sort or another, all working day and night, employing more than eight thousand men; he was doing what was supposed to be patriotic war-work—but the government wouldn't help him with a dollar, and wouldn't protect him against these banking conspiracies.

Betty took that story to Cornelia. "Can it possibly be true, Grannie? Can Uncle Henry be doing such a thing?"

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"I'm sorry to say, dear, he has that reputation."

"But Grannie, he doesn't seem that kind of man!"

"Men have different standards for their friends and for outsiders. Uncle Henry has grown rich, and he has never produced anything that I know of."

"But Grannie, that would be a wicked thing to do to Mr. Walker!"

"It's the way of the business world. I watched it, and held my peace—for forty years. I used to hear things that Henry and James and your father would talk over with your grandfather. Josiah did it to others—and then at last somebody did it to him. He trusted the big bankers in New York—the Morgan crowd, because they had such a respectable name. He put everything he had into the securities of the New Haven railroad, and those New York bankers simply gutted it; they stole every dollar, and the stock fell from two hundred and forty-six to sixteen, if I remember. I've heard your grandfather say he had enough New Haven paper to fill up the music-room, but it wasn't enough to pay his debts."

"Is that why Uncle James has the mills and 'Hillview'?"

"That's the reason. There were tens of thousands of people left in worse plight, widows and children and old people. All this decline of New England industry that you hear about really dates from that time when we trusted the Morgan crowd."

"But Grannie, that is really the same thing as banditry!"

"Yes, of course; but you mustn't say it to your father or your uncles; they wouldn't take it kindly from a nineteen year old girl."

"I'll be older some day," said Miss Betty.

III

The first thing Cornelia did when she got back to town was to call at her son-in-law's office. "Henry, what is this I hear about you and Jerry Walker?"

"What do you hear, Mother?"

"That you are taking his plants away from him."

"Has Jerry told you that?"

"No; but Betty has been visiting Lucile, and naturally hears about their troubles."

"Jerry tells his wife, and she tells Lucile, and Lucile tells Betty, and Betty tells you, and you tell me!" Henry laughed.

"Is it true, Henry? Are you after him?"

"It is absolutely untrue, Mother."

"You're not interested in his affairs?"

"I didn't say that. Jerry comes to certain bankers—including Rupert and John Quincy—and tries to borrow money. The bankers are my clients; they ask me to investigate and draw up papers and perform other legal services, which I do. Because the decisions of the bankers don't please Jerry, he takes up the notion that I'm an arch-conspirator, plotting his ruin. But that's all rubbish."

"Henry, you have the reputation of not being a very gentle enemy."

The other laughed again. "Well, Mother, have you come to convert me to pacifism? But seriously, I got through with Jerry Walker years ago. I was a stockholder and director in two of his felt-companies. I found that his way of doing business didn't agree with mine, so I let him buy me out at a fair price and washed my hands of him. But he's been afraid of me ever since—because he knows I know too much about him."

"Henry, I've always had an interest in Jerry, ever since he was an errand-boy at the hospital, a bright little fellow who I saw had a future. Josiah helped him to get a start, you know."

"Yes, of course. But he's grown up now, and can't expect you to nurse him through his business troubles."

"I can't pretend to know all about his affairs—"

"Naturally not, Mother; only an expert accountant could do that—and he'd have trouble, because Jerry has hidden some things cleverly. It's a complicated matter, I assure you, and you make a mistake if you let the Walkers use you, or even worry you."

"I just want to ask you to give him a square deal, Henry. Give him what you give other business men."

"Well, Mother, it's up to the bankers, and you are talking to a lawyer. There are many bankers interested in the Jerry Walker prob-

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lem, and they all agree that he wants much more than any other business man—he wants everything in sight. There's only so much credit to go round—only about two percent of what people howl for—and Jerry is getting more than his share."

"He's paying a high price for it, I understand."

"He thinks so, naturally. It seems a simple matter to him, for the banks to check all the paper he can sign. He never figures on the risks the banks may be running."

"Is it true he's paying twenty-seven percent, Henry?"

"That is a question you'll have to ask the bankers, Mother. I can't discuss my clients' affairs. But I'll say this as a general principle—two men seldom agree about the value of a horse when one of them is selling and the other is buying."

"Henry, I want to ask it straight. You're not planning to take over Jerry's business?"

"Absolutely not, Mother!"

"You're telling me the truth?"

"When have I told you anything else?" The telephone rang. Henry took down the receiver, listened, and said, "Yes, Rupert, I'll be right over. I'm having a consultation on the matter with Mother, and I'm telling her you are the banker, and the real villain in the case".

So later in the day Cornelia went to call on this "real villain", and found him, a large island completely surrounded by statistics and charts relating to the felt-business. He was polite, but reluctant to give her his precious time. If she had come to ask about investing a thousand dollars of her own he would have taken an hour off to advise her—he would do that any day for any member of the family, even the poorest fifth cousin. But when she came about Jerry Walker he told her frankly that she was letting herself be used by a family of adventurers. She was deceived if she thought that Rupert had anything more to do with the matter than a score of other bankers; it was a council of the financial leaders of Boston who were deciding the future of the felt-industry, and even if Rupert were to go before them and say, "Gentlemen, I have promised my mother-in-law that out of my affection for her we will agree to let her former errand-boy have all the money he wants"—still the other bankers might refuse to assent. "And I don't carry three million in my own wallet, Mother."

IV

Both Henry and Rupert had told Cornelia what was not true; and only two or three weeks later she found it out. Mrs. Jerry Walker came to Cornelia's apartment, broke down and wept, and told the terrible story of what was happening. Jerry Walker was being stripped of every dollar he owned in the world; and it was Rupert Alvin and Henry Cabot Winters who were driving the other bankers to the job, sometimes against their will, and sometimes, even, without their knowledge. The loan for three millions had been agreed upon and Mr. Winters had been instructed to prepare the papers; but instead of doing so he had got one of the big banks in New York to call a loan suddenly, and Mr. Alvin had brought up demands that the other bankers had not known about—in short, everything had been tied up for a month.

Finally, in order to get half a million dollars in a hurry, poor Jerry had had to turn over to the bankers all the stock of all his companies. It was supposed to be a trusteeship—he had the right to get the properties back any time within two years by paying a million and a quarter; but the very day they got the securities, the bankers, with Mr. Winters at their head, had set to work to plunder the properties. They put in their own directors and barred Jerry Walker from access to the books; they even barred him physically from the plants. They were disposing of all the assets of the subsidiary companies, and loading them up with debts and claims—everywhere Jerry turned he found that some unknown lawyer had mysteriously appeared with liens and suits. Everything was tied up so that the real owner of the properties could not get a dollar, and was going to have to sell his home to get money to live.

So that was that. The caribou was down, and his blood was being drunk. Cornelia might wring her hands, and be very sorry;

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she might shout at the wolves, and scold them —whereat they would lift their bloody jaws for a moment and grin at her. "Of course, Mother," said Henry, quite blandly and good-naturedly, when next she met him—"of course I told you an untruth. What did you expect me to do?"

"I expected you to have a sense of family loyalty."

"You have too good a mind to fool yourself with such an argument, Mother. I have plenty of Thornwell family loyalty, but not the least particle of Walker family loyalty. If you had come to me for the truth about affairs of your own, you should have had it; in case of need you might have had the last dollar I own in the world. But when you let yourself be used by Jerry Walker—to try to pull wires for him in the midst of a business crisis—then you haven't the least reason in the world to expect me to give you any information to be carried back to him! Yes, of course, you didn't mean to carry it back, but I assure you Lucile expected to get it out of Betty, and Mrs. Walker expected to get it out of Lucile. They have been cultivating an intimacy with Betty for several years for exactly that purpose, and I didn't intend to let them succeed. When I told Rupert and James about it they agreed that I had done exactly right to stall you."

"So you're going to put Jerry Walker out of the felt-business!"

"Not at all, Mother. He knows felt very well, and if he wants a job as manager of one of the plants, we'll pay him a good salary. What he doesn't know is finance, and we're going to fix him so he can't lead the Boston banks into a smash."

"He was making a lot of money, Henry."

"A chimpanzee could make money right now, with the government buying everything at any price you ask. But the war will be over soon, and then will come the storm; and we're going to have a safer man than Jerry Walker at the helm of the ship."

So Cornelia went away, and watched the events of the next few months, and decided no longer to think of her son-in-law as a wolf. From now on she would see him as a large, black, witty, urbane and charming spider. He lurked in a hole and watched the business flies, and once in a while he made a pounce on a victim, and wove him round and round with a ton or two of legal nets until he could not move a finger; after which he would be sucked dry of his financial juices.

In the case of Jerry Walker, the too enthusiastic manufacturer of felt struggled in the nets until his health broke down; his hands trembled so that he could not hold a cup of coffee, and he had to go to North Carolina for the winter and play golf. While he was gone the bankers sat down with his lawyers, and convinced them that the victim stood not a chance in the world; so the lawyers advised him to sign a release, forgiving his enemies for all they had done to him, in consideration of the sum of six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. For this price he gave up properties which earned a million and three-quarters net profit that year, and were worth about ten millions on the market. The six hundred and twenty-five thousand paid a part of his debts, and he sold his home to pay more; his family gave up their social ambitions and moved into a cottage, and his daughter left Radcliffe to go to work.

"Isn't it nice, Grannie?" said Betty. "When I get older, if I behave, I'll get a lot of Lucile's money, and I can hire her—perhaps to be a governess to my children. And Priscilla will have a share of it, too, and can found a charity home to take care of Mr. and Mrs. Walker when they are old. And Cousin Josiah"—that was Henry Winters's one son—"he'll have a bigger share than any of us, to spend on women-chasing—I understand that's what he's doing now. Aunt Alice will be able to endow her latest poet-lover—"

"My child! Don't say things like that!"

"I'm talking in the family, Grannie. We members of the new generation are going to be what you call hard-boiled. They are raising us in war-time, and we're getting used to plain language and messy sights. I read in the paper that Mrs. Henry Cabot Winters is planning a 'little theater', in which her mystical poet's works are to be shown to the world as soon as the war is over. I suppose that ladies who get to be over forty find it

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not so easy to hold their platonic lovers, and have to be prepared to put up cash."

Cornelia said "Dear me, I am really getting old! The new generation shocks me!"

V

There came a day when every able-bodied person in the U. S. A. rushed out of his house, fell on the necks of passers-by and danced and laughed and shouted and sang. Men threw their hats into the air, or tied tin-cans to the tails of automobiles and drove up and down the streets. Three days later they all turned out and did it again, because the first time had been a mistake, some news agency had been in too much of a hurry. But it was a big enough war to deserve two armistice days, and even in State Street one saw the Back Bay celebrating with bootblacks, and top-hatted clubmen forgetting their dignity for the first time in their eighty years.

This was a celebration in which even the pacifists could join. The nation would have one or two hundred thousand cripples to take care of—but at least one didn't have to think of new thousands being made every day. You could again expect people to listen to reason, and could work at stopping the next war without danger of arrest. The Kaiser had fled to Holland, and there seemed a real prospect of that newly-promised world's coming true. Such wonderful promises—a world fit for heroes, a world made safe for democracy, a world in which the last war had been won by the forces of justice! So we had been told in a golden glowing speech at least once a week for a year and a half; and now we were to see it made real. As a first step President Wilson packed up his typewriter and his fourteen points, and went over to Europe to oversee the making of a world-charter. His packing appeared to be careless, for he lost one of the points in England—the one providing for the "freedom of the seas"—and had only thirteen when he landed in France.

The American people had been told to trust him; he was the President, and had sources of information not open to the rest of us—so Deborah had assured her mother. But now it turned out that he hadn't had any sources of information, or if he had, he hadn't used them. He had made no bargains whatever with the Allies, he had not made them give up a single one of their greedy demands. And now, of course, it was too late; the danger was over, the Allies were no longer afraid, and would do exactly what they pleased.

It was a disillusioning experience, and was to produce ten years of cynicism and corruption in every department of American life. The climax came when the President capitulated to the diplomatic ravens, let them have their prey and came home and told the public that this was what his fourteen points had meant. He did more than that—he went before a committee of the Senate, and stated that he had not known about the secret treaties until he went to Paris; which one had to accept as Pascal accepted the doctrine of his church, and believe it because it was impossible.

VI

There were a few groups in America whose demands did not depend upon the diplomats at Versailles; and among these were the women. France might grab the Rhine, Japan might grab Shantung—but what was to prevent American women from having their rights at home? Surely the men were not making such a success with their votes that they could spurn the help of wives and sisters. Let us have a world made fit for heroines! So the campaign of Votes for Women leaped into life in a score of cities. In Washington, women began besieging senators and congressmen, and elderly statesmen took to physical flight from urgent feminine tongues. The militant suffragists began carrying placards in front of the White House, and got themselves arrested over and over again. It was most embarrassing, because the jails in the national capital had been made for street-walkers and Negro drunks, and had no accommodations for ladies.

The suffragists were divided into two groups; the respectable ones, who made dignified speeches, circulated petitions, and got an inch in the newspapers once a month; and the militants, who set themselves the

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goal of a front-page story twice a day and made it most of the time. Each of these two groups was active in Boston—a city full of ladies who felt themselves competent to take charge, not only of America, but of the world. Each group laid siege to Cornelia Thornwell and her grand-daughter, and the militants won. Another scandal in the Sewing Circle, and another grief for a great family.

Cornelia's oldest daughter, Betty's mother, was a vigorous "anti". Her enemies told a story about her—that one day when company was expected, and many duties were clamoring, she had locked herself in her study and made no response, and when subsequent complaint was made the answer was that she had been writing an article on "Woman the Home-maker". Jokes like that gave annoyance to the "antis", because it was so obvious to them that nothing but the wicked activities of the suffragists were dragging them out from the homes they loved and compelling them to become examples of the evil they feared. Yes, the "wild women" had that power, and rejoiced in it; when the "antis" hired a house on Park Street and opened up offices, what should they see but a group of women marching back and forth before their door, carrying a banner with a strange device:

They say that home is woman's sphere.
What are the antis doing here?

The true "anti" was Cornelia's youngest daughter, Clara Thornwell Scatterbridge, who stayed at home with her eight babies, and loved them and petted them and scolded them and wept over them and saw that their various nurses and governesses kept the babies' noses wiped. Clara had no idea what a vote looked like; but, alas, that didn't get even an inch in the papers. Nor did it have any appreciable effect when Alice Thornwell Winters shrugged her beautiful white shoulders and lifted her haughty eyebrows in scorn at the idea of sacrificing her feminine charm. Neither did it help when she wrote more and larger checks to pay for the "little theater" which was to produce the plays of Chauncey Duvillier, dealing with ancient Erse legends about dusky-haired promiscuous queens. The productions came off, and were at once very "high-brow" and very "high-hat", but they did not seem to reduce the attendance at suffrage meetings.

President Wilson had set his stern Presbyterian face against the program of national suffrage. It was a question for the individual states; thus spoke Sir Oracle, and when the female dogs barked he said it again. But such a thing had been known as a great statesman changing his mind when made uncomfortable enough. It was a fact that the women out west had got the vote and were using it; Woodrow could not forget that it was California which had elected him the last time, and might defeat his party and his world policies the next time. A terrible thing to contemplate having women vote, but a still worse thing to contemplate having them vote Republican.

The President came back from Europe in February, and the suffragettes prepared a monster welcome for him in New York. It was more than he could face, in his nervous condition, with that incredible statement he had to make to the Senate; so at the last moment the route of his ship was changed, and it landed at Boston. That put the burden onto the Boston suffragettes, who had to organize a demonstration almost overnight. They came rushing to Cornelia and Betty for their help. Banners must be got ready, asking urgent witty questions, and these must be carried by ladies of absolutely indigo-colored blood; they must be carried as close to the President as the police would permit, and then a little closer; also the great man's latest anti-suffrage speech was to be burned in effigy on Boston Common.

VII

"Old Boston" is a city which has been laid out by cows. They made tracks, and these became lanes, and the lanes have now become narrow canyons of concrete and steel, made immutable for all time by a court-house full of deeds with intricate specifications. You may still see on Beacon Hill a house which has a narrow archway built under one room—because in selling the land the owner specified that access must for all time be

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left for his cow to reach the Common. Now, instead of a cow, there was coming a high-powered automobile bearing a long-featured Presbyterian gentleman in frock coat and silk hat, under military escort, with all the trappings of glory, to the accompaniment of that unending roar of applause which he had heard even from the billows in mid-ocean. Patriotism in Boston was to have its day of rapture; Democratic patriotism, taking in even the Irish-Catholics, and marred only by the antics of twenty-two contumacious females, who refused to accept a great statesman's own definition of what he meant by democracy.

Among these twenty-two lady-pests was the widow of Josiah Quincy Thornwell, former governor of the Commonwealth; also Elizabeth Thornwell Alvin, daughter of the president of the Pilgrim National Bank. But the names of these two were not on the list furnished to the press; in that case the two would have been spotted by the police, and denied the honor they craved. They sallied forth with the other women, carrying placards aloft in the route of the procession; and promptly they were snapped up, hustled into a patrol wagon and landed in the Joy Street police-station—most beautifully named of public institutions.

The police had them—and what was to be done with them? The police had no idea. The one thing desired was to keep them out of the newspapers, which was the one thing impossible to achieve. They spent the entire day sitting in a room in the police-station, with no food—save the knowledge that they would be on the front page of all the afternoon newspapers. In the evening they were taken to the House of Detention under the Court House, where they slept on board benches covered with black oil-cloth. They rolled up their coats for pillows, and spread newspapers to cover the dirt—but alas, the worst part of the dirt had powers of locomotion. Cornelia, sitting up awake, watched Betty sleeping, and counted twenty-one round black objects on her newspapers, and in the morning some of the women's ankles were so swollen that they could not get on their shoes. Also sleep was interfered with by the constant bringing in of drunken women, who howled in loud voices what appeared to be a popular song, "I love you as I never loved before". In the morning they filed out to a rusty iron sink to wash, and everyone had to answer the question, "Are you a drunk or a suffragette?" But these woes vanished in a blaze of glory when they discovered that they had got a quarter of a million dollars worth of publicity on the front pages of the morning newspapers—while the respectable lady suffragists, who had presented a dignified petition, had got one inch in each paper!

Now they were going to be taken into court, and would refuse to employ lawyers, and would make twenty-two eloquent suffrage speeches. So they thought, but their captors thought otherwise. For these publicity-seekers the constitution of the Commonwealth was to be suspended, and trials were to be in secret in one of the rooms of the prison. When they learned this, there was a hasty consultation among the prisoners, and an agreement not to recognize such an illegal tribunal. Until they were in open court no woman would say a word.

Their enemies had a still more dastardly scheme; they were going to deprive the little band of their most brightly shining star. A jailer came in and demanded, "Which is Elizabeth Alvin?"—and of course all the prisoners knew instantly what that meant. Papa Banker had got busy and pulled some political strings, and his daughter was to be bailed out, or spirited away, or something—a vile plot. Betty made no sound or sign, and neither did anyone else; and presently came the young Irish policeman who had arrested and "booked" her. He had been ordered to pick her out of the bunch—and a fine mess he made of it.

It so happened that in the course of a year and a half Betty was to be deeply concerned with the problem of identifications. To what extent was it possible for by-standers, witnesses of a crime, to describe the men who had committed the crime, and to recognize them some time later? Human lives have depended upon this problem, and not for the last time. Whenever Betty and her grandmother thought about the matter, the first thing that came to their minds was this experience in the Joy Street police-station.

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Here was a policeman who had arrested Elizabeth Alvin on the street and marched her along for several blocks, in the meantime having a considerable argument with her as to his right to destroy her banner and his right to squeeze and hurt her arm. He had put her into a patrol-wagon, and sat opposite her during a ride of several blocks through crowded streets, meantime gazing at her and speculating about what kind of crazy loon this was who wanted a vote, when so many people he knew were glad to sell theirs for two dollars. Arriving at the station-house, he had stood at the desk and booked her for sauntering, loitering, disorderly conduct and resisting arrest—enough offenses to keep her in jail until President Wilson's successor had been elected.

And now, next morning, came this young policeman to pick that same person out of a group of twenty-two, most of whom could not possibly be mistaken for the right one, because they were old, like Cornelia, or large and matronly, or tall and masterful, or in some other obvious way not the young and sweet and lovely Betty. She was the youngest in the crowd, and there were not more than half a dozen others near her age. All she had done to make the policeman's task harder was to take off her brown coat with beaver fur trimmings, and appear in a blue silk dress. What all the women did was to stand or sit, completely unaware of the policeman's existence, while he wandered about, peering into one face and then into another, obviously perplexed. He had all the time he wanted, he had everything his own way —and he got the wrong woman.

He picked out a fashionable young matron, mother of two blossoming babies, and said, "That's the one". The jailer commanded, "Come with me, Miss"—and when the young matron remained unaware of his existence he stooped in front of her, put one sturdy arm about her knees, lifted her over his shoulder, and carried her, like a sack of meal, out of the room and upstairs into the presence of the secret judge. He arrived there somewhat red and out of breath, and the young matron no less so. Set down upon her two feet, she stamped one of them, glared at the judge and the jailer, and clenched her two fists. "I will say just this and no more —I am *not* Betty Alvin!"

VIII

The night that Betty and Cornelia spent in jail there was a gathering of the Thornwell clan: not summoned, but just happening, because every Thornwell who got the report knew instantly that it was his duty to repair to the Alvin home on Commonwealth Avenue to offer aid and counsel.

There was a general agreement that it would be useless to get the two renegades out of jail until the President was out of the city, because they would only get in again and make another scandal. There was also agreement as to what should be done with Betty; she must be shipped abroad by the very first steamer. The war was over now, and while passports were not being given for any but official purposes it would be an easy matter for Rupert to get what he wanted; Betty would be put in charge of some elderly respectable relative; she would be subjected to the refining influences of Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London and the National Gallery and the Nelson Column, and later on to the Louvre and the Eiffel Tower. She would doubtless come back at the end of a year a lady like all the other ladies who lived on Commonwealth Avenue, home of the least common and most exclusive wealth in America.

About Cornelia there was a sharp difference of opinion. One group declared that the thing to do was to excommunicate her and ignore her existence; while the other group wanted to have her committed to an institution where she would be treated with the utmost kindness and consideration, but prevented from bringing further disgrace upon an honorable family. The head of this group was Uncle Abner, whose deaf man's voice would boom out in the drawing-room at intervals, "Lock her up". The others would try to explain objections to this plan, but he would only say again, "Lock her up". There are some advantages in being deaf; it is so much easier to keep your opinions unchanged.

Great-aunt Priscilla joined Abner's group. She was tall and thin, and suffered from anchylosis of the spine, which made it pain-

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ful for her to sit erect, but she never sat any other way in public. She had the long lean face of her dead brother, Josiah, and of Betty's mother, Deborah; it sagged now, but the pouches disappeared as she set her jaw in anger and declared "It is the proper thing to do in such cases. Everybody will agree that we are justified".

"Not quite everybody, Aunt Priscilla," said Henry Cabot Winters. "Surely not the suffragettes."

"I am talking about people one mentions," said the old lady.

"But the suffragettes would say it was persecution," objected Deborah, "and they would make a great fuss."

"We should have them picketing this house," added Rupert.

That horrible idea silenced all of them but Abner. "Lock her up", said he; and when his son Quincy shouted into his ear, "The suffragettes would object", he answered, in good old Puritan style, "Lock 'em all up".

There were many precedents that could be cited for this procedure, and the old people did not fail to cite them. All you had to do was to find a judge and a couple of doctors who sympathized with the family predicament—and it would be easy enough for Thornwells to do that. Great-uncle Ahab had become violent at one time, due to his disappointment in love, and had spent ten years alone in a wing of the Thornwell mansion, with one keeper by day and another by night; he still had spells of brooding, when similar action had to be contemplated. Such emergencies arose in all "good" families—it was one of the mysteries of the Lord's mercy—and all physicians to the rich were accustomed to signing certificates, and judges to issuing commitments.

Some such action might have come of this conference had it not been for Henry Cabot Winters, that witty, urbane and charming black spider. He was nothing but an "in-law", and not really entitled to speak, but he did it none the less. "Cornelia is eccentric, but she is not insane, and we all know it; she has many friends who know it, and one of them is Morrow."

"Morrow?" said Great-aunt Priscilla. "Who brought Morrow into it?"

"Well, Morrow as Cornelia's physician would naturally expect to be consulted; and I'm pretty sure you'd have him against you."

"What makes you think that?" It was James Scatterbridge, the great mill-owner, who had made some millions of yards of bandages for soldiers who were not going to be wounded, and was now very busy making clear to the government that he was not going to give up his profit on these contracts. He had postponed an important conference this evening, and if his mother-in-law was going to be locked up he wanted it done quickly.

Said Henry, "Cornelia told me that Rupert dropped a hint of something of the sort to her, and she decided she would take the precaution to have a chat with Morrow, telling him her story, and all her ideas. He was very much amused, of course—at least that is what Cornelia reported".

"Oh, yes, it is *most* amusing!" snapped Great-aunt Priscilla. "The newspapers are finding it so, and no doubt their readers. But is that what we have been paying Morrow for—some fifty years, I believe?"

"Well," said the lawyer, "you certainly can't offer to pay him to declare Cornelia *non compos;* at least, I don't think he would take the money. So it looks as if we'd have to forget our black sheep."

"Then at least let her take her own Irish name." This parting shot of the old lady made Deborah and Alice wince—because, after all, the black sheep with the Irish name was their mother. That is the difficulty in these family councils—there are so many toes to be trod upon. It was safer to be deaf, like Great-uncle Abner, and go on saying, over and over, "Lock her up!"

IX

Three days after this conference Great-uncle Ahab was walking home on a stormy night and fell and struck his head. He lay in the snow for some time before he was found. A few hours later he was ill with pneumonia, and next day was in a critical condition. The family came in haste—including his brother Abner, somewhat embarrassed after fifty-three years of estrange-

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ment. He tried to refer to the matter, but Ahab was in a delirium. That was "Old Boston's" idea of drama—an old man who could hear very little shouting to another old man who would never hear anything again. They talked about it in the clubs for quite a while.

Also they talked about the funeral, which was an imposing affair like Josiah's—for after all, Thornwells were alike in the eyes of the Lord, even though in the eyes of the world one might be a governor and the other a manic-depressive. The ceremony was held in the house which Ahab had sawed in half in order to get away from his brother; and all through the ceremony you heard the dead man's half-dozen hairless Chinese dogs howling in an upstairs room—it was most uncanny. When the will was read the family kept it secret—which of course put everybody on tiptoe with curiosity, and caused the newspapers to give it special prominence when it was filed for probate. One provision read, "I leave my beloved dogs to my sister Priscilla, whom they remind of newly born mice". Another said, "I leave my half house to serve as a home for elderly gentlemen of good family who can prove that they have been robbed by their relatives". Finally, his income from stocks and bonds of the Thornwell Mills Company was to be used to establish a chair at some New England theological seminary which would agree to have a course of lectures delivered every year under the auspices of "The Ahab Adams Thornwell Foundation for the Precise and Final Refutation of the Lyman Beecher Interpretation of the Doctrine of Infant Damnation as Expounded in Holy Writ". Ahab had heard Lyman Beecher at the age of twenty-five, and had waited sixty years to have him precisely and finally refuted.

At family funerals the hardest hearts are softened and the fiercest prides are humbled. Betty remembered that Great-uncle Ahab had once given her a pony, riding it all the way to her home, with his long legs reaching to the ground. So it was a good time for her mother to plead with her. Yes, Betty would promise to engage in no further public disturbances until she had finished that year at Radcliffe; and thereafter she was willing to spend a year abroad and become cultured—could Grannie go with her? The little minx asked it quite soberly; and Deborah, equally without trace of a smile, explained that the family was under great obligations to Cousin Letitia Adams Quincy, who had nursed Betty once as a little girl, while Deborah herself had been in Europe.

Cousin Letitia was a third or fourth cousin—one of those who had arrived too early for the funeral of Josiah and got out and walked about the estate for half an hour in order not to make herself conspicuous. Because of such behavior she was known as a perfect lady, and now was to receive the poor relation's ultimate reward. Deborah had interviewed her and ascertained that she had read nothing since "The Marble Faun"—except the "Sunday School Examiner's Bulletin" and the religious and genealogical pages of the *Transcript*. She was judged immune to the contagion of redness, the right person to chaperone Betty's grand tour. The girl accepted her with a meekness which would have made Deborah suspicious if the latter's natural shrewdness had not been smothered under a heavy load of self-complacency.

X

It was high time to get excitable young rebels out of the country; the family realized that more and more clearly every day. For it appeared that the signing of the armistice was not going to mean peace; not even the signing of a treaty would mean it. Our troops were to stay in Germany; worse yet, they were to stay in Siberia and Archangel, and wage President Wilson's private war upon the Russian people. The American army and navy were to serve as a world police-force for the capitalist system. Exactly what Cornelia had seen the Boston police do in Plymouth the national police were going to do all over Europe and Asia, sometimes under our command, sometimes under British command. And any persons at home who objected to this program would be hit over the head with the so-called Espionage Act; a law enacted to punish enemy spies, but now serving to jail American citizens for pro-

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testing against attacks upon a friendly people without a declaration of war.

It was the White Terror. Conducted partly by mobs, and partly by police and government agents acting as mobs, it had for its aim the destruction of every means through which the American people might learn how their blood and treasure were being wasted. It stopped at no crime; the law-enforcers of city, state and nation became the leading criminals. In New York four Russian boys and a girl, all of them under age, attempting to distribute a circular protesting against the invasion of Russia were seized by the police and tortured until one of them died; the rest were prosecuted in the federal courts and received sentences of twenty years imprisonment.

Such things were happening all over the country, and made trouble for well-meaning persons like Cornelia who sought to argue for constitutional methods. How could she ask her friend Vanzetti to settle the grievances of the workers by political action, when again and again Socialist candidates were thrown off the ballot, or, when elected, were denied their seats? How could she urge him to obey the law, when the law-makers and law-enforcers themselves defied it? A year or two ago Vanzetti had made to her the statement, "Capitalist is most fighting man in whole world"; and never did the capitalist work harder to prove that an anarchist was right.

The victims of this White Terror would strike back; and if they struck blindly, it was the way the lesson had been taught them. May Day was an occasion for celebration of the Russian revolution by all who believed in it; and on the day before May Day a package arrived by mail at the home of a United States senator in Georgia, especially conspicuous for his "red-baiting". The package was opened by a Negro maid, and exploded and blew her to pieces. That led to hurried searches and the finding of a score or so of bombs in the New York post-office addressed to various persons of prominence, and detained because they had not enough postage paid.

May Day came in Boston, with that terrible news upon the front page of the papers. The Socialists had several meetings scheduled—and they were a legal party, not advocating violence in any form. But this was a distinction the newspapers and those who controlled them were anxious to conceal. When the audience emerged from one hall and attempted to march down the street to another hall where there was another meeting they were set upon by three hundred policemen and a mob of soldiers and sailors, thoroughly "Americanized" by a year in Europe. The Socialists, and many innocent passers-by who happened to look foreign, were chased through the streets, hunted out in stores where they sought refuge, and pummelled and clubbed into insensibility. The police loaded them into patrol-wagons, and then beat them over the heads while in the wagons; they loaded them into trucks, and permitted the soldiers and sailors to beat them—there were even cases of policemen lending their clubs to members of the mob who thought some victim insufficiently mishandled. They raided the second hall and beat up the audience; the fighting went on for two or three hours, until four persons were killed and a hundred and sixteen dragged off to jail.

So once more Cornelia heard the thud of hickory clubs on human flesh and bone. This time Betty heard it too, and both of them had to run for their lives. They got into a cab and drove home, both trembling so that they could hardly use their hands, both white and tearful with a mixture of fear and rage. They spent hours of anguish together, telephoning to find out who had been killed and who had been hurt and who was in jail; then to get lawyers, and persons with property for bail bonds—all the routine so familiar to the seasoned "radical", and so startling to the newcomer who still believes in his country.

In the morning Cornelia would go to court, perhaps to serve as a witness. Betty could do nothing but return to college and keep quiet, hoping that no one would report her to her parents. She had not meant to break her promise—but how could one know that

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going to a Socialist meeting was disorderly conduct?

Judge Hayden was the magistrate presiding at the trials, a majestic old gentleman, as they all tried to be. But under the strain of his intense patriotism, he forgot his dignity, and broke loose and delivered tirades—and not at the police for lending their clubs to be used in beating Socialists. He did not punish a single one of the assailants, but sent the victims to jail for varying terms. "The uneducated and the over educated," was one of his sneers—which sounded peculiar in Boston.

It was to be expected that when the next lot of bombs went off one of them should tear out the front of Judge Hayden's home. In Constantinople under the rule of the sultans it was said that the state of social discontent could be ascertained from the number of fires which occurred in the city; when the number increased unduly some grafting officials would be strangled, and the fires would grow fewer. But Boston is not an easy-going place like old Turkey; Boston is a Puritan stronghold, and its rulers are stiff-necked. The more numerous the bombs, the more they would increase the causes of bombs. The answer of the authorities to the bombing of Judge Hayden was to put Galleani on a steamer and ship him back to Italy; also to send several spies among the Boston anarchists.

XI

This was while Betty was saying good-bye to her friends, including these same anarchists. Without a word to the family, Betty and her grandmother stole away to visit a band of desperados who were at that time the theme of thousands of words in the files of the Department of Justice, the Patriots' League, and the million-dollar detective agencies. They actually spent a night in an anarchist home in Plymouth, listened to jokes about "bombi di pistachio", and heard Vanzetti's story of old Galleani's parting from his wife and four children.

This was one of the ingenious new methods of torture which the White Terror had devised. They would grab a man in the middle of the night and lock him up in a police cell, badgering him there until he admitted that he did not believe in government, or that he regarded government as an affair of violence—something they made it easy enough to admit. They would then present the confession to the immigration authorities, a warrant of deportation would be signed, and the victim would be taken secretly on board a steamer—his wife and children left behind with no money to follow him, and no choice but to beg or starve.

Vanzetti had given up his "picka shov' ". His friends had urged that the work was too hard for him, and he had invested his savings in a fish-business belonging to an Italian who was going home. "Fish-business" sounded most impressive—until you learned that it consisted of a hand-cart, a pair of scales, and a route. Twice a week he got a barrel or two of fish, either from the docks or by express from Boston, and shoved his hand-cart about, ringing a bell and calling "Pay-shee! Pay-shee!" He had had this same kind of business once before, said Alfonsina, but had not been successful because he let everybody owe him money. This time he had promised to run it on a strictly cash basis. Vanzetti grinned, and said that it was a "mosta good business" because he met all the Italian women and children in Plymouth; they got to know him and feel friendly, and he would say a few words about "joostice" and when there was to be a meeting or a "picanic" no one could "distriboot" circulars or sell tickets so well as he.

Trando had saved up his money and bought himself a three-quarter size violin for ten dollars, and a bow for two and a half; he had had several lessons and learned to play a tune. Of course he was made to exhibit this accomplishment, with Bart serving as master, keeping the time with an erect forefinger, cocking his head on one side and judging critically the pitch of the notes, which were apt to vary slightly from the normal. It was "Old Black Joe", a very sad tune, and there were tears in Alfonsina's eyes at the finish—though perhaps they were tears of pride, that this marvellous thing should be coming from her precious little boy.

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Through the years that were to come Trando was to play that tune many times for Bart, under circumstances that would bring tears into the eyes of all who heard it.

XII

They climbed Castle Hill, picked a few of the wild flowers, and watched the sail-boats on the bay. It was a parting for Betty and Bart and both of them were moved, though Bart said, "Maybe I come see you in Europe pretty soon. I t'ink I not be let in this countree mooch time; get shoore catched and sended home. Pretty soon it come trooble in Italy, maybe rivoluzione—make American afraid for have Italian here".

"Well, you won't mind going back to Italy." It was Betty speaking.

"Shoore not, get free ticket, mooch pleas-èd. I glad for be lonely man, no family for suffer. I 'fraid for man like Vincenzo, like Nick Sacc'—they catch heem, send away—mooch trooble for family. Come mooch spy—come spy in cloob in East Boston—all time spy watch. But he not tell true story, tell bombi, make people hate anarchista."

Vanzetti paused, and watched the sail-boats for a while. "Sooch a lovely place, is hard to t'ink so ugly t'ing can be in the world. You meet Yankee man, he is a good feller; you laugh, you make joke, he is please, he think wop is all right, pretty good. But next day he take you, put you in jail, beat you with rubber hose, hang you up by finger, torture you terrible. Is hard to believe, but it happens all time, plenty fellers in cloob can tell. I say, I not give up, not stand sooch thing, I fight. I keep gun all the time now." And Bart patted his hip, where a large lump was evident.

"Have you shot that gun off yet?" inquired Betty.

"Shoore, I take it in wood, I practice, he shoot pretty good."

"Well, it's not only the gun, it's the gunner. You need a lot of practice, Bart, if you're going to shoot it out with the police." It was Betty again, and her grandmother was dismayed. Where on earth did she pick up slang—"shoot it out". And where had she acquired that matter-of-fact smile, discussing the mad idea of resisting arrest? Truly, the new generation was travelling fast; their elders had to "keep on the jump".

Cornelia knew that if you objected to what the new generation did or said it would refrain from arguing with you, but would relegate you to the store-room of the "has-beens" and forbear to take you into its confidence. But in her own head she pondered and worried. Betty's pacifist convictions had apparently not been able to stand the strain of that "May Day riot" in Boston.

One of the children came up to report that there were friends at the house to see Bart. There were two Italians with a motor-cycle and a side-car. Cornelia recollected their faces from the night of the dramatic performance in Stoughton. She was introduced to them again, Coacci and Orciani, shoe-workers and anarchist propagandists. They talked in Italian, and then drove off, and Bart brought in from another room a package which the two had left; he laughed and told Betty and Cornelia that it was a bomb, and these two had advised him not to let the strange Yankee ladies into the secret, because, after all, who could say they might not be spies?

The package was for a bomb big enough to blow up a whole cordage plant. It was heavy; and when Bart cut the string and opened it they saw what his joke meant—it contained what he liked to call "mental dinnameet". There were a dozen copies of a book, bound in red paper covers brilliant enough to send a man to jail for ten years in Massachusetts. Bart handled the books with loving pride, because they were published by the "Gruppo Autonomo di East Boston", and he had helped raise the money to make the enterprise possible. "Faccia à Faccia col Nemico" was the title, "Face to Face with the Enemy". It was a series of biographies of anarchist martyrs, with their pictures, and it was needed in this crisis to remind the comrades how the heroes of past times had been able to withstand torture and persecution, almost as bad as the White Terror in America. Bart had taken orders for this book among the Plymouth comrades

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and now he said "I take heem queeck, I get him distriboot, never let policemen catch heem, giammai".

XIII

Cornelia went back to Boston to raise funds for the families of the May Day victims; while Betty and Cousin Letitia went to New York accompanied by Deborah, and with a proper amount of tears and handkerchief-waving were started on their grand tour. The Thornwell clan breathed a sigh of relief when the young madcap was actually at sea.

For the first month it seemed all right. Betty was in London. "And Mother," she wrote, "it is quite like Boston; New England is really Old England. I look out of my hotel-window and see thousands of brick buildings stained with smoke, and chimney-pots and dormer-windows through a haze—I might be looking north from Beacon Hill. I really do not see that one has to leave Boston to get culture, but I am doing what you wish. We are going tonight to study the British labor party at a big mass-meeting in Albert Hall. I am assured that the police will not club the audience as it comes out. It was kind of you not to tell Aunt Letitia too much about my 'redness'; she is so gentle and innocent, everything is educational to her. I am going to learn a lot, and only hope you and father won't mind if I study live people instead of dead ones."

'That was a hint of trouble; but it was nothing to what came a week later from Cousin Letitia. "Dear Cousin Deborah: We are having a *most delightful* time in London —I will *never* be able to find words to express my gratitude to *you* and *Cousin Rupert* for affording me this greatest and *undreamed of* opportunity—for such it was, I assure you—though perhaps in some *secret* corner of my soul I did cherish the *dream*. Betty is the *dearest* child, and *most* companionable, and tractable in every way. To add to the *perfection* of our happiness, who should turn up in London yesterday but dear Aunt Cornelia Thornwell! It was Betty who saw her in the lobby of our hotel. 'It is *Grannie!*' she exclaimed; and at first I could hardly believe my *eye-sight*. *Imagine* such a coincidence—here in far-off London! *Truly* the world *is* getting smaller. She was called over here unexpectedly upon business. We have decided to go to Paris, and put off seeing London Bridge and the Tower until later."

And then, a week after that, another letter from Betty. "I hope you and Father will not be too much annoyed by Grannie's following us to Europe. She says she just got too lonesome and couldn't stand it. The older generation is very stubborn, I find, and difficult to control. I will try hard to keep her out of trouble. She has letters of introduction to leading statesmen, but we are going to see the Eiffel Tower first, so as to be regular tourists. It was very good of you to leave our itinerary to our own choice, and we are availing ourselves of this freedom. Next week we leave for Buda-Pesth. There are some officials whom Grannie wishes to meet, and they may not be there long, because governments change swiftly in Europe nowadays. Cousin Letitia has read that there are very fine gipsy orchestras in Hungary, and this thrills her repressed Puritan soul. I hope you and Father will not blame this poor dear lady for anything that may go wrong with our tour, because she is really as good as gold, though too naïve to cope with the present world situation. She is invited to lunch with a prominent editor or member of the house of deputies, and it does not occur to her to ask whether he is royalist or communist. She says, 'I suppose it is not the custom for these European men to trim their beards or their finger-nails.' But do not worry about us, because we are learning a great deal."

That letter alarmed Deborah, but it seemed worse yet when Rupert came home that evening and read it, and told her about Hungary. There had been a Bolshevik revolution in that country, and the "officials" whom Cornelia and Betty were going to meet were no doubt some blood-thirsty "commissars", Jews and ex-convicts who were slaughtering the men and nationalizing the women of several empires. Rupert knew all about it, because he had before him a proposition for financing

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the overthrow of these "officials" in the interest of European stability; he had that very day been investigating the prospects for having the bonds of a new counter-revolutionary government absorbed by the Hungarian population of New England. He had lunched with a man who had explained the details of the plan, and had prepared a schedule of the subsidies required to obtain the support of the Hungarian-American press. The world was growing more and more complicated, and the tasks of a leader of high finance made him sit up nights and study geography.

"My God," said the tormented father, "I suppose there's only one thing left—they'll be going to Russia!" Which showed what a great mind he had. For two weeks later came another communication from Betty, as follows:

"I suppose you poor dears are going to be truly shocked by this news, and I am sorry, but there is no helping it. Grannie and I are leaving tomorrow for Saratov, which is in Southern Russia. It is the place where that crazy yarn about the nationalizing of women got its start, and we are going to see for ourselves. We had the extraordinary good fortune to run into a man whose head Grannie bandaged up after it was broken by the police in the Plymouth cordage strike. Now he is to take charge of the railroads in a province as big as the whole of New England, and says he has an underground way to get through the allied lines without danger. It is just like Boston here; you can do anything if you have money. It is going to be a most educational experience, and you must not worry about us. The world is changing rapidly, and nothing could be more important than to watch the new political forms in the act of evolving. When these changes come to America, somebody will have to understand them.

"Please do not worry about Cousin Letitia, who is perfectly safe and happy in Buda-Pesth. We have taken the precaution to introduce her to influential people on both sides, so she will be all right whichever comes out on top. Meantime she is handing out half loaves of bread to the starving children of war-refugees. That is charity, and she understands it. In the evenings she hears a gipsy orchestra, in company with an elderly Hungarian playwright who speaks fluent English, and has become completely absorbed in the maiden-lady from Boston. I think she is the first one he ever met, and he has the idea she will be wonderful in a play; the only trouble is that European audiences would consider it a fairy-tale. I do hope you will not blame Cousin Letitia because of Grannie. She could not possibly have the idea there is anything wrong about a grandmother. When she was in school, she was taught to admire the revolutionary leaders of New England, and now that she meets those of Europe she finds them highly educated men.

"We only plan to stay in Russia one or two months. Grannie has promised to return in the fall, to teach a course in the causes of modern war at the labor college which will be opened in Boston if the police do not smash it. I expect to come back to Buda-Pesth and take a job with some relief organization—any one that will accept a person who had been in Russia. At present the Interallied Food Mission is refusing all aid to the starving children of Red Hungary. That is Mr. Herbert Hoover's amiable method of bringing back the Whites, and it should earn him everlasting infamy in American and Hungarian history.

"I hope you won't mind if I find some way to earn my own living; there is a hard time in the relation between parents and children, when the parents have to realize that their little ones are grown up. I will continue to let Father send me money if he wants to; I will not refuse a dollar that will keep some child alive for a month. The suffering in all Eastern Europe is atrocious—I have seen sights that would make any darling of luxury grow up in a hurry. Be patient with Grannie and me, and realize that we love you all, in spite of not doing what you want; we are acting according to the dictates of our consciences, and where would New England be in history if some people had not done that? Affectionately your daughter, Elizabeth."

(*To be continued next month*)

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

WHATEVER may be the merits of his thesis, Judge Lindsey makes the front pages with a regularity which should be the envy of press agents. Preachers denounce his book on *The Companionate Marriage* (Boni & Liveright, $3.00), the author of "Three Weeks" proclaims the idea immoral, it is discussed furtively in Suburbia and matrons lug it home optimistically, hoping to find in it some vicarious conjugal thrill. And yet, when examined closely, the Honorable Judge's theme is by no means a revolutionary one; in fact, he but calls attention to certain current customs and suggests that they be legalized. His own explanation of his idea is that "Companionate Marriage is legal marriage, with legalized Birth Control, and with the right to divorce by mutual consent for childless couples, usually without payment of alimony".

From his more than twenty-five years experience with social problems, he knows that the more intelligent married people have always practiced birth control and managed to get divorces if they wanted them, resorting if necessary to a standardized legal fiction which, besides being perjury, is expensive, inconvenient and a mockery of the law.

Companionate marriage, he emphasizes, is not trial marriage. The whole psychology is different. Couples enter into a companionate marriage because they love; they hope and expect their union to be a permanent one, but they do not burn all their bridges behind them. For a time varied according to circumstances they refrain from having children. This, it will readily be seen, permits the young couple to lay an economic foundation for future happiness during the time when the husband is perhaps struggling to gain a foothold in a profession. If during that period it is discovered that they are unsuited to each other, they may be divorced without prejudice. Judge Lindsey, it may be said, is bitterly opposed to infanticide under any circumstances and to divorce when there are children.

His thesis, as he puts it, is a constructive suggestion for the solution of a social problem. In his book he has yielded to his exhibitionistic flair and thus his book is replete with anecdotes of flappers and their surprising customs, of married women who entertain the lodger and of husbands with roving eyes. His page headings are suggestive of the Bernarr MacFadden school of literature. A few of them, taken practically at random: "What If There's a Baby?" "A Revolution out of Rubber", "She's Immoral", "I Wanted a Woman", and so on. Small wonder that the book has sold.

In spite, however, of its lurid presentation of the case, the book is a valuable document.

The mood of *Stygian Freight,* by Cale Young Rice (Century, $1.50), is that of despondency. It is prevalent in all the poems —with the exception of two—and is developed from degrees of indifference through frustration to utter despair. This mood is made vivid by constant portrayal of disillusioned old age and the author's continual use of death as a refuge—not a desirable refuge of stately beauty but as the only refuge from the brutalities of life. Old age is not to the author what it was to Browning, "the last of life for which the first was made", but the stage in which we realize that life is a farce and the grave a cruel bleakness. Youth, with its glowing hopes, is not included unless, as in "An Ancient Feud", it is to be told that it sees joy where it will eventually see tears, or as in "Apaukee, The Half Breed" and "Dallow's Bluff" it is to be crushed and destroyed by the aged.

It is in "Dallow's Bluff" that the mood of utter despair is given sublime expression. This narrative poem with its dramatic situations and harsh frankness is aflame with beauty. With dreadful strength the author has depicted a tale that sweeps the reader through conflicting moods of pity, love, disgust, suspicion and horror until he reaches the stark bitterness of the tragic end.

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On Sale at All Bookstores

The authenticity of the data and of the point of view, in *The Story of Law,* by John M. Zane (Washburn, $5.00), is attested to in the introduction by Mr. James M. Beck, Ex-Solicitor General of the United States. Mr. Zane was Mr. Beck's own choice for the job, and he was an exceedingly fortunate one. No one but a lawyer could have written the book, and not one lawyer in ten thousand could have written it well. The story of law is the story of the race, and to tell that story lucidly, with a due regard for proportion, one needs not only a very extensive knowledge of law and legal history, but some of the attributes of the historian and the philosopher.

Mr. Zane starts with the basic thesis that there are two forms of law, instinctive and deliberate or—to put it another way—habit, custom and convention as distinct from common law, the statute books and the courts. As an instance of instinctive law, Mr. Zane cites the social and economic life of the ants. These have many laws, fixed, regular and immutable. Man differs from the pure animal or insect chiefly in that he has the power of choice in addition to his instinctive laws and customs. On this power of choice is founded the objective, deliberate law that we know today.

Having established this premise, the author traces the dawning of law among Primordial Men, up through the Aryan and Babylonian systems to the Greek, Roman and mediaeval European codes and on to the origin of English law and its further development.

One is able to trace the beginnings of canon law from the reign of the priest-kings to the rule of the church, and to follow the gradual divorce of church from state that resulted in the common as opposed to the canon law. Even the technology of the law, the intricate rules of the game, becomes fascinating in the hands of Mr. Zane. It is amazing to observe the growth of the network of legal procedure that man clumsily manufactured in his effort to insure that absolute justice which can never be more than approximated in any earthly court. And the formula, the ritual of some of the older codes! The Old Style of Pleading, for ex-

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ample, with its initial Declaration, the answer to which was the Plea, followed by the Replication with its reply, the Rejoinder; and next, the Surrejoinder, and then the Rebutter and the Surrebutter. Could anything be more mad! And yet man has trusted his life to this machinery; he has evolved it with agony and sweat; and, may the gods help him, he still believes in its efficacy.

The book is not filled with technical oddities. There are very few, and these few all have a purpose and are all interesting. Mr. Zane has wisely and cleverly dramatized his story by quoting from old cases, linking his law to the life of the times, and never permitting himself to become academic or dull.

In *Gallant Ladies* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) Cameron Rogers gives ten full-length portraits of women from various strata and periods of society but bound into an eternal sisterhood by what he terms their "gallantry". The sketches record ten rollicking and tempestuous lives, too often extinguished by the stern hand of civilized or divine justice. There is no woman in this strange sorority who did not deserve to become a part of literature, and by the same token there was no one of them who did not deserve to be perpetuated by a more worthy literary performance than that which Mr. Rogers has achieved. The volume sounds neither the ring of hardy adventure nor the toll of predestined ruin; instead, the integrity of these truly magnificent persons has been shattered by the slipshod approach of their historian.

A remarkable example of the eighteenth century on the subject of Platonic love is *Julie de Lespinasse,* by the Marquis de Ségur (Dutton, $5.00), inspired by certain letters and memoirs owned by the Marquis d'Estampes, the de Mora family and many other descendants of Mademoiselle's astonishing number of intimate friends. Born in poverty, with the stigma of illegitimacy upon her, homely, feeble in health, this amazing woman attracted to her men of the greatest genius, women of the highest rank. D'Alembert, the foremost mathematician of that era, was her house-dog and errand-runner, her Platonic husband for years, blindly believing in her affection for him until an examination of her papers after her death opened his eyes. She killed the splendid de Mora with her caprices, her inconsistencies, her exactions. She nearly destroyed Guibert, the man under whose spell she finally fell; never ceasing to lament her one real "sin" after standing all her life on the edge of sexual apostacy. Her terrible warfare with the blind woman, Madame du Deffand, that patron to whom she owed her first advancement and subsequent position, was the sensation of the times. But Julie's great fault was headstrong, insensate jealousy. It brought her to premature death, after her many attempts to end her existence with drugs. Never was there a woman so provokingly hateful, attractive, fascinating, depressing, more powerful socially, while without a sound position; more sought after, more sincerely mourned. Her secret was that she was embodied sympathy. "She would draw virtue from a stone," said her lover, Guibert. She was cold as death; she was passionate as flame. Julie de Lespinasse seems an incredulous shadow of romance and madness, cast upon some ancient, tattered screen.

The Story Of Myths, by E. E. Kellett, (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75) besides classifying innumerable myths gives us an intelligent study of the main psychological elements which resulted in their creation. These elements are roughly classed as eight, one of which, the seldom-mentioned "story-telling impulse", the author considers extremely important. The author possesses a thorough knowledge of the early masters from whom he not only quotes relevant passages but also picks out their mere allusions to the myths in question. After telling a myth he shows how it was developed or revised by different races and authors. In some cases religion, and in others difference of climate or temperament, helped to change or distort the original story. Unfortunately Oriental myths are not introduced, for they would give an excellent opportunity to study how races with a completely different philosophy of life from ours, but with just as much ignorance of the uniformity in Nature, explained the same phenomena.

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FICTION NOTES

WITH the publication of *The Bonney Family* (Knopf, $2.50), Ruth Suckow emerges triumphant from the implied limitations of a "promising" writer, and takes her place among artists whose works must stand or fall unsupported by the merits of past or future performances. The novel opens with those formative years in a family when the children are reaching upward to maturity. It is the history of a quite typical family: four children constantly at a war of diverse temperaments, a mother and father who have become remote from their own personalities by virtue of their absorption in, and unswerving justice to, their children. It is the history also of the dissolution of that family, and of the loss and gain that come to the individual members through the disintegration. It is Miss Suckow's power and genius to show us the individuals and the whole minutely, but without nagging detail; to make the forces, factors, and destinies of their lives crystal clear but without hint of the brittle fragility of glass; and to give at once a surface portrait which is a miracle of accuracy, and a penetrating study of human emotions and growth which very nearly transcends the actuality.

Whether Lord Dunsany's *The Blessing of Pan* (Putnam, $2.00) is fantasy or allegory probably none but the author knows. Certainly it is easy to fit it with an allegorical interpretation, but that would dull the charm of the story and cloy the very poignant character drawing by dimming its reality. Since the Vicar of Wakefield, no more honest and homely English curate has come to life in a book than this Vicar of fantastic Wolding. His wife is the completely perfect provincial English vicar's wife—gentle and absorbed in the affairs of the parish. For years Lord Dunsany has shown how well he understands the lure of our carefully excluded atavisms. On that suppressed longing he has built this whimsical story with due heed that his archaeology shall always be true to drama.

Simply and directly told, with the natural and the supernatural intermingled, the story of the blessing—or the curse—of Pan offers a single moral: that in order to find life worth living man must keep his illusions. Lord Dunsany has done much to accomplish this end for mankind.

A Man of Learning, by Nelson Antrim Crawford, (Little, Brown, $2.50) may be aimed at one particular figure in the educational world; but there must be something interesting about gossip *per se,* for here is a whole book of delicate scandal about a man of straw, and it makes very entertaining reading. The book is in the guise of an ironical biography of Arthur Patrick Redfield, Ph.D., LL.D., a man who saw the business possibilities in "education", and proceeded with increasing success to carry out his vision. As a document in the never-ending case of the babbitt-haters vs. the babbitts, it should move the trial a little nearer its slow progress to the jury. The irony, which is apparent—not to say white and glistering—from the first paragraph, might be more effective if it were not laid on quite so thick. But of course the author wanted to make his point. And, it may be added, he has made it.

From documents left her by her grandmother, Mrs. Ray Strachey has drawn, in *Shaken by the Wind* (Macmillan, $2.50), an absorbing story of the religious fanaticism of the early nineteenth century in America. The interest of her book lies mainly in the sensation of the historical incident; the charm lies in the thoughtful and compassionate presentation of facts and in the sympathetic portrayal of character and motive. Sarah and Thomas Sonning represent two broad types of religious persons who are affected by the fanaticism of their day. Sarah, superior to her environment, but hopelessly bound to it by Thomas, seeks all of the things she does not find in her life—truth, beauty, and holiness—in God. Thomas, un-

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able to cope with his environment, and inferior to his wife and children, seeks in religion the satisfaction, glorification, and self-esteem which he has failed to obtain in other things. The effect of the religious fanaticism of their neighbor, Rufus Hollins, upon the Sonnings and their children forms the bulk of the story. In the end, after the near destruction of the family and its certain impoverishment through religion, Sarah is left, trying to piece together a new belief and faith in God. Thomas becomes an atheist and in this fact, perhaps, is to be found the best small suggestion of irony the book contains.

The Poor Gentleman, by Ian Hay, (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00) starts off in a manner gently reminiscent of Barrie, but the excitements of an opulent plot prove too much for it and the tempo is accelerated to adventure-story pitch. An ex-officer, blinded in the war, sets out one morning to sit in Kensington Gardens, and ends up in the midst of a Bolshevik revolution, where he rescues his beloved and eliminates the villain by the somewhat questionable trick of holding his nose to the exhaust of a car. But the book is pleasantly written, as Ian Hay's always are, and under the spell of his plausible pen we almost forget the improbabilities of the story.

Cursed Be the Treasure, by H. B. Drake, (Macy-Masius, $2.00) has been compared with Conrad. But it won't do. It's much more like "Treasure Island": it has that same air of forthright candor dealing with horribly mysterious adventure, and the thrills it gives penetrate the same pores and make the same hairs stand on end. In fact, if it were not for the author's over-generosity with his plot—which leads him finally into such murderous deeds and fearful coincidences that we begin to murmur against him —we should have little hesitation in placing the two books on a par. As it is, "Cursed Be the Treasure" towers above the mob of detective thrillers as a giant sea-faring man above a rabble of cockneys. It's a grand yarn. Conrad might not have liked it. But Stevenson would have given it a good hand.

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Madame Bonaparte was a well known personage in the aristocratic city of Baltimore, toward the middle of the nineteenth century, and romance still clings to her memory. Daniel Henderson has taken her for the heroine of his entertaining historical novel *The Golden Bees* (Stokes, $2.50) and has woven around her rather somber story a lively and veracious narrative. Much of the action is laid abroad, among the Bonaparte family; with which warring clan the author has dealt fairly. Napoleon himself comes out somewhat as the wolf in the fairy tale. Betsy is swept into an obsession of ambitious scheming because it is the tame Josephine and not she herself who is the wife of the splendid tyrant. There is a good deal of story, a respectable stock of historical narrative and a plausible ending. But it requires more than adroitness and information to create that rare product, a really excellent historical novel.

In *So Much Good,* by Gilbert Frankau, (Harper, $2.00) the heroine is very pre-war indeed when we meet her, and her first love-affair reads like a reminiscence of the whalebone days of the Good Queen. But she improves with the years, and after we have survived many vicissitudes in her company we feel that she has by no means lived in vain. The interlude of the Great War, in which she loses her real lover, is handled by Mr. Frankau with that sure skill which is likely to be mistaken for passionate sympathy on the part of the author. The best passages in the book—the parting of the lovers and their tragic reunion at Alan's death-bed—are done with that effective restraint which marks a writer sufficiently detached to know what he is doing.

A new book has been added to the Scandinavian Classics in the translation by Esther Rapp of Gustaf af Geijerstam's novel, *Woman Power* (American-Scandinavian Foundation, $2.50). This book was first published in Sweden in 1901 and has since had an appreciative public, both in its own country and on the continent. The story is the frustration of a fine character. Not the least important of its motifs is the final

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tremendous release demanded by a sensitive nature too much disciplined in silence and reserve. The central character in "Woman Power" contends that the artist must himself be the complete expression of his art, and self-revelation is therefore a necessity and a beauty. Held back by fear from becoming the artist he might have been, he finally comes to the point where he must reveal his story because he cannot brood on it longer in solitude. He tells it verbally, and it is this story which constitutes the book.

Parachute, by Ramon Guthrie, (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00) is motivated by post-war hysteria. The characters are a Russian woman alienated, by an Anglo-Saxon marriage, from the untrammelled passions and tumultuous personal freedom which were her birthright; a first-generation American—the son of an Italian fruit-pedlar—given a fleeting equality by his participation in the war; and an attenuated, outworn New Englander, driven to a mild and subtle insanity by a series of maddeningly fortuitous accidents during the war. These characters eventually deny the relationships into which the first post-war freedom thrust them, and return to exactly what they would have been if they had never known the nightmare interlude of a world struggle. The implications of the novel are much greater than the ability of the author to cope with them.

In *The Ellington Brat,* by Berthe K. Mellett, (Dodd, Mead, $2.00) the heroine first revels in the flattering security that the possession of money gives, then attempts to free herself from its invidious consequences, and finally succumbs to resignation. For the most part the Ellington Brat goes through life at a merry whirl, selfish and headstrong as she is beautiful and intelligent. The events sometimes fit together too conveniently, the characters talk like people in a novel, and the style is often clamorous, but such indulgences are the author's prerogative. Her book has achieved, in spite of them, a challenging dignity.

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RIGHT at the start *The Book Mart* apologizes to the Bureau of Railway Economics for having said in the February number that the Bibliography of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad had been prepared by that eminent body for the United States Government. Warned by Mr. Richard H. Johnstone to be more careful in the future, we correct ourselves by now stating that this bibliography was prepared by the Bureau of Railway Economics at the request of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in connection with their centennial anniversary.

The world's book mart, so far as book auctions are concerned, suddenly shifted at the end of March to London, whither Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach and other giants of the book-world went to attend the sale of Part III of the Holford Library, from March 26th to 30th, inclusive. The books offered at this sale were principally in English literature or relating to the fine arts. The catalogue, which makes a quarto volume of 127 pages and describes a little more than a thousand lots, shows that Dr. Rosenbach's private purchase of the greatest gems of the Holford Library a year ago by no means exhausted its treasures. The late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir George Holford, who was equerry to King Edward and King George, kept a part of his great collections at Dorchester House and a part at Westonbirt, Gloucestershire, since the majority of the books were handsomely bound or in pristine condition. Included in the recent sale were such items as Milton's "Lycidas"; the "Poems" of 1645 and "Paradise Lost" in the first edition with the first, fifth and seventh title pages and the additional seven leaves of preliminary matter, (The Lord Vernon copy); Surrey's "Songes and Sonettes", 1559, of which only one other copy (British Museum) is known; Spenser's "Shepheardes Calender", 1581; "Faerie Queen", 1590-96; "Complaints", 1591; "Colin Clout", 1595 and "Fowre Hymns", 1596; Bunyan's "Water of Life", 1688; a Defoe collection which included the first publication of "Robinson Crusoe" in the original "London Post, or Heathcote's Intelligence", 1719-20, the first English fiction ever published as a serial. This is one of three known copies, one being in the British Museum (imperfect) and another in the private library of A. Edward Newton in this country. The Holford copy was notable for containing an autograph letter of Defoe protesting to Lord Wharton against the application of a priest named Cooper for appointment: "This Scandalous priest his Name is Cooper, he was seen in ye Very Act Debauching a Woman on a Sunday Morning. . . Perjury in Severall Cases can be proved against him and that in Severall places he has been Discarded as a Common Drunkard, and for his being a Common Swearer our Whole Town will witness". The first Marquis of Wharton was notorious for his appointments, and in recommending one of his boon companions for ecclesiastical preferment he is said to have stated that he was "of a character practically faultless but for his damnably bad morals". Another fine collection was of the rare ephemera from Walpole's Strawberry Hill Press, including J. Henrietta Pye's "Poems. By a Lady", 1767, a presentation copy from the author to David Garrick in Lady Pye's autograph, and bound up in a binding embroidered by her with Garrick's initials. Old and beautiful bindings by Derome, fine illustrated books and original drawings made up this remarkable sale.

Whether the demand for private press books which are being produced in continually increasing numbers would outlast the present season was in a measure answered by the sale at the Anderson Galleries of the collection of "Beautiful Books" made by Dr. Perceval M. Barker, of New York. The 504 lots offered were practically all examples of

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the best of modern printing, and the total of $16, 616 represented a fair margin of profit over the published prices. The great increase, however, was on a few modern books of the highest price. Dr. Barker had several of the Ashendene Press books on vellum, the "Morte d'Arthur" of 1913 bringing the highest price of the sale, $2,150. The vellum "Apuleius" of 1924 fetched $400 and the "Poems" of Robert Bridges, 1914, on vellum, went for $225. The Ashendene "Dante" of 1909, one of the finest of modern pieces of bookmaking, but on paper, fetched $510. The Kelmscott "Chaucer" went for $1,575 and the Doves Press Bible for $510. A leaf of the Gutenberg Bible, with the Newton introduction and Bruce Rogers preliminaries went to $310, more than double the issue price.

Following the remarkable Kipling sale at the American Art Galleries this season, a "one-man" sale of Stevensoniana at the Anderson Galleries showed that the lovers of this writer have not lost interest in his work. The collection dispersed was that of Henry A. Colgate of New York, which included a large number of Stevenson's letters to his parents and a few manuscripts, which were originally acquired at the Stevenson sales in 1914-16. Generally speaking, the autographic material was sold at an increase of 100% over the prices paid for it a dozen years ago. The general run of Stevenson's works showed only a fair increase in valuation, but association items soared to record-breaking heights. The Gannon estate paid $2,850 for a presentation copy to Charles Warren Stoddard of "The Pentland Rising", Edinburgh, 1866, which bore on the title page, beside Stevenson's autograph inscription to Stoddard, the words "His first appearance between covers. C. W. S." For the copy of Stevenson and Henley's "Deacon Brodie, or The Double Life", with a presentation inscription by Henley to Henry

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James, Dr. Rosenbach gave $370. A presentation copy of "Beau Austin", by Henley and Stevenson, from Henley to Fleeming Jenkin, went to Drake at $350. A first edition copy of "The New Amphion", containing Stevenson's "Some College Memories", with an autograph presentation inscription "To Cumy with love Robert Louis Stevenson" was bought by the Gannon estate for $1,100. Thirteen autograph manuscript poems, some unpublished, including the complete version of the famous "Requiem" went to Gabriel Wells for $3,100, and a lighthouse steamer log incorporated in a letter to Stevenson's mother, for $560. In the Stevenson sale this brought $387.50. Walter M. Hill, of Chicago, paid $260 for an autograph letter written on the stationery of the "Davos Printing Office. Managed by Samuel Lloyd Osbourne & Co. The Chalet". This cost only $70 in the Stevenson sale. The original autograph manuscript of "Notes of Childhood, eleven pages, Swanston, May 1873", containing notes for an autobiography, which fetched $170 in the original Stevenson sale, now brought $550 from Dr. Rosenbach. The excessively rare Davos-Platz leaflet, "To M. I. Stevenson", a copy of which brought $425 in the McCutcheon sale three years ago went to a Boston collector at $475.

Thomas J. Wise's monumental catalogue of the Ashley Library, the finest private library in England in its lines of collecting, has been completed with the addenda and the index in the ninth volume. In 1922 Mr. Wise had printed a preliminary circular announcing the work, which it was hoped to complete in three volumes, and of which 200 copies were to be printed, 150 of which were for sale. The prospectus, however, was never circulated, as 140 copies were subscribed in advance. Mr. Wise did the cataloguing of his own library, but he kept on buying rare books, and the work extended to nine volumes before he knew it.

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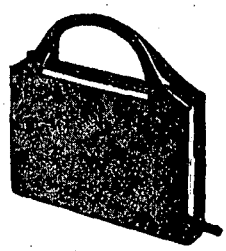

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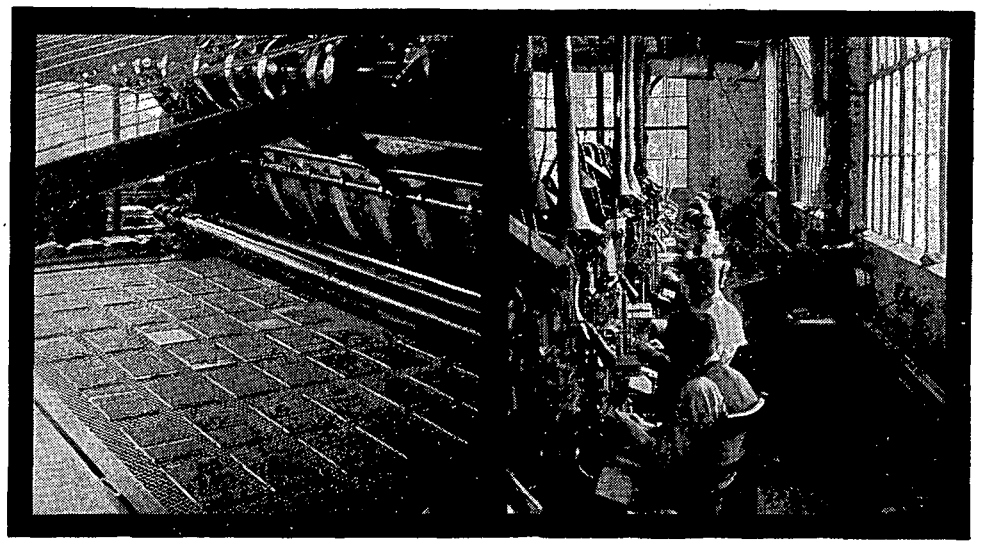

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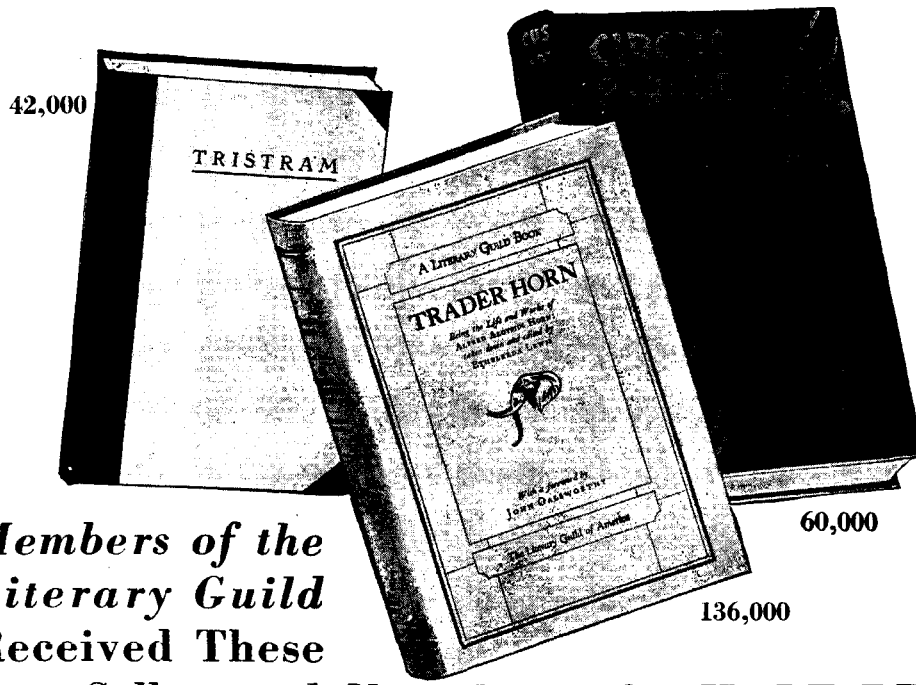

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